AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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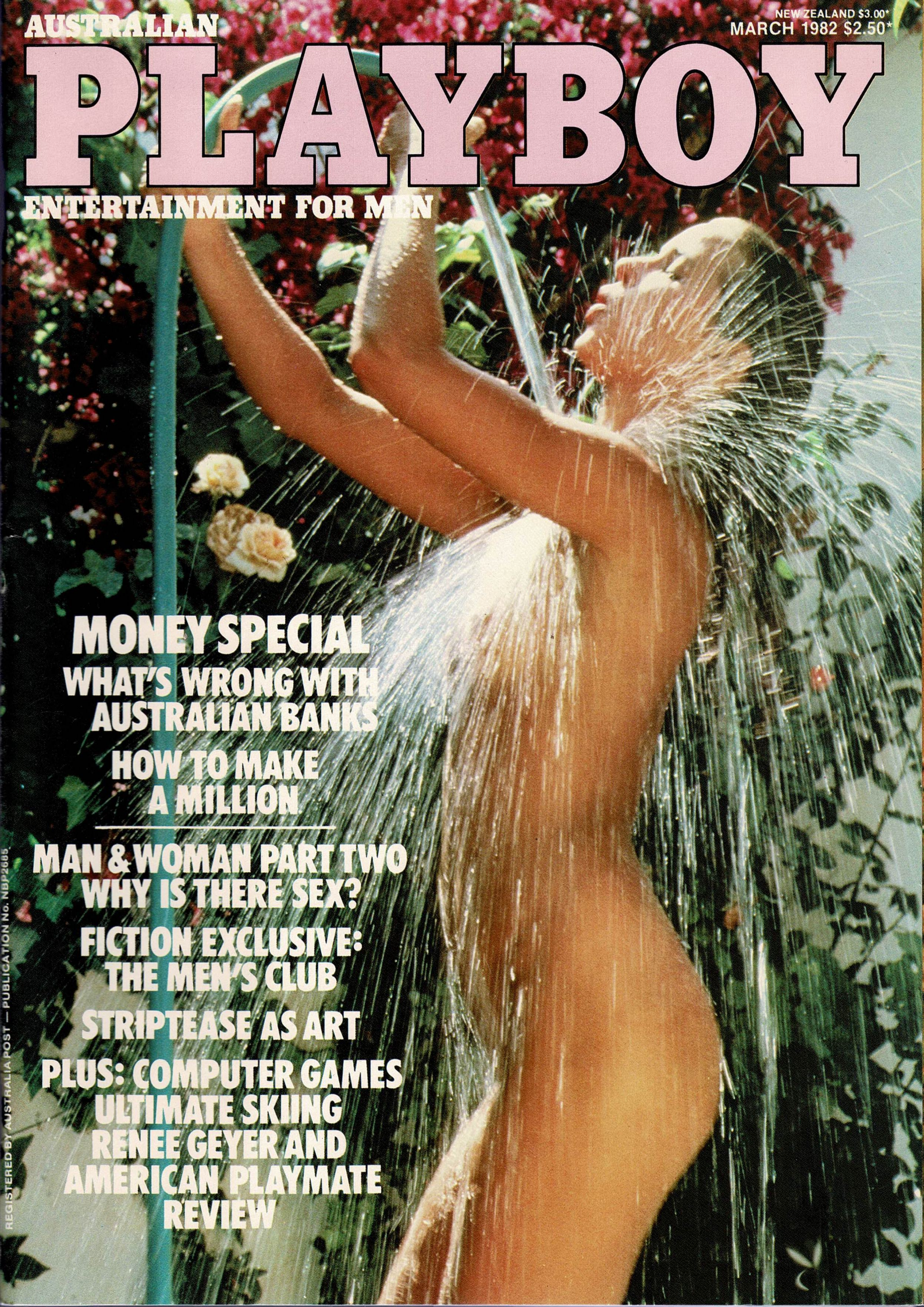

MONEY SPECIAL

WHAT'S WRONG WITH AUSTRALIAN BANKS

HOW TO MAKE A MILLION

MAN & WOMAN PART TWO
WHY IS THERE SEX?

FICTION EXCLUSIVE:
THE MEN'S CLUB

STRIPTEASE AS ART

PLUS: COMPUTER GAMES
ULTIMATE SKIING
RENEE GEYER AND
AMERICAN PLAYMATE
REVIEW

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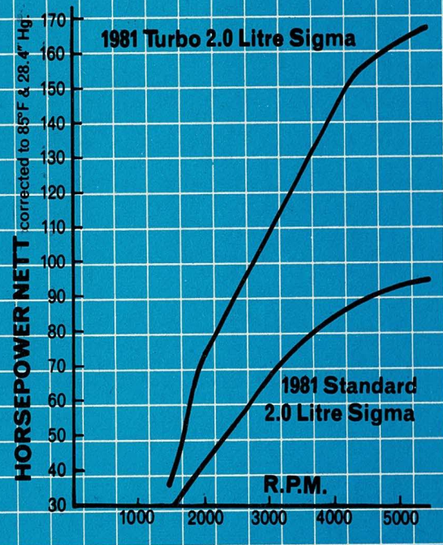

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PLAYBILL

MONEY, money, money. . . it's a rich man's world. . . makes the world go round, and all the other cliches that, unfortunately, ring very true in this recession-riddled age. The folding stuff is something we here at PLAYBOY are quite fond of, not to say obsessed by. Hey, we like to live well and so do you. We all need the bucks to afford the good times. So it's not altogether odd that there should be an accent on money in this March issue.

Firstly, you can forget that wine commercial. We all want to be millionaires. Regular finance contributor **Steven Schwartz** examines the million smacker phenomenon and the way in which several Australians have attained the magic goal in a fascinating article called (surprise, surprise) Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? **Bruce Whatley** did the illustration. It will come as no great surprise that none of the aforementioned seven-figure folk achieved that status by leaving their money in the bank. In fact leaving your money in the bank is a good way of making some one else a millionaire, according to Features Editor **P.D. Jack.** Jack takes an irreverent look at our grand financial institutions in this month's lead feature article, The Money-Go-Round.

Still in a fiscal vein, the Playboy Interview this month is with Australia's most commercially successful filmmaker — whose name you have probably never heard. Alby Mangels has made it after 10 years of high adventure and low overheads. *World Safari,* the documentary film he made with former partner John Field, has now grossed more money at the Australian box office than any other film. But 33-year-old Mangels is nonplussed. All he wants to do is get an all-girl crew and sail off into the wild blue yonder again. **Neil Jameson's** interview makes terrific reading.

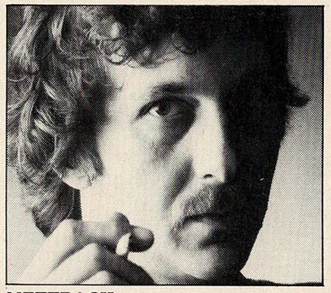
Women have clubs where they talk about men, sex, jobs, babies, politics, IUDs, whatever. What do men have? Well, in **Leonard Michaels'** absorbing novel, *The Men's Club,* they have what women have. A little evening get-together, a few drinks, a few joints. . . and a no-holds-barred psycho-sexual encounter session which is almost too close to the bone. We present an exclusive preview of a new book soon to be published in Australia.

Elsewhere this month, freelance writer **William Hill** profiles the young Australian who made headlines recently when he was released from a Malaysian jail after four years awaiting trial on a phony drugs charge. Mike Barrett thought the matter would be cleared up in a few hours when he was mistakenly arrested at a Malaysian border check, but getting lumbered in a foreign country (even when you are clearly innocent) can be a nasty business. More mellow than bitter, Barrett tells his tale with chilling directness. **Rowan Fotheringham** shot the portrait.

On the other hand, justice being a fickle lady, US PLAYBOY staffers **Tom Passavant** and **James R. Petersen** managed to avoid arrest during their crazed ramble through the ski resorts of America for this month's travel feature. We don't guarantee that their findings bear any relation to reality, but you'll certainly find entertainment value in Ultimate Skiing, particularly if you and your nose are going to Aspen this coming northern winter.

Games of a less taxing nature are the subject of **Tony Maguire's** contribution. In Computer Games (thanks Mi-Sex) Maguire looks at those horrible bloody things that make such a racket when you're trying to have a quiet drink. . . and the fools who play them. (Cop that, you Invader freaks. Now we'll see if any one reads Playbill.) **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone** continue their Man and Woman series by posing a question to which there are many answers: Why Is There Sex? Read it, even if you think you know. And the ubiquitous **Neil Jameson** rounds out the words this month by hurling 20 well-chosen questions at raunchy Renee Geyer. **Graham McCarter** took the photo.

Pictorially we present Playmate **Lynne Eason,** photographed by **Rico Mettbach;** jetsetting German model **Sabine Rothaus;** the American Playmate Review for 1981; and Doody — A Stripper's Progress, a pictorial essay by **Rennie Ellis.**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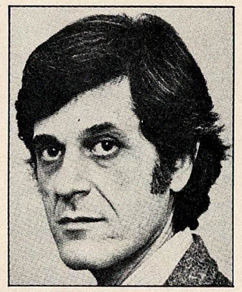
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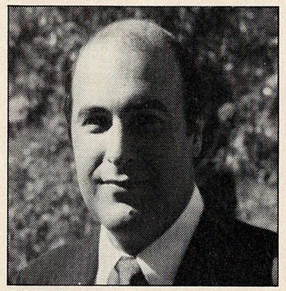
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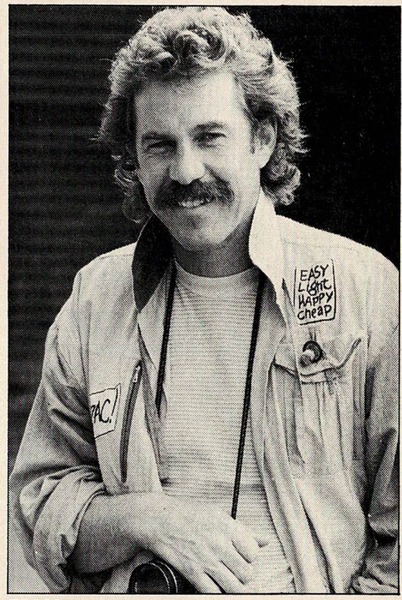

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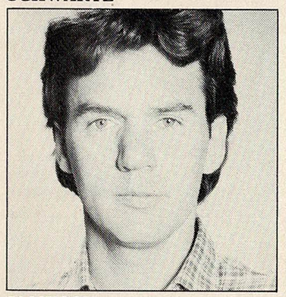
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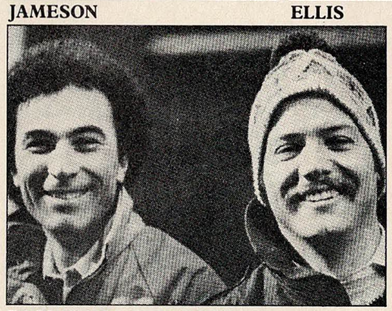
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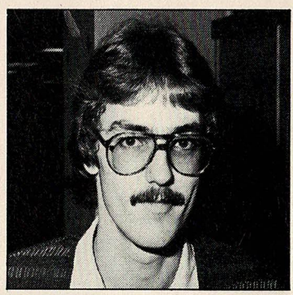
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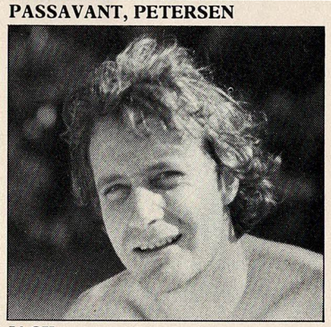
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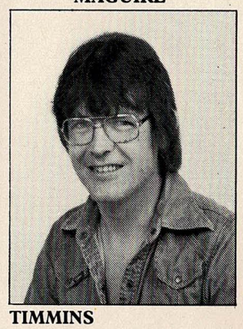
TIMMINS

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

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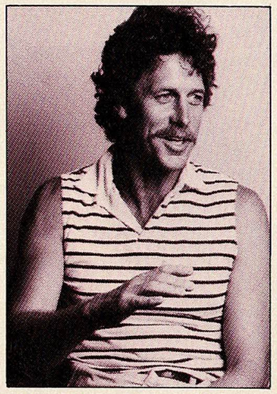

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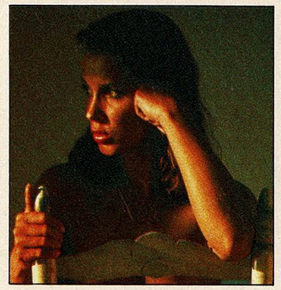

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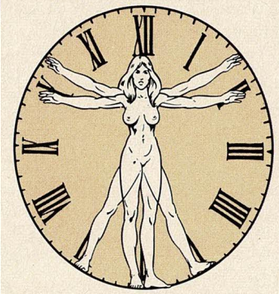

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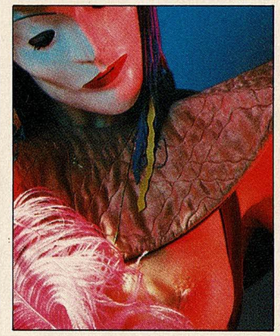

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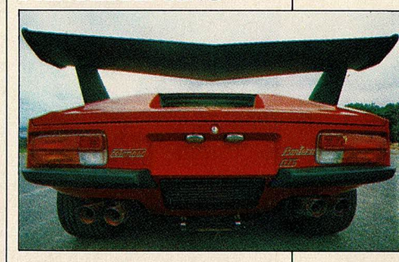

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MARCH 1982

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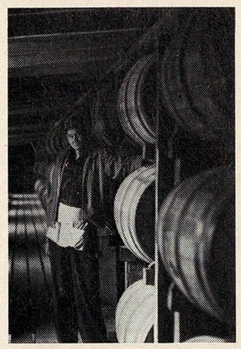

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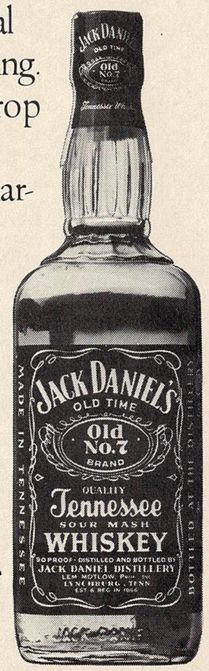

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Playmate of the Month (Pages 68-79): clothes, Cash Palace; shoes, Raymond Castles; underwear, Estelle Lingerie.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

POT POLITICS

Congratulations to the publisher, editor and staff of Australian PLAYBOY for promulgating a Potted History of Pot. However, while many a reader, like myself, must have broken into uncontrolled mirth at the author's wit in exposing or at least hinting at the absurdity of the scene, the article nonetheless reflects the author's comparative isolation from current developments.

Australian marijuana users don't need an effective lobby group. NORML and its affiliates in every State already exist, albeit in a very limited and somewhat tenuous condition. What they do need is to let it seep into their paranoid and apathetic minds that these groups cannot effectively operate without financial support and more active personnel. No need of a middle class spokesperson either, for the right to determine one's own state of consciousness and personal activity is not limited to any class or age group. We're all NORML.

Olszewski's interpretation of NORML's image is seen through his own time warp. The marijuana bus incident referred to actually occurred in the winter of 1979 almost two years before NORML was formed in Australia. This curiously interesting episode was part of the activities of the Marijuana Petition Organisation which collected almost 200,000 signatures on a NSW petition for decriminalisation during 1979-80 when the "Roach Recluse" was in full hiding. Hence no mention was made of its operation or levels of success.

With Sir John Gorton as patron, a 52-year-old clergyman as national secretary and a battery of lawyers, researchers and advisers that would surprise most people, NORML's image is as up front and credible given the extreme financial limitations of its support. Any readers wishing to assist financially or personally in an effective campaign can send their donations or offers of support to GPO Box 91, Sydney 2001.

One further warning to NSW cannabis outlaws who may have believed the lines that said people are not being busted in Sydney for simple possession of cannabis. Our office is constantly referring busted citizens to our legal department after being arrested with often minute quantities of grass. Though police may not be concentrating their energies on busting "dopers", they nevertheless are still convicting more than 4000 people a year out of a national annual total of more than 12,000. In fact, during the past five years alone, almost 86,000 charges have been laid against Australia's cannabis users — equivalent to the combined populations of Lismore, Kempsey and Taree.

How much longer this unfounded persecution continues depends very much on the conscience of the general public and their support for NORML and its aims. After all, the politicians don't need to worry — they know that they and their children won't get busted.

Tony Kew,
Executive Director,
NORML (Australia).

Peter Olszewski replies: First, I am not a recluse or isolationist, but pot politicians presume I am because I am not actively involved in their day-to-day activities. However, I do observe keenly their activities to fulfill my former role and current role as a journalist. Because I openly write, it's just mad paranoia to suggest that I am in hiding.

Second, the bus incident quote was taken from a package of information given to me by NORML, so I presumed that it had something to do with what they wanted to say.

Third, I still hold to my point that marijuana politicians at the moment are a little wide of the mark by continuing to maintain a tinge of old-style hippydom throughout their operations, and today I think the bulk of smokers are everyday people, not old hippies.

Fourth, the idea that NORML is an effective and well organised group throughout the country sounds great on paper but it just ain't true yet mate. However, keep on trucking and good luck.

DIVING MISTAKE

Let me be frank.

The person who edited my story on cave diving, entitled Close Encounters of the Murky Kind, which appeared in the January Australian PLAYBOY, has the subtlety of an axe murderer.

I won't bore your readership by venting my angst and detailing all the cock-ups which were *edited into* the copy but am compelled to correct one item of misinformation which, if ignored, might actually kill somebody.

You cannot dive to 140-150 feet in Piccaninnie Ponds and come up again in 10 minutes — not unless you are extremely stupid or built of tungsten. The genius who edited my copy cut out the paragraphs pointing out that the dive hit 120-130 feet maximum, with an *apparent* depth gauge reading of 150 feet due to the influence of nitrogen narcosis.

The dive took one hour and 10 minutes. Not 10 minutes. God only knows why the sub-editor in question chose to rewrite diving physics and shorten the dive by an hour.

The real problem is that this error undermines the constant emphasis on safety necessarily practised by the Cave Divers Association of Australia. One more fatality in those Mount Gambier sinkholes and they're closed to everyone.

I appreciate your giving me room to correct a potentially fatal mistake in copy editing and hope the true spirit of PLAYBOY and all its potential has found a real home in Australia.

Paul J. Mann,
Glenside, SA.

I am writing to you because I am concerned about some aspects of the article Close Encounters of the Murky Kind, by Paul Mann (January). Having been involved in the article as a guide to Paul, I have noticed that a few editing errors have crept in. One example is the omission of the words "one hour" when referring to a dive time of *one hour and ten minutes* for a dive to a depth of 120 feet. As it appears in the article, we dived to that depth then ascended to about 70 feet to explore a vast underwater cave, all in 10 minutes! This is not only impractical, but would be very dangerous.

Although as a writer myself I appreciate that mistakes occasionally occur in the editing phase, a mistake of one hour in a dive plan would prove more than just embarrassing.

Peter M. Stace,
Federation of Australian
Underwater Instructors
Clarence Park, SA.

We blew it. Next month's feature on diving equipment, Going Down, may be considered atonement for our sins — Ed.

BREATHLESS

Thanks for the pictorial on Julie Welling, she certainly is a beautiful bird, absolutely took my breath away! Another young lady I feel deserves more space in your tremendous magazine is Liz Tepper. I spied her when looking through your pictorial on "The Girls of Perth" (November). I know how startling this sexy lady can be! You would be doing Perth and many of your faithful readers a good turn.

Also, thanks for the fascinating article on Linda Lovelace — it really makes you wonder what goes on in this crazy world!

S. Tierney,
Perth, WA.

GOOD MATES

My lifestyle has abruptly changed after a few beers with the boys and a brush with the law. I now commute by train instead of the company car. A temporary inconvenience,

shit, you've got to be philosophical about it. Anyway, it gives me time to catch up on my reading.

I found the article on mateship most interesting, tremendous insight into human relationships. Happens to most of us I guess, you look around one day and you're 35, got two kids, a wife, mortgage, a dog and this sort of article makes you stop and think about a lot of things that have happened over the years. Paradoxically, your magazine provides a similar sort of safety valve. The rest of the media is so full of bullshit, read it long enough and you'll start to believe it. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for filling the void, sticking to your beliefs and providing the service you do.

Colin Walker,
Rockdale, NSW.

AMAZING AMANDA

Wow, what a delightful choice your December centrefold girl Amanda Dole was. She must be very proud of her delicious curves. Some body!! It looks as though she has been sculpted. I'd say she has an almost perfect body.

I particularly notice that in her dossier, she mentions that she likes MGs. Well I have an MG and she can come for a spin in mine anytime.

It just proves that we certainly have the gorgeous girls over here for centrefolds.

Come on Aussie, come on,

Carl Brady,
Springwood, NSW.

SCARCITY VALUE

After a recent party a small group of Poms tried to analyse what constituted original Aussie humor. It's outcome. . . an hilarious melange of ideas but no real conclusion, though my own opinion is that it is based purely on simile.

What about a series of articles from readers or budding humorists on what exactly is this Aussie humor thing? Is it true that Aussie comedians are as scarce as foreskins in Tel Aviv!

G. McMahon,
Miranda, NSW.

Stone the bleedin' crows mate! Haven't you heard of Barry Humphries, Graham Kennedy, Paul Hogan. . . Malcolm Fraser? — Ed.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

We read with interest your article "The Best Bar — None" (November).

Obviously the article has been well researched and many of the facts are correctly stated.

There is one glaring error, however, which relates to the present sale price of jewellery ingots where your article states "since there are 62.2 grams in a troy ounce". There are 31.1 grams in a troy ounce, in which case the prices you have quoted as a representation of the gold price at retail level can be exactly halved.

Although it could be said that on these reduced figures, gold does not present itself as the world's best investment at the present time, it can also be said that this product does have intrinsic value which is worth substantially more than many other products which are bought for the use and pleasure of the purchasers.

John C. Taylor,
Chronogem Limited,
Artarmon, NSW.

Unfortunately the gremlins got into the works and the figure you quote was doubled. But, as you say, the point Mr Schwartz was making still holds good. In purely financial terms, gold is not a good buy for the small investor.

IMPRESSED

I'm just writing this short note to say how surprised and impressed I was to see that

the photographs of Lyn Barron were taken in this country. The class of the photography — and of Lyn — particularly the centrefold shot, is world standard, believe me!

If there are votes for Playmate of the Year, please accept this as one from me and my friends.

It is possible to see any more of Lyn?!

Thanks for the pleasure.

C.C.,
Travelling Australia!

We aim to please, so here's more of Lyn!

NO MYSTERY

In Playbill (December) you have a photo with Richard Beckett's name under it. The Grumpy Gourmet, Sam Orr, has the same bloke's photo in his credit. To top it off I know a bloke who could easily pass for Sam or Richard.

Beckett is Orr or Orr is Beckett.

Incidently I've bred dogs for years, the pub-fighting, pig-catching, people-biting, cattle-holding, buffalo-beating kind and, stone the crows, that cross-eyed cross-bred dog in the picture no more looks like an Australian Cattle Dog than I would expect Richard Beckett to look like Sam Orr.

What do you reckon mate?

Henry Rainger,
Darwin, NT.

I reckon you've sprung us mate. Orr is Beckett, or should that be Beckett is Orr? Anyway Richard Beckett occasionally writes under the pen-name of Sam Orr. Mystery solved. And as for that cattle dog, well, haven't you heard of artistic licence? — Ed.

TOP DOG

"You know that pup by Bingara Mayo we bought for my sister in Queensland who wanted a good watchdog?" the sweet voice cooed over the phone. I braced myself. . . I had just finished reading the article on Blue Funk, Bingara Mayo's *other* son (PLAYBOY, November).

"Well," continued the sweet voice, "he's a beauty, no stranger can get within a mile of the farm, and they call him Nelson. Oh, and he has done wonderfully well at the shows, they want to breed from him. He is a magnificent dog! Can you send me his pedigree?"

"Yes, Ruth," I replied somewhat relieved. But then my mood quickly hit a downer again. Damn it all! Didn't Brendan implore me to hang on to that pup? Didn't he warn me he had the makings of a champion? Good judge, the old Brendan.

But then I brightened up a bit as I looked for a silver lining. Maybe Mr Beckett would win the Walkley Award for the best magazine article of the year, and that would make Blue Funk famous, wouldn't it? After all, every bastard from Gladesville to Gulargambone seemed to be reading the article and pissing themselves laughing, weren't they? Some article, that! Even Bingara Mayo seemed to be smiling as PLAYBOY went from hand to hand around the kitchen table. Blue Funk, indeed!

R. H. Turner,
North Ryde, NSW.

AUSSIES PLEASE!

Usually I'd be the last to complain but it's an important point to raise — the matter of Playmate of the Month. I can't understand why, when there are thousands of beautiful chicks in Australia (some of whom were pictured in August and November issues of Australian PLAYBOY) that we have to put up with American Playmates of the Month. I've got nothing against US girls but in this role I object. Put them in the front or the back pictorials but not the centre. That position should be reserved exclusively for Australian women.

A. Ellis,
Mitcham, SA.

Turn to the centrefold, Mr Ellis. Our case rests. — Ed.

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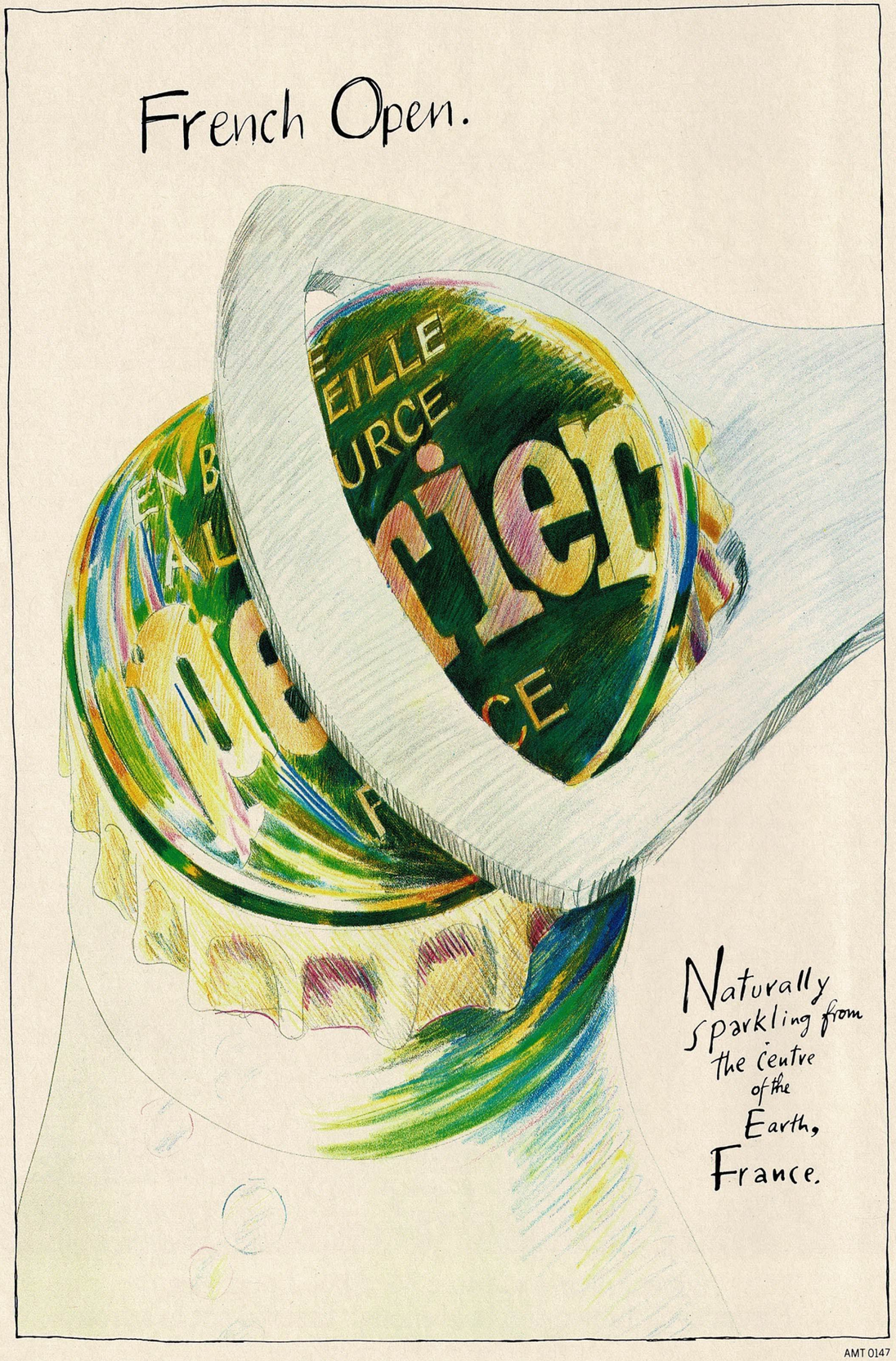


PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

TONGUE TWISTER

You've always wondered what turned a woman on. Now someone has gone and found out. Ms Sandra Kahn had the bright idea of showing a series of erotic/pornographic photographs to 200 white, middle-class Chicagoans and asking them to rank them according to what they felt most appealing to them. Women put them in this order:

1. Oral sex, male to female (cunnilingus)
2. 'Two-in-one' (two males do it to one female)
3. Petting, both naked
4. Intercourse, female on top
5. Petting, both partly clothed
6. Intercourse, male on top
7. Sadomasochism, male to female
8. Nude male
9. Oral sex, female to male (fellatio)
10. Male masturbation

Assuming that Australians are not too different in that respect from white Chicagoans, it looks as if we all ought to be putting our mouths where our obsession is.

Ms Kahn, whose findings are documented in *The Kahn Report* (W.H. Allen), chose 100 men and 100 women in her survey, and surprise, surprise, found that males also like oral sex. This was how they listed their preferences:

1. Oral sex, female to male (fellatio)
2. Nude female
3. Intercourse, female on top
4. Petting, both naked
5. Female figure, partly clothed
6. 'Two-in-one'
7. Sadomasochism, female to male
8. Oral sex, male to female (cunnilingus)
9. Intercourse, male on top
10. Petting, both partly clothed

It looks like there's going to be a lot of 69 in '82.

CRASH COURSE

Calling for tests to determine whether people involved in road accidents have been imbibing illegal substances, Melbourne psychiatrist Dr William Orchard said he had decided to investigate the role of marijuana because he was curious about the 50 percent of accidents not associated with alcohol.

"I could not believe the other 50 percent of people were all plain stupid, or bad drivers, or the roads were that bad," he said.

Obviously the good doctor hasn't been out and about on what passes for main roads in Australia for some time — or noticed how the average man in the street loses about 90 percent of his IQ when he gets behind the wheel of a car.

RARE GEM

Reader J.F. Rooney of Kalgoorlie has written to us with a sad tale of frustration. It seems our lad does a fair bit of work out in the bush, and that's where he was when the November issue came out. By the time he got back into town, the issue was sold out — courtesy of one Peggy McDowell, a local lass who graced our pages in the feature The Girls of Perth.

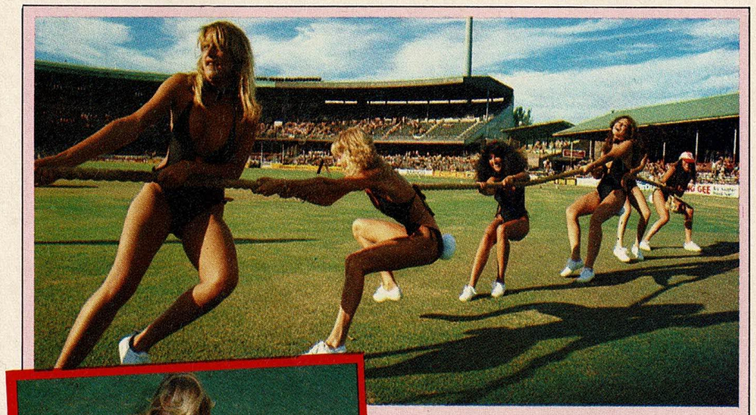
Determined to get his PLAYBOY, our reader waited till he was passing through Perth bound for Bali. There he picked up a copy and popped it into his travelling bag. Alas, at the airport in Denpasar, the Customs men swooped. "Pornography!" one of them screeched and dashed PLAYBOY to the floor. Nor would they listen to reason. Smiling politely, they told Mr Rooney his copy of PLAYBOY would be burned at the jail the following day. To add insult to injury, as he was leaving the Customs check-out, Mr Rooney saw half a dozen of the good officers, smiling broadly, perusing the centrefold of the "offending" magazine.

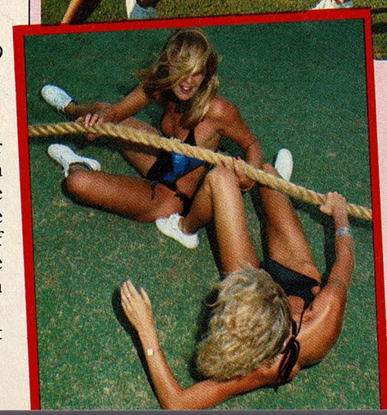
Back in Perth, Mr Rooney was still determined to have his November PLAYBOY. But he was too late. By this time, that issue could not be found and the December issue was on sale. With that he had to be content.

The moral of all this is clear. Make sure you get your PLAYBOY, and when you do, hang on to it!

BULLSHIT BLAST

Explosive cow pats are the latest weapon in the Australian farmers' battle for soil fertility, according to a US Army explosives





PLAYMATES PULL IT OFF

A big night cricket crowd at the Sydney Cricket Ground mid-January gave our Playmates a rousing reception when they out-muscled a team of disc jockeys from radio station 2WS in a best-of-three tug-of-war, (above). March Playmate Lynn Eason topped off the coup by raising a bigger cheer from The Hill than a Gordon Greenidge sixer. Left: Belinda Knight and Lyn Barron come a cropper.

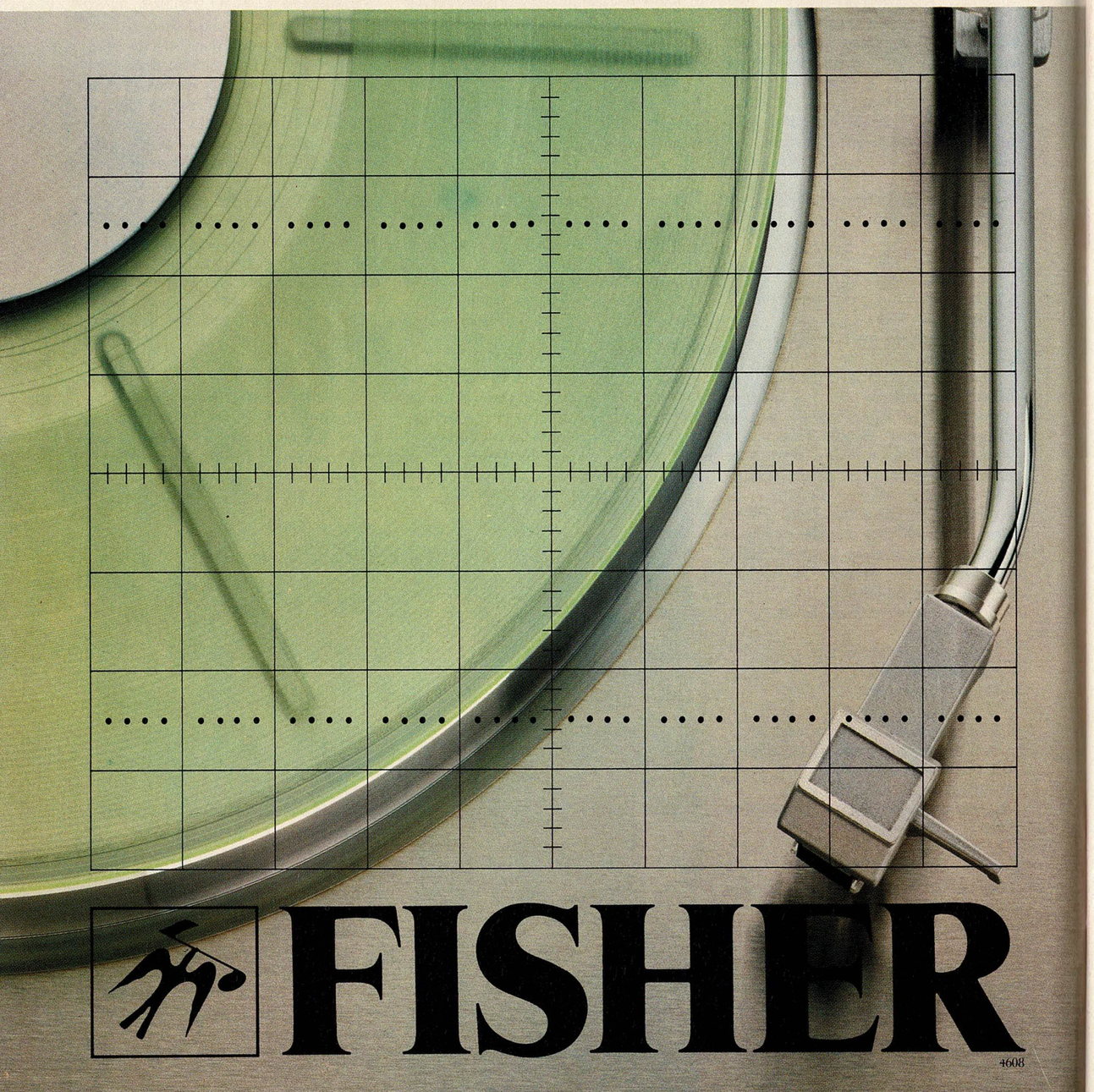
IT NOT ONLY SOUNDS FAMILIAR, IT SOUNDS FANTASTIC.

If you were interested in hi-fi a few years ago, you'll remember the name Fisher.

Fisher made the first dynamic range expander back in 1939.

The first transistorised preamplifier/equalizer in 1956. Fisher also introduced the first stereophonic AM/FM receiver in 1959.

But if you have not heard what we've been up to lately, we suggest you get along to a Fisher retailer. At your retailer you'll find some products that not only sound familiar. They sound fantastic. **The first name in hi-fidelity.**



FISHER

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disposal expert. This well-informed source says the cockies feed their cattle with a photo-sensitive chemical which passes through them intact. When the sun falls on the cow pats, they explode, spreading manure around the paddock.

We thought we'd heard everything, but explosive bullshit? It's like making minefields out of molehills.

BROAD MINDED

It could have been gremlins, goblins, or just readers with dirty minds, but there did seem something funny about the heading in the *West Australian*, "WA urges wider condom sales". Perhaps those old-fashioned narrow-necked jobs were hard to get on, stopping the circulation a bit, preventing the blood from getting to the head, if you see what we mean. . .?

But seriously, it was all about this official report that came up with the refreshing idea that French letters should be on sale in or on passenger ships, boats for hire, garages, schools (excepting primary schools), theatres, markets or fairs, public lavatories and licensed premises.

Cabinet still deliberates and the highways and school halls are not yet cluttered with franger dispensers.

READ BETWEEN THE LINES

Just in case you still haven't found out everything you always wanted to know about sex in one volume, you might try checking out this title presented at the Fifth World Congress of Sexology in Jerusalem: *Anthropomorphic Cosmogeny from Primitive Times, Studies on Original Sources and in Painstaking Highlighted Metaphysical Aspect of Erotic Legends, Folklore, Sex and Sex Rites of Different Societies to Present Times with a Special Reference to Marriage, Sex Preference, Sex Predetermination, Disputes and Peace.* We're told there's no truth in the rumor that Bo Derek will star in the movie.

Peter Raymond, the winner in the Australian PLAYBOY Turbo-Suzi contest, puts his $17,000 Suzuki mini supercar through its paces.

IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

Attention, Nobel Prize judges: a French doctor visiting Geneva recently ate a dish of poison mushrooms in order to prove the effectiveness of a home-grown antidote. Dr Pierre Bastien, 57, chomped on nearly three ounces of "death cap" mushrooms fried in butter to publicise his special cure. Following his meal, he downed his secret potion. After two days, to prove that he was well on the way to recovery following his surely fatal dose, he jumped out of bed, crouched on all fours and began barking like a dog. Some cure.

ARE YOU OUR 'LE CLUB' MAN?

Win your share of a holiday resort — for life

HOW would you like to win two weeks in a singles resort in subtropical Queensland every year for the rest of your life? That's what we're giving away to the guy who matches our idea of Le Club Man.

Le Club, just south of Noosa at Coolum on the Sunshine Coast, is Australia's first timesharing resort for singles and separates. Opening this month, it is the first of a series of Le Club projects planned for Australia.

Le Club's 15 fully-furnished luxury units blend skilful architecture with imaginative design by interior designer Tom Brink-Larson. Each unit has a color television set and AM/FM stereo cassette player and the resort boasts a swimming pool, hot spa and fully-equipped gymnasium, restaurant and bar.

To win our Le Club timeshare title (valued at more than $13,000 at the time of writing) all you have to do is convince us you deserve it — that you are Le Club Man. How you do that is up to you.

Just fill in the entry form below and send us the most entertaining (and publishable) essay/photo/little black book/ used airline ticket you can find.

The contest closes with the last mail on February 12, 1982, and the winner will be announced in the May issue of Australian PLAYBOY.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS: 1. Entry is free and open to all residents of Australia, except employees of Australian Playboy, Red Button Pty. Ltd., Le Club, associated development companies of the resort, Soundtracts Pty. Ltd., its related companies and its advertising agencies and relatives of those employees. 2. All entrants have an equal opportunity to win, but entry forms will not be considered where entry would contravene State law. Chance plays no part in determining the winner. All entries will be judged according to creativity by our panel judges. 3. The decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries remain the property of Australian Playboy. 4. The prize is not redeemable for cash in any circumstances, nor is it transferable. 5. The prize is two 765th shares in an estate fee simple on a piece of land situated in the County of Canning, Parish of Maroochy being the land described as subdivision one of portion 519 on registered plan 92360 containing an area of 2739 sq metres and being the whole of the land contained in Certificate of Title Volume 5414 folio 45. 6. The winner of the timeshare unit is not eligible to exemption from ownership obligation. 7. A Certificate of Title will be issued to the winner and all legals, other than independent legal advice, will be met by Red Button Pty. Ltd. 8. The winner will receive membership to Resort Condiminiums International and the first year's subscription.

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BOOKS

Any book which includes in its contents a potted history of PLAYBOY is clearly a production of some taste. When it also contains a list of the top-rated US television series from 1950 to 1980 (*I Love Lucy, Gunsmoke,* and *All In The Family* were the really big names), a list of what 10 nations who lost wars would have done if they had won them (Mussolini, for instance, wanted to re-establish the Roman Empire), and a list of six "victims" of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (composers began to have the superstitious belief that they would not long survive writing their own ninth symphony), and many many others, then you know it must be a product of that dynamic duo who have done for lists what Guinness did for records — David Wallechinsky and Irving Wallace.

The People's Almanac No 3 (Transworld), like its predecessors Nos 1 and 2, is described as a reference book to be read for pleasure, but as a reference book, it's not much good at all. The trouble is, you have no real way of knowing what's in it without leafing your way right through it — and that's a long, long way. If you want to find out the capital of Arkansas or who holds the world land speed record or who invented penicillin — then you're out of luck. It's just not that kind of book.

It is, however, an almost endlessly entertaining bedside reader. You can pick it up, open it at random and find, on nearly any page, a fascinating piece of information.

For instance, did you know that Fidel Castro trialled as a pitcher for a professional baseball team in the US before going on to lead the Cuban revolution? Or that 43 million Americans are of Scottish or Irish descent? Or that Machine Gun Kelly never fired a shot in anger? Or that in 1980, the US Government spent $1 million every minute?

Isn't nature wonderful?

•

Think of drugs and sport and you think of 17-stone Russian "women" chucking lumps of metal around athletics fields; of anabolic steroids, caffeine, speed, anything to make an already highly-tuned body work even more efficiently.

That's not the sort of drug Garry Egger is talking about in *The Sport Drug* (George Allen and Unwin). Egger is concerned with the drugs of escapism — dope, coke, acid, heroin — but not as aids to sport. Quite the opposite. In a nutshell, he sees sport as a possible alternative to drug taking.

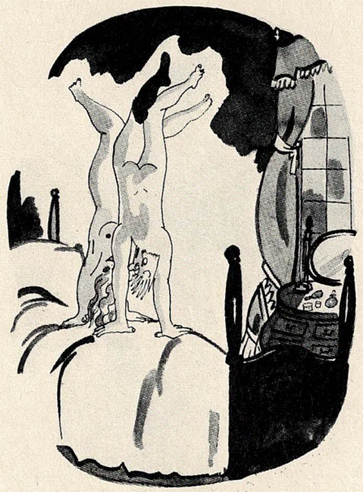
He arrives at this conclusion by first asking the question: just what do people get from sport? then answering it with quotes like this:

"I had this light feeling. I felt as though I was going through space treading through clouds and I could feel spirits, the spirits of my ancestors they said they were, and they gathered around me coming so close I felt I could touch them. It was this warm feeling, almost like an orgasm."

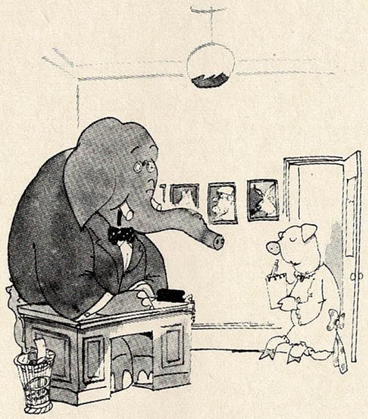
That's not a description of an acid trip or a cocaine high, but the words of distance runner Bill Emmerton telling of his sensations during a run from one end of Britain to the other. There are other quotes from household names like Jack Nicklaus, Arthur Ashe, Florence Chadwick and Herb Elliott as well as references to drug gurus like Huxley, Leary and Castaneda.

Whether or not you agree with his tentative conclusion, if you are interested in more than the latest footy scores you'll find Egger's intelligent, analytic approach to the whole question of sport, and the reasons we play or watch, is refreshing and thought-provoking.

•



"I don't think this is going to work. I have just discovered the law of gravity."



"I'm afraid we're going to have to move into pornography. Would you contact Gordon the Goat."

Two of the offerings from Rude as You Please *by cartoonist ffolkes (Unwin)*

Robert Moss, we are told, was co-author with Arnaud de Borchgrave of a successful political thriller called *The Spike.* This appears to have convinced him that he is a novelist. His first solo effort proves this to be a complete misconception. *Death Beam* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson) is laughably bad, its characters (if you'll pardon the exaggeration) so thin as to make cardboard look like sandstone, his plot the sort of mishmash Boys Own Paper would have thrown out of the window.

Evil Russians, one even with a hook instead of a hand (shades of Peter Pan) plot to destroy the Western world with a giant particle beam. Suave but sensitive Englishman Charles Canning and ruggedly handsome American Dick Hammond combine with the few CIA, M15 and Mossad agents who have not been subverted by Philby-type "moles" to, presumably, save civilisation. I say presumably because an acute attack of nausea prevented me from ploughing through all this garbage to find out what happened at the end.

Mr Moss is described on the dust jacket as a "well-known authority on espionage and terrorism"; who lectures at NATO military colleges. This story he should tell to the Marines. — LAURIE STRACHAN

•

The Stockholm Syndicate, (Collins), is about, and full of, intrigue. Colin Forbes' latest thriller is a complex account of international espionage and conspiracy.

The book is bluff and double-bluff the whole way through and guessing is the name of the game. What is the Stockholm Syndicate? Why is almost every top-ranking institution in the European and American business world a member of it?

Forbes paints a chilling picture of the vulnerability of people in power and with immense skill takes the book to a stunning, and terrifying, conclusion.

It is set in Brussels, where Jules Beaurain, ex-chief of the anti-terrorist squad there, and his assistant Louise Hamilton, use the force of their secret organisation, Telescope, to fight wrong-doers. There are overtones of a modern day Robin Hood as the baddies are flushed into the open and popped off. And the heroes of Telescope are as attractive and urbane as the members of the Stockholm Syndicate are ugly and despicable.

It is a brutal book, full of murder, drugs and bribery, but it is also chillingly real.

Throw in a couple of heroines, one on each side, just for good measure, a few Russians and 40 million kroner worth of heroin, and you have a bloody good read. Don't miss it. — CANDY BAKER

BOOK ESSAY

ALBERT GOLDMAN looks like a nice man. Someone's slightly over-the-top uncle, perhaps. The picture on the fly-leaf of his latest book shows him at his desk, smiling, one arm resting on a receding hairline, epauletted and arty cravat. A sub-editor or someone's uncle.

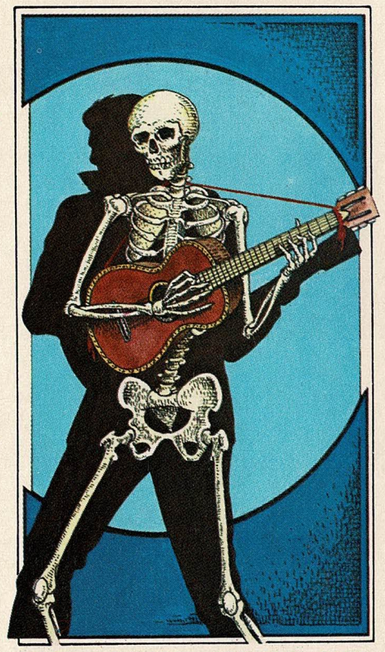
In fact Mr Goldman, once an academic, conducts autopsies in print, and he is a master of his craft. He inserts the pen and lays everything bare, from skull cap to anus. Relatives of the deceased, I imagine, would have no great love of Mr Goldman, but he does what he does in the interest of historical record and in pursuit of an honest buck. And, as I mentioned, he does it better than anyone else.

Starting in the mid-Seventies with Lenny Bruce, Goldman has pioneered a new biographical form — reconstruction of the sordid, brief and hitherto hushed up private lives of the great heroes of the rock generation. And, starting with the sick, sad, occasionally brilliant little junkie comedian Bruce, Goldman has made the warts and all the hallmark of his work. *Ladies and Gentlemen — Lenny Bruce* (W.H.Allen, 1975) was, to be fair, a collaboration with journalist and entrepreneur Lawrence Schiller (who went on to make a complete arsehole of himself ghouling it up during Gary Gilmore's last days) but the success of the book was largely due to the brilliant, detailed and very touching portrayal which flowed directly from Goldman's pen.

How then, could Goldman miss, given a subject whose precis reads like this — Mommy's boy truck driver type becomes idol of millions through sexy interpretation of new music form; falls in with carnival huckster who makes millions while truck driver type goes off to fight for country. Truck driver, disillusioned, turns to sexual fetishes, narcotics and fast food. Dies whacked out of his mind, obese, smelly and the most famous man on earth. How could Goldman miss? Well, he didn't, but more of that in a minute. First let's look at the genre Goldman has made his own.

Since Jimmy Dean went off to the great movie set in the sky in the mid-1950s the rock hero biography has become a set-piece in the literary (and not-so-literary) world. Although strictly not a rock hero but a method actor, Dean embodied the characteristics which were to become de rigeur for the cultural idols of the next two decades. He quickly became pen fodder for the hacks of the day, lending his extremely bankable name to a variety of journalistic and fanzine projects until something better came along — a bulk deal.

Towards the end of the Eisenhower Era a light plane crashed en route to a rock concert, snuffing out three leading lights of contemporary music —Ritchie Valens, The



Big Bopper ("hellllooo baby, this is the Big Bopper speakin'. . . you knooow what I like"), and one Buddy Holly, a slight, bespectacled chap whose necro-fame was to eventually rival Beethoven's and set the stage for the life-after-death phenomenon which raged through the Seventies.

To my ear, the music made by Holly and his band, the Crickets, was at best ordinary. If he were alive and middle-aged he would probably be selling used cars or else be the mayor of some country town. Dead he is a rock hero, the father of modern bubble gum. Paul McCartney has modelled his post-Beatle music on the Holly style and purchased the Holly song book for good measure. Elvis Costello is really Holly's illegitimate son by Natalie Wood, but very few people know this. Twenty odd years in his grave, Buddy Holly is a mega-star.

Moving along quickly in time and space one decade, the end of the Sixties and the beginning of the Seventies saw what rock historians will doubtless one day call the Great Rock Burn Out. First glory-bound cab off the Grim Reaper's rank was Rolling Stone Brian Jones, who experienced the ultimate stone in 1969. Much was written skirting the awful truth about his demise, but Jones had to wait another 10 years for a fellow junkie to add his prodigious drug intake to the rock mythology. A fairly friendless scumbag named Tony Sanchez revealed in a book called *Up and Down With The Rolling Stones* (Wild and Woolley) that it was not unusual for Jones to put away a bottle of Scotch, a bag of grass, a gram or two of cocaine, a few handfuls of mixed uppers and downers and a tab of acid in the course of an evening's fun and frivolity.

Soon to follow Jones (for not entirely dissimilar reasons) were Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison. The rock biographers could hardly believe their good fortune. Joplin boozed and pepped out, Hendrix not so experienced after all, Morrison's fire goes out in a bathtub in Paris but where is the body? This kind of speculation and conspiracy theorising has become an important part of the rock hero book. So much so that during a quiet period in the late Sixties the between-jobs biographers attempted to create a cadaver out of the very much alive Paul McCartney. It was clear, they said, from the words of a song, that the bass player had passed on. And besides, he had not been seen publicly for well over a week. McCartney, already as famous as Buddy Holly, had no real cause to die, and eventually shattered the rumor by walking on to a stage without the aid of strings or trick mirrors.

So to 1977. The rock biographers' jackpot. The big one. Elvis Presley found somewhat blue in the bathroom of his Memphis mansion, surrounded by the pills, potions and good ole boys who shared his bizarre adult life. Already two of the Presley Guys had defected (penniless after so many years of service, one might add) and it was Rupert Murdoch's great good fortune that one of his hotshot reporters — Australian, Steve Dunleavy — had milked them to great effect. The resulting book, *Elvis — What Happened?* (Ballantine) was on the streets *before* the death. A rock biography first! Dunleavy's book revealed to the world that the Pelvis had more on his mind than Southern fried chicken and the Holy Bible. He was in fact an extremely gross and perverted chap. Still, we didn't yet know all the dirt. That had to wait for the deft rakehand of the afore-mentioned Mr Goldman.

Goldman's *Elvis* (Allen Lane) is a meticulously researched, superbly written, giant mother of a rock hero biography. It is not kind to its subject. If this is the truth about Elvis, he needs all the air conditioning he can get. Goldman's judgements are harsh and somewhat preachy but his biographer's technique is flawless. The book will no doubt add squillions to the Goldman coffers and, as the only person who ever really loved Elvis is buried next to him in Memphis, no harm done.

Goldman's next subject/victim is said to be John Lennon, whose private life has already been well documented but doubtless had its underside.

Even as we speak, Goldman is said to be negotiating with Yoko re pieces of silver. The beat goes on.

— PHIL JARRATT

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MUSIC

There's a touch of peacock about Willy DeVille which tends to conceal the man's true rock 'n' roll grit. As Mink DeVille's trump, he has fanned his plumage in full array on a powerful album called *Coup de Grace* (Liberation). Willy is the band's lead vocalist and is a rock guitarist of some note. Here he plays rhythm and slide and shares lead with Ricky Borgia. He also penned eight of the album's 10 songs.

The hand of recording guru Ahmet Ertegun is evident in the background, but it is really the co-production influence of the ebullient Jack Nitzsche which has thrown in some real interest. Nitzsche's form has run hot and cold for many years on some of the West Coast's best soft rock sounds, including Neil Young and Joni Mitchell. *Coup de Grace* was arranged by Nitzsche and his occasional sojourn into harder rock forms lends a clarity often missing from the field.

Willy shared the production responsibility and it is his readiness to draft in such touches as backing vocals from The Exhilarations and Eve Moon which gives the album some real refinement. It qualifies *Coup de Grace* as a forceful rock album after the American fashion and promotes Willy DeVille as a personality to be reckoned with.

●

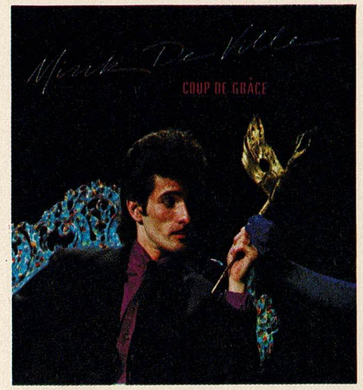
"Best of" albums normally hardly rate a review mention. *The Best Of Manhattan Transfer* (Atlantic) is an exception. As a showcase for the extraordinary talent of the New York vocal quartet it almost rates as a collector's item because, in an era in which vocal purists rarely hit the popular vein, Transfer are an enigma.

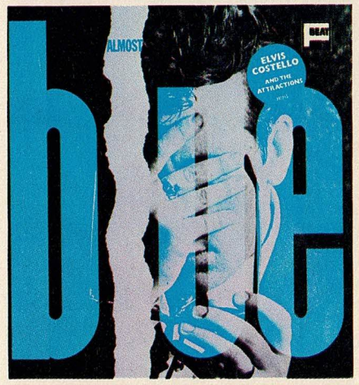
The group's selections and treatment of works of acclaimed and obscure songwriters have tapped a lively response since Ahmet Ertegun and Tim Hauser produced their 1975 smash album, *The Manhattan Transfer*.

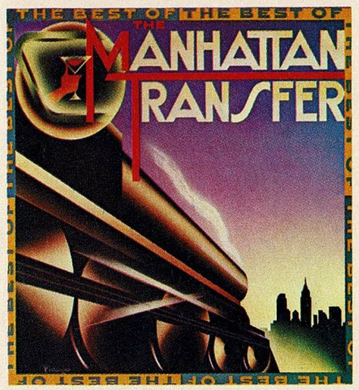
Selections from that record, including Bill Spivery's gospel rager Operator and Wayne Shanklin's Chanson D'Amour make the cut here. From *Pastiche* comes the Holland-Dozier-Holland hit, Where Did Our Love Go and from the 1979 effort, *Extensions,* Trickle Trickle and Twilight Zone have been included. The work stops short of the 1981 release, *Mecca For Moderns* which marked an innovative switch of direction. As a summary of what preceded that work, this album is superb entertainment.

●

The emergence of ace guitarist Roy Buchanan from the realms of legend should be just about complete by the time *My Babe* (Polydor) gets the airing it deserves. First released in 1980, *My Babe* was caught up in the rush to throw Buchanan at the public.







DeVille is forceful, Costello goes country and Transfer are an enigma

As well as the studio releases, a quality live album was doing the rounds and it all served to push *My Babe* backstage. It was a pity, because Buchanan's self-produced effort has real polish.

Buchanan has been around guitars a long, long time and when he sets his digits to work on his old battered Fender you can hear it. His treatment of Little Walter's tune in the title track is four minutes 40 seconds of pure joy. Buchanan has slotted his own work around tunes such as Norman Whitfield's It Should Have Been Me, which brilliantly showcases Paul Jacobs' vocals, and Larry Williams' Dizzy Miss Lizzie. The album is rounded out by Buchanan's My Sonata, a short final fling of craftsmanship. The man handles anything from solid rock, blues to funk with aplomb and he's put it all together on *My Babe*.

●

If you still have a record voucher left from Santa's annual visit, get out and cash it in on Elvis Costello's *Almost Blue* (Beat). This one, which was buried in the pre-Christmas onslaught, marks Costello's foray into the Nashville genre and was recorded in the CBS studio there in nine days in May, 1981. Backed by the Attractions, Costello leaps the culture gap from his English new wave background to tackle country in astonishing style.

The task seems even more formidable because he has taken on the works of Haggard, Williams, Parsons and Don Gibson in country music's headquarters. However, he is helped by Billy Sherrill's appearance on the production credits, John McFee's guesting on lead and pedal steel, Tommy Miller's violin and the Nashville Edition on backing vocals.

Costello's selection skates as close to the blues as country can get with low-roller downers like Tonight The Bottle Let Me Down, Color Of The Blues and Too Far Gone.

— NEIL JAMESON

●

Mickey Newbury, singer/songwriter of note, returns to Mercury Records with a new collection appropriately titled *After All These Years.*

Possibly his finest work for a number of years anyway, the album doesn't contain any radical changes of style, in fact, Newbury returns to the rich, carefully balanced mood created on the classic *Looks Like Rain,* which was recorded some years ago for the same label.

Newbury seems to shun the anything-to-make-a-fast-buck policy of so many others, and his recordings tend to appeal more to other writers and a band of die-hard fans. The songs on this set are strong, haunting, low-key ballads expertly produced by Norbert Putnam, and equally expertly played by top Nashville session men.

The String charts are lush but tasteful, and standout tracks are the medley, Sailor, Song For Sorrow and Let's Say Goodbye One More Time (he's always had a thing for titles like that), Country Boy Saturday Night and I Still Love You (After All These Years). If you don't have the faintest who I'm talking about, and if you're into a softer quality (hard to find in the recording world), then get Newbury's newie.

— CAROL ASHDOWN

TELEVISION

At the start of each year it is the custom of television executives to take on the role of carney hucksters and boast of the many and diverse wonders to be screened in coming months.

Each wonder has of course been carefully chosen with that refined taste, that yearning for cultural traditions, that has, according to the same executives, made Australian television the envy of many countries.

Nor has it been an easy task. The executives toiled mightily in the vineyards of the Polo Lounge and Elaine's, placed enormous stress and strain on livers to bring us *Mork and Mindy* and *Love Boat* and *The Incredible Hulk,* for Chrissake.

At the same time I find this boasting, this hype, of coming attractions to be offensive in the extreme, mainly because it's done at a time when the networks are screening repeats and rejects and movies so widely acclaimed they ran for as long as three days at the local Odeon.

It's like being served a disgusting meal in a restaurant, then being told as you're presented with a monumental bill, never mind, old chap, the food will be better on your next visit.

But for a few moments we will leave the boasting and look at the future through the remarkable pages of *TV Week.* (You don't read *TV Week?* Then how else can you know that Catherine Bach cries each time her former husband's name is mentioned, even though she is going with another man? Or that Burt Reynolds was close to tears when told he couldn't adopt a baby? How else, huh?)

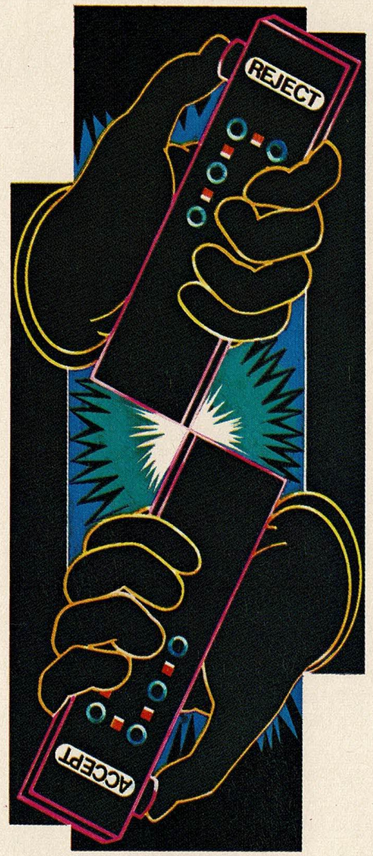
I'm not sure if it's because *TV Week* distrusts the announcements of television executives, but the magazine has employed an astrologer by the name of Bridget to have a Captain Cook at what will happen this year.

The future looks troubled, even bleak for some, as *TV Week* emphasised in a story promoting Bridget, "a Sydney housewife whose psychic powers have amazed the country".

Said *TV Week* anxiously: "Her first special will be next week, when she looks at some of TV's most pressing questions: Will Don Lane remarry? Will Mike Willesee make a comeback? And will Paul Cronin quit *The Sullivans?*"

Indeed these are pressing questions, far more crucial for instance than the fact that commercial television has sunk to such a juvenile level it would have difficulty in appealing to the 10-year-old illiterate son of a Kabul camel trader.

I had to wait seven days for the next issue of *TV Week* to find the answers to these questions, seven days of extreme anxiety before I opened, with trembling hands, the magazine to discover whether Mr Lane will



wed. He won't Oh! Nor will Mr Willesee make a comeback. And Mr Cronin will be written out of *The Sullivans,* but he will not be killed off.

As a bonus, however, the splendid Bridget says that Mike Walsh may well dip a toe into the sea of matrimony, but adds the stern warning: "He'd be very unwise to take the final step as Pisces are far better left to swim alone."

But enough frivolity. Let us get down to the serious business of trying to discover what, if anything, will make for memorable television this year.

The ABC has several reasonable attractions, including the recently completed *1915,* which was shot in outback New South Wales, and a co-production with the BBC, *The Day Of The Triffids,* from the John Wyndham novel. But there's not much more that could be considered fresh and exciting from the ABC.

The Seven Network has shown some imagination in its purchases, especially those from Britain. *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy,* from the book by John LeCarre, will finally come to the screen after lying on the shelves for two years. It stars Sir Alec Guinness in a role that had been described as "brilliant".

Seven also has *Bless Me Father,* featuring Daniel Abineri and Arthur Lowe, which takes the mickey out of the Catholic Church, an institution long overdue for such treatment. On the other hand, Seven is screening the $6 million, 10-part series, *The Borgias,* a program British critics rated the best comedy of the year even though it was supposed to be a drama.

Other interesting programs scheduled by Seven include an eight-part series, *Marco Polo,* featuring such distinguished names as Anne Bancroft, John Houseman and Sir John Gielgud, *East of Eden* and a sequel to *Upstairs, Downstairs* called *Thomas And Sarah,* although I'm deeply disturbed about a local soapie, *Sons And Daughters* which will fill the 7pm timeslot.

I have not seen an episode of *Sons And Daughters* but the promotional clips that have come my way have made me shudder. It features the same recruits from NIDA who have appeared in every Australian soapie, speaking in those peculiar accents that have no relationship to Australia, with the possible exceptions of Double Bay and Toorak.

Apart from the widely-acclaimed series, *Masada,* starring Peter O'Toole, the Ten Network has little to offer. I mean, what can you say about a network that boasts it is screening *Bret Maverick* with James Garner, who appeared in the original *Maverick* 25 years ago? Maybe they'll bill him as the slowest gun in the West, the only cowboy who mounts a wheelchair and not a horse.

The Nine Network is continuing its successful policy of screening only trash. Sadly it worked spectacularly well last year, putting the stations in the network far above their rivals in the battle for ratings.

Nine has *Dynasty,* which is even seedier than *Dallas,* if that's possible, and an assortment of American comedy series *(Harper Valley, Open All Night, I'm A Big Girl Now)* from studios that haven't produced a laugh, or even a smirk, since *The Odd Couple* was made 20 years ago.

The rest of Nine's attractions seem to be of the Bang! Bang! You're Dead variety, such as *Strike Force,* starring the concrete-faced Robert Stack as a cop called in on difficult cases, and *Today's FBI,* which, if it tells the truth, will deal with the planting of evidence, illegal break-ins and wire-tapping and the harassment of anyone slightly to the left of Ghengis Khan.

But they won't — because honesty and popular television are strangers taking different paths, one towards integrity and the other towards the bank.

And that, unfortunately, is the truth!

— NEAL AKERMAN

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I was looking forward
to the rest of the evening
just as much as he was -
and then I served him
mere Scotch
instead of

AB1191/81 S527PB

MOVIES

More Public Enema No. 1 than Public Enemy No. 1, Mel Brooks is as efficacious as ever as mankind's biographer in *History Of The World Part 1*. Brooks took it out of Broadway with *The Producers*, out of the Wild West with *Blazing Saddles* and out of Hollywood with *Silent Movie*. This time, he administers his treatment to a tidy 10 billion years of human evolution so effectively that a defamation — and probably a defecation — action would be odds on to succeed. The Dawn Of Man seemed as good a place as any to begin, and along the way Brooks drops us off for an insight into the Creation of Culture, the Ten Commandments, the Last Supper, the Roman Empire, the Spanish Inquisition and the French Revolution.

History Of The World spins an epic tale of such noble human qualities as devotion, self-sacrifice, greed, lust and paranoia. Mankind's saving grace, it seems, is that in the face of everything, he has still always been able to laugh . . . especially at Mel Brooks.

As you might expect, it's wildly irreverent stuff. The Last Supper is brought to us as the gospel according to the waiter who happened to be on the long table on the night in question. And, if every chapter of history is exploited, so is every device the comedian ever had in his armory. Black satire and generic parody have long been Brooks' hallmarks, but here he puts all his rotten eggs in one basket and fires them at us like a vaudeville stooge.

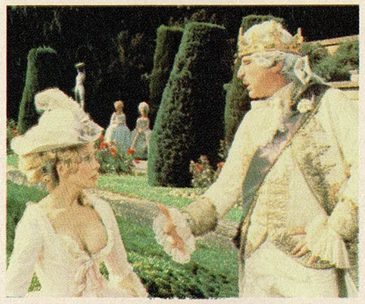
Brooks' Rome is more Caesar's Palace than Caesar's Senate. Example: "Wait a minute? You can't send me to the lions. Lions only eat Christians. I'm Jewish! I can prove it? Hava nagilah. . .hava. . . *Everybody!*. . .nagilah!" And a "boom boom" from the percussionist to reinforce every punchline. The lineup of talent includes Brooks himself, Dom DeLuise, Madeline Kahn, Harvey Korman, Sid Caesar. . . even Pamela Stephenson and Spike Milligan . . . all well equipped to keep proceedings genuinely offensive and constantly funny. Why, there's even an appearance by Hugh Hefner and seven of his Playmates.

●

Body Heat gleams with the sinister beauty of a collector's Luger . . . a suspenseful, inky-shadowed film that alerts its audience to treachery early on and slowly screws down the tension as the plot develops. Kudos for the impeccable style — visual and narrative — belong to Lawrence Kasdan whose name has previously appeared against the screenplay credits for *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*.

This is his directorial debut and with male lead William Hurt and sultry newcomer Kathleen Turner, there exists a trinity bound for the big time. In plot and tone, *Body Heat* recalls *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. It is a powerful study of sexual obsession and complicity. . . a restless and ambitious woman using an infatuated outsider as a one-way ticket out of her bondage.

The web of emotions and passions is tangled, but there is little doubt about who is spider and who is fly. "You're not too smart," says the smoky voice of Turner as the wife wanting out. "I like that in a man." Together, Hurt and Turner smoulder like something about to be overwhelmed by spontaneous combustion. But Hurt has so many dimensions to his talent that he seems to mirror back the film's complex intricacies like a kaleidoscope. Go along and be dazzled.



Top to bottom — *Keith Carradine stars in* Southern Comfort; *Marsha Mason is on her way to an Oscar in* Only When I Laugh; *and Mel Brooks is mankind's biographer.*

●

Marsha Mason can laugh all the way to the Academy Awards again after her performance in *Only When I Laugh*. The role is one of those display-case efforts that Neil Simon tears off for his wife every once in a while to keep her in Oscar contention.

This time, Simon also produces, and his screenplay is adapted from *The Gingerbread Lady*. It was perhaps the least successful of his stage shows but it boasts a great reservoir of emotions, and Mason manipulates the floodgates with great precision.

She plays a Broadway actress who has given up custody of her daughter while she straightens out her life. Six years later, her career flourishing but her personal life still in knots, her daughter (Kristy McNichol) reappears and the plucky pair team up to milk the audience of any tears that Marsha hadn't already siphoned off.

Simon's compulsive gag-along style doesn't blend too naturally with the brave little bon mots that leave it sounding distractingly like those Sunday night radio talkback shows hosted by glib crisis counsellors.

●

Walter Hill's *Southern Comfort* is a man's man of a film, uncompromisingly rugged and very much the sort of thing we might have regarded as Peckinpah or Boorman country if Hill hadn't made such a conspicuously good job of it. There's action aplenty when a unit of the Louisiana National Guard takes off into the swamps and bayous on a training exercise. But, true to the irony in its title, this is no Boy Scout patrol. One high-spirited lout rattles off some blanks at a group of locals and the gag misfires when the locals retaliate in their own spooky territory.

One gets the impression that this may have been planned as another Vietnam story but it actually takes on a deeper shade of sinister by becoming a domestic, peacetime stoush. Director Hill gives the whole movie a feeling of murky malevolence, painting it in the same sort of monochrome color that Boorman used in *Deliverance*.

Hill is well served by Keith Carradine, whose personal mood and pace fit the film to a T, but there's not a weak link in the whole chain reaction. It's a suspenseful and powerful drama about the transformation of human nature when confronted by peril, and the pacing of the production is so clever that the audience is under as much tension when there's nothing happening as when there is.

— ROBIN INGRAM

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

CHRISTMAS HELL

With the horrors of Christmas well behind us — and yet inescapably still before us — perhaps we should reconsider the whole shebang. Can you recall the ghastliness of it? The masses of people crowding the streets, making movement almost impossible; the panic of forgetting Uncle Roger's gift, and the last minute dash back into the mayhem of shopping; the strikes, the awful tinny sounds of cheap carolling, the gasping realisation that just when you thought the commercialisation of this event couldn't get crasser, it does; the traffic jams hundreds of miles out of town; the road toll; the perpetual hangover from the continual round of parties; the expensive ham going green by New Year's Day; the screaming kids at 4 am on Christmas Day, whining about how their present isn't as good as somebody else's, screaming again when they break it.

Enough, enough I say! Bah! Humbug!

Okay, I'm all for Bacchanals, but within reason. Christmas has got out of all proportion. It is no longer a blessed event — it is a misery.

Can we can it altogether? Or stagger it so that people in the east of the city have it in March, those in the west have it in June, and so on?

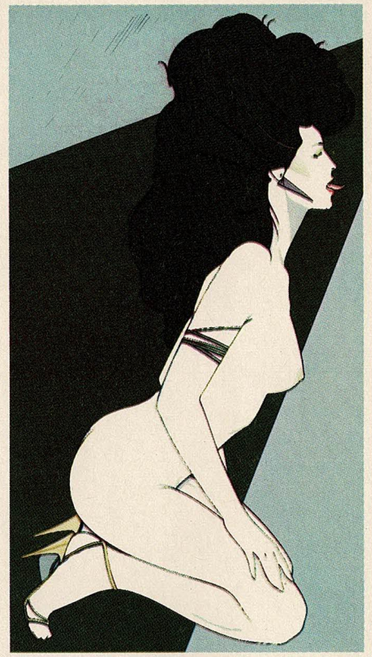
Or can we just ban kids from the city (especially strollers) during December? Or ban shops making a display of Christmas? Or ban Christmas-oriented ads (like we've done with cigarette ads on TV)? Let's somehow reduce this annual hell to at least only a minor nuisance. We can get to the moon, surely we can somehow do something about Christmas.

G.B.H.,
Balmain, NSW.

WHOSE BOOM?

Two years down the development track and we are still waiting for the so-called resources boom to provide any bloom in our lives. When will it finally deliver? In good faith we sit and watch our governments and developers put paid to the agricultural heritage of the Hunter, Tasmanian wilderness, NSW cedar forests, Queensland coastal strips and Western Australian jarrah forests — until finally we have good reason to fear for the Barrier Reef.

Surveys within the mining industry prove it is not a great generator of jobs. The majority of jobs in new developments are filled by people moving from other projects to such an extent that very few additional jobs are created. Projects planned for the Hunter, one of Australia's greatest wine growing areas and a cradle of our rural history, indicate it is destined to become a



Ruhr Valley with the attendant problems of pollution, and disfigurement of the landscape.

The sacrifice far outweighs the small return of minimal employment benefits and short-term prosperity for a few. The extent of the development shows again that foreign investment is securing the mammoth share of the returns. If that is not so, will someone please point out just when and where we can expect our cut.

T. Collins,
Shortland, NSW.

MILITARY MADNESS

It never fails to amaze me just how short-sighted our military planners can be. The latest example is the decision to buy an aircraft carrier. No good reason has been given why we should spend zillions of dollars on a sinkable runway when we have more land space than just about any other country in the world to put our planes on. The main argument seems to be — trust the defence boffins, they know what they are doing. Perhaps, but what about these famous examples of military planning:

In the First World War, wise and thoughtful military brains could see no other way of fighting than to send hordes of men running straight into the murderous fire of machine guns.

During the same war, a major force was landed in impossible conditions in the Dardanelles and kept there in the face of the obvious truth that the position was unwinnable.

In the Second World War, the far-thinking Lords of the Admiralty sent two battleships, the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse,* out into battle without air cover. Surprise, surprise, they were sunk by Japanese aircraft.

Singapore was lost in the same war because no far-thinking military man had considered it might need defending from the landward side.

The famous Lancaster bomber, as revealed recently by a leading British scientist, was a flying coffin; the safety hatch was so small that a man wearing a parachute found great difficulty in squeezing through it.

The results of these selected few bungles were enormous loss of life — people dying unnecessarily. Perhaps to the defence boffins this is as nothing compared with their desire to have new toys to play with, but you hardly have to be a military genius to see that in an age of guided missiles, an aircraft carrier is the sittingest of sitting ducks which would be at the bottom of the ocean before it got within cooee of its target. Down with it would go not just millions of dollars but hundreds of Australians who might have had the chance to live to fight again if they had been deployed in some more practical and sensible way.

M.L.T.,
Caboolture, Qld.

POT PROTEST

Your Potted History of Pot let some much-needed air into the drugs debate. It was also a timely warning that things are not getting any better. A life sentence for passing a joint! Christ, by that logic every director or employee of the liquor companies ought to be stuck away for ever. They are the biggest pushers of the lot. I'm not knocking the grog, I'm not adverse to the odd glass myself, but how can you have one law for one drug and a different law for the other. Most of the wowsers who spout about dope have never tried it. It's like priests telling people how to run their marriages, ridiculous.

S.B.,
Glebe, NSW.

SQUATTOCRACY

As someone who has to drive through the city of Sydney every day to get to work I find it infuriating that we are prevented from having decent expressways because of a bunch of scruffy squatters bleating about "historical interest". What's so interesting about a collection of slums? Surely they

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014.P.253

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should be torn down and the dole-bludgers who live in them kicked out to look for work. Then maybe we wouldn't have to sit in our cars in the blazing sun as the traffic piles up. Whose quality of life is more important anyway, the mass of the public or a bunch of hippies? And have you seen the places they are "looking after"? To call them hovels would be a compliment. It's time someone had a good look at just what's going on with our new "squattocracy".

J.B.,
Drummoyne, NSW.

There's two sides to every argument. We're having a look at them right now, so watch out for our report.

STRIKE-CRAZY

The so-called festive season saw the usual pile up of strikes. It's understandable that the unions should pick the times when they are needed most to go on strike as it gives them a stronger bargaining position. But, when you stop to think about it, it seems a crazy way to run a system of industrial relations. After all, the people most affected by the strikes are ordinary people, the great majority of whom are unionists and their families. So the unions spend all this time harassing each other each for their own selfish interest. Obviously it's time we had fewer unions so they could stop squabbling amongst themselves and get down to making things better for everyone in the country.

A.D.,
Redcliff, Qld.

OLD GROANER

Why are men so boring, especially when they start worrying about their age? My husband gets up at the crack of dawn, groans, and drags himself out into the cold with his precious Adidas shoes on to run his guts out for half an hour. Then he gets back exhausted and snarls at me. This wouldn't be so bad, but he has started worrying about his waistline and forcing the entire family to go on to a diet of high-fibre rubbish, brown rice and polyunsaturated goo. And he's only 37! What he'll be like when he turns 40 God only knows! It's going to be difficult to get him even to have a good dinner to celebrate.

Please help, PLAYBOY. Yours is the only magazine he reads and if you were to do a piece exposing these fad diets, he might be bearable to live with again.

Mrs K. G.,
Adelaide, SA.

NUCLEAR NASTIES

As the world, led by Ronald Raygun and the grey men of the Kremlin, gets closer and closer to self-destructing, our own, home-grown Dr Strangelove, Mad Mal, seems determined to ensure that Australia doesn't miss out on any of the fun — nuclear bombs, radiation, you know the sort of thing.

That's the only explanation I can think of for our continuing to allow American nuclear bombers to use Australian facilities, even if they are in the far north.

Don't worry, we are told. That nice Mr Raygun has promised they won't be carrying any nasty bombs. Oh really! Does Mad Mal really believe this? More important, does he think the Russians believe it? If they don't, the question of whether the B-52s are or are not carrying bombs becomes pretty academic. And, let's face it, if you were sitting up there behind your Iron Curtain worrying whether you should press the button first or wait for the other side to do it, would you believe a promise like that? Not bloody likely.

The Polish crisis has once again shown just how close the world is to the brink of disaster. It's only a matter of months since we gave the US the go-ahead to drop in on Darwin. It wouldn't take that long to tell them we've changed our minds. After all, what are we getting out of it? More empty promises. And ask yourself this: if the Russians, the Chinese, or anybody for that matter dropped nuclear bombs on Australia but not on the US, do you think the Yanks would drop them on the Russians, or whoever, in retaliation and risk having a few lobbed on themselves? Doesn't need to be answered, does it?

We Aussies pride ourselves on not being mugs, but we've just been sold the biggest and crookedest deal since someone bought Sydney Harbor Bridge from a spiv in Pitt Street.

J.P.S.,
Black Rock, Vic.

THE LAST RIGHTS

Well done Keith Russell! It's about time someone blew open this ghoulish business of expensive funerals (PLAYBOY, February). To rip off the grief-stricken relatives of someone who has just died must surely rank as just about the most despicable thing you can do.

We all have to go some time, and of course there should be dignity and decency about the necessary rites and formalities, but $3500 for a wooden box! How can these people sleep at nights?

Congratulations, too, to Frank Robson for the way he managed to extract humor from such a delicate subject without lapsing into bad taste. I'd like to see him turn his penetrating eye on some of the other rackets that abound in this free enterprise land of ours — like health funds that won't insure you unless you're healthy. Big deal!

J.M.,
Elizabeth, SA.

Is there something you want to talk about, something you want to get off your chest! You can have your say by writing to the Editor, PLAYBOY Forum, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, New South Wales, 2010.

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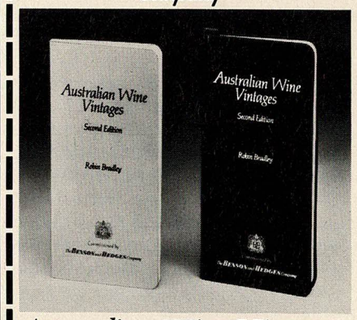

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

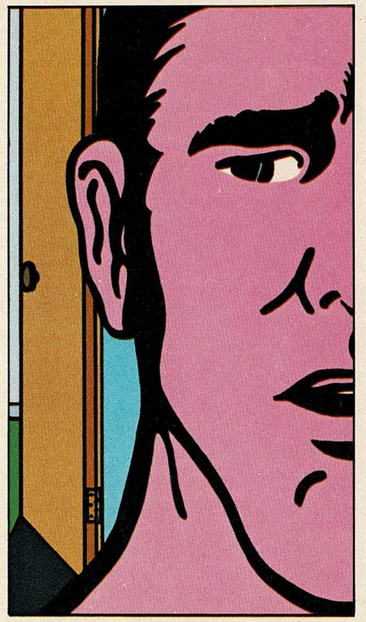
questions about today's lifestyle are answered by our experts

I am a 27-year-old male with what seems to me to be a big problem. I am madly in love with a girl, and we plan to marry soon. We are very open with each other, and tell each other our deepest, darkest secrets. However, there is one secret I haven't revealed to her yet, and that is that some time ago I slept with a man. I know she has strong views about homosexuality, and I'm worried that it could damage our relationship. On the other hand I feel I should be totally honest with her. What do you think I should do? — D.H., Vic.

Honesty is fine, but there is no reason why someone has to know every minute fact about the past of the person they are involved with. Many successfully married men (and women) have had some minor or major homosexual experience at some time in their lives, and if the memory of it doesn't disturb them, it is pointless to drag it out and disturb someone else. Your girlfriend and prospective wife is involved with the person you are now, not with some ghost from the past.

My problem is driving me to desperation. I don't know where to turn or what to do. I find that I just can't keep an erection. I like to send a woman crazy with foreplay, so that after about 25 minutes she is really ready to pop. But by that time, I no longer have an erection. At times in foreplay I will get one, but it will go down again just as quickly as it rises. I can get an erection when a woman goes down on me, but when she stops, the same problem occurs. I go soft again straight away, whereas in the past I would have stayed rock hard. I have been going out with a girl for a few weeks now, and each time I have tried to make love to her the same thing has happened, and I'm afraid it will be the end of our relationship if I don't sort out the problem soon. I have thought of going to a doctor, but I don't think he could be of much help, and as I live in a small country town, there are no sex therapists or sex aid shops I can go to. Can you please give me some advice? — R.C., Qld.

The problem may be that you are just trying too hard to extend that period of foreplay for the longest possible time. There is no one correct way to go about foreplay. Some people will naturally come relatively quickly, and if they concentrate all their energies on not coming for a set period of time, it is possible that when the big moment finally arrives they will not be able to come at all. Once the problem has begun to occur, worrying about it will inevitably make it worse, and it will not go away again until you find some way to take the pressure off yourself. If you know your girlfriend well enough to get into bed with her, you also know her well enough to discuss your difficulties with her. Find out if she really wants you to prolong foreplay for 25 minutes, or whether you have just arrived at that notion from hearing second-hand information about other people's sex lives. However, if the problem doesn't begin to improve, and you are genuinely worried that the problem could be a strictly physical one, you should certainly consult your doctor about it.



There is no reason why someone has to know every fact about your past.

My problem is that I am extremely skinny. I am 21, and it doesn't look as if I am going to fatten up in a hurry, and I was wondering if there is anything I can do about this. I have heard about the steroids that some athletes use to gain weight, but don't know much about them, so your advice and suggestions would be helpful. Also, do these new tanning capsules do the job, or do you end up orange, as rumored? — J.B., Vic.

You should dismiss completely the idea of using anabolic steroids to gain weight. They have been found to have numerous undesirable side effects, such as the development of female characteristics in men, and athletics authorities are striving to wipe out their use. If you are a naturally thin build then that is the way you are going to remain for the rest of your life. But there is no reason why you should consider this a problem. Many women prefer slim men to incredible hulks, especially if they keep themselves in top condition. If you are really dissatisfied with your build, you could try weight training, or some other exercise that will increase muscular definition, though you are unlikely to gain much in the way of bulk. As to those fast-tanning capsules, no noticeable side-effects have so far been detected, but the tan they produce is short lived and slightly artificial in appearance. As with the bulky, muscle-bound body, the deep bronze tan is a false goal if that is not the way you're made. If you have a fair skin, a light tan is all that you will be able to develop, but that is hardly going to make you a social outcast.

There's a woman I've been going out with lately whose behavior has me mystified. Maybe you can shed some light on what's going on. She seems to think we should just be friends, and my attempts to get into bed with her haven't got very far. However, at the beach she'll lie next to me topless, and on one occasion, when we found out we'd turned up at a nude beach, she took everything off. I didn't dare, because I knew that the signs of my interest in her would become obvious fairly quickly. I'm lusting after her something terrible, and wonder if she just doesn't realise this, or if she really knows what she's doing. — V.T., SA.

If, as you say, you've made attempts to get into bed with her, then she must have some idea of your interest. In allowing you to see her nude she is therefore either totally insensitive, or else has decided to keep you squirming for a while longer. You should make further moves towards her, and if these, too, lead nowhere, make it clear that seeing her naked body beside you on the beach is getting to you, and that the situation will have to be resolved one way or another. You could end up losing her companionship on the beach, but at least you will know where you stand.

Some friends and I are starting to think about joining together to buy a yacht and spending a year or more just sailing wherever we feel like going. We've got to the stage of looking at maps and working out some sort of a route, but one doubt has now come up, and that has to do with pirates. Someone told us that there are some areas of the world where it is not safe for yachtsmen to go because of the piracy problem, and that many had had their boats stolen, been murdered, or just disappeared. Does this sort of thing happen, or has our friend been reading too many comics? And if it's true, which are the places to avoid? —A.P., NSW.

Your friend is unfortunately correct in his warning about the danger of piracy, and the problem is said to be getting worse every year. Incidents have been reported throughout South-East Asia, with the waters of the southern Philippines and the west coast of Thailand the most notorious. Further afield, the Caribbean has a particularly bloody reputation among cruising yachtsmen. The odds against you actually encountering a pirate vessel are still very great, as the sea is a large place, but there are certain precautions that are worth taking. These involve keeping in close touch with local coast guard stations in areas that are known to be dangerous and, where possible, sailing in convoy. Some yachtsmen also carry guns aboard, but it is debatable whether this is likely to be of any use in the face of a boatload of professional pirates, or will simply make a difficult situation even worse.

I've just seen *Apocalypse Now* for the third time, and enjoyed it just as much as ever. I thought Martin Sheen was great as Captain Willard, but I noticed in the program that Coppola only gave him the part at the last minute, after a chance meeting at an airport. Somebody said they thought Robert de Niro was originally going to play Captain Willard, but had to drop out. Can you tell me whether this is true? —A.W., Vic.

As far as we know, Robert de Niro was never under consideration for the role of Captain Willard. Coppola started the film with Harvey Keitel in that part, but fairly early on decided that he was wrong for the character. It was then that he replaced him with Sheen.

I need some help, please, as I'm in a strange relationship that I just don't know what to do about. I live with my boyfriend, and we sleep together but don't make love. This has been going on for about a year. We did make love early on, and it was all right, but he says that sex could spoil our friendship. I sometimes let myself be picked up by a man for a one night stand, and my boyfriend goes with other women, but it seems to me it would make a lot more sense if we were going with each other. If only I could find a way to persuade him, but he just won't listen.

We hug and kiss, but that's as far as it goes, and it's driving me crazy. What do you suggest I do to stop myself going right over the edge? — L.F., Tas.

From your description, it's difficult to work out what exactly is keeping the two of you together. You say your boyfriend fears sex would ruin your friendship, so we assume there must be some sort of strong bond between the two of you.

Whether it is strong enough to keep you living together as a couple is another matter, if you are having to look elsewhere for satisfaction. It may be time for you to look very coldly at your relationship, and ask yourself why you have been prepared to accept all the restrictions your boyfriend has placed upon it. If the situation is driving you crazy, then it is entirely up to you to make the decision to get out. If prolonged, a strange relationship is likely to become even stranger.

Some people might think the problem I've got is no problem at all, but it's something that's really worrying me. I am 17, and have a girlfriend of the same age. We go out a lot, and sometimes spend the night together, and I've had no complaints about the way things are between us. But a few weeks ago I met this woman who must be about 35, and things started to happen. She's splitting up with her husband, and really seemed to want me, and we've been meeting at motels during the day, sometimes several times a week. Sex is so fantastic with her I can hardly believe it. She seems to know everything there is to know about it, and wants to go all day. The trouble is, I can't go out with her at night, and wouldn't want to anyway, as my mates would think it was a big joke. I want to keep going out with my girlfriend, as we like doing the same things, and know a lot of the same people, but I'm just not enjoying sex with her nearly as much as I do with the older woman. I think she is starting to suspect something is wrong, too, and has been asking awkward questions. I don't want to lose her, but I'd find it very hard to give up the other woman, so what do you think I should do? —C.S., NSW.

If you are holding on to your old girlfriend just for the sake of having somebody to go out with, the situation will probably sort itself out soon enough without you having to do anything. If the fire is no longer there, you will probably just gradually drift apart. On the other hand, the relationship you have with the older woman doesn't sound like one that you should expect to continue for very long. If she is in the process of splitting up with her husband, she is bound to be unsettled, and has probably latched upon you as a very temporary diversion. You could easily find yourself losing both women, but at 17 that is hardly a tragedy.

My problem concerns the appearance of my teeth, as I have a couple of very crooked ones at the front of my month, and they show when I smile. Some years ago I asked a dentist about them, but he said that once they had grown that way it was too late to do anything about them, and I should just put up with it. At that time I didn't really care about it one way or another, but I now take much more care over my appearance, and I'm worried that my crooked teeth might affect the impression I make on women. Was that dentist right, or is there something I can have done about them? — C.K., Qld.

It is now possible to have teeth capped, and this can greatly improve their appearance. In this process, the tooth is ground away right down to where it meets the gum, and the root filled. A false upper section is then mounted on the orginal root, and this is indistinguishable from a real tooth.

I read an article recently about various methods of contraception, and in the part about condoms, it said they were the oldest method known, and had been used for hundreds of years. What I'd like to know is what they were made of, as I don't think they started manufacturing rubber products until late last century. Did they make them out of leather, or what? — N.W., NSW.

Some of the very earliest recorded condoms were indeed made from leather but, rather obviously, they cut sensitivity down almost to zero. Being stitched together, they were also not very reliable. The most refined form of the leather condom was made of the finest chamois leather, and was stitched with silk thread, but they were still of only limited value, and being very expensive to produce, were largely restricted to the aristocracy. In the 18th Century they began to be replaced by condoms made from sheep's gut, much like a sausage skin. They were usually knotted at the end, and it is believed that the legendary lover Casanova had his tied with a red ribbon, when he bothered to wear one.

A big problem has come up between me and my wife, and I would be grateful for your advice. We live in the north-west of Western Australia, where I drive a bulldozer for a mining company. It's hard, hot work and I work very long hours, trying to make as much money as I can in a short time so we can save for a house. The trouble is, my wife hates it up here, and says she gets bored. Our sex life isn't good either, as I am always so tired from work I often fall asleep before we get round to making love. I'm now a bit worried that my wife is seeing another man during the day, though I have no proof. I haven't said anything to her about it, or done anything, as I don't really know how to handle the situation. I've thought of speaking to the man who I think is involved, but I'm worried about what could happen if I'm wrong (or even if I'm right) as it is a fairly small town, and news gets round very quickly. I don't want to end up looking like a fool. Do you have any suggestions? — K.T., WA.

Before you even think of doing anything provocative, you should make sure that your suspicion really has some grounds, and is not just something you have begun to imagine under the stress of a troubled marriage. If the two of you are not communicating very much, and disagreeing when you do, it will have become very easy for you to misinterpret a few signs, and build up a quite false picture of what is going on. So rather than rushing in and attempting to uncover an affair that might not even exist, you could try to find more positive ways to help your marriage. While you can't force her to like the place where you live, you may at least be able to help her adjust to it. Try to be more attentive, and understanding about the things about the town that most annoy her. Many marriages come under strain in the situation you describe, but not all disintegrate. What is required is effort and understanding by both parties, not emotional over-reaction.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW ALBY MANGELS

a candid conversation with the adventurer who made millions from a home movie called "world safari"

In 1971, Alby Mangels and John Field left Australia with a few hundred dollars and a second-hand movie camera.

Six years and 56 countries later, they returned with seven hours of film which they planned to convert into a two-hour feature. Despite advice from filmmakers in Holland, London and Australia that there was no way their amateurish efforts could make a movie, and the fact that neither had any previous filmmaking experience (Mangels' photographic efforts so far had consisted of the half-dozen box Brownie snaps he had contributed to the family album), they went ahead.

In 1982, amid the chest-thumping which has greeted the successes of Gallipoli *and* Mad Max 2, *it is easy to overlook the fact that* World Safari, *as Mangels and Field titled their product, is one of the biggest box office successes in Australian film history. The Mangels-Field partnership was dissolved five years ago leaving Alby Mangels to continue with a venture which has so far reaped a conservative $3 million in Australian sales — a figure which compares favorably with* Gallipoli's *1981 record of $5 million from the home market. But Mangels' real bonanza could come in an American marketing push planned for this year and a huge national promotion which seems certain to prod* World Safari's *gross takings beyond* Gallipoli's.

Mangels' single-handed efforts in producing, marketing, showing, promoting and distributing the film have made him something of a self-educated expert. In almost everything he has done, he has broken filmmaking's basic rules, defied the experts and set his own standards. He readily admits that his filming efforts with a 16 millimetre, hand-held Bell and Howell were far removed from professional film standards — and at times these shortcomings are glaringly evident in the product. But, while some people in the film industry are openly critical of World Safari's technical deficiencies, the Australian public has been much more complimentary. The opinion of many who have seen the movie is that its very amateurism lends a mood of accessibility. The viewer feels he could have been making the movie or living the adventure himself. Mangels' own view is that he and Field were lucky enough to stumble on to some high adventure and remarkable incidents.

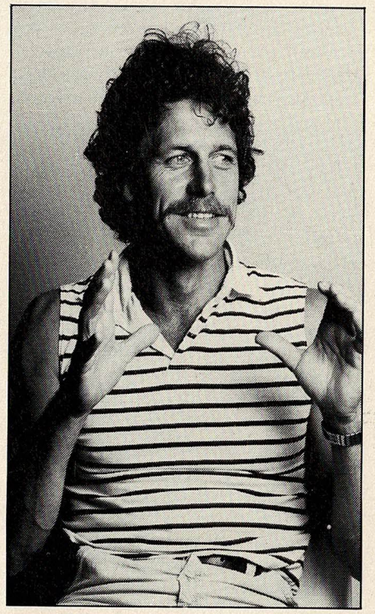
The film is a picaresque documentation of their travels. They left Adelaide on motorcycles but it was the Klaraborg, *the oldest sailing ship still circumnavigating the globe, which provided their passage from Australia to Japan via the Pacific Islands. That trip, with eight men and eight girls of different nationalities, took a year. From Japan, the two spun out their odyssey across Asia and on to Africa until it finally came to a halt in Europe. From there, Mangels and Field returned with the resolve to buy their own boat and depart on World Safari Two.*

What has transpired since their return is almost as important a chapter as the trip itself. It largely involved Mangels' efforts to promote the film and prepare for World Safari Two. However, Field's decision not to carry on with the venture and Mangels' obligation to buy out his share of the film and their boat, the Gretta Maria, *caused lengthy delays. At times it appeared Mangels would have to drop the film idea altogether and, strangely, it took an accident which left a friend crippled to strengthen his resolve to push on with the venture. In the process, Mangels made and lost a small fortune, worked voraciously and managed to confound everyone around him with his tenacity in pushing on with the film.*

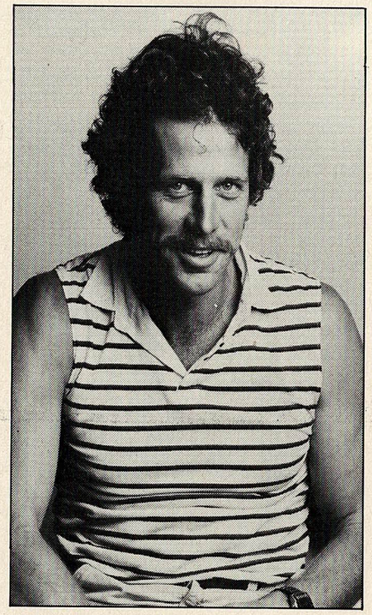
Included in the crew for his next trip which starts early this year is an 18-month-old bull terrier-kelpie cross called Sam. Sam accompanies Mangels everywhere and adds weight to the old adage that people's dogs reflect their personality. Somewhere between the tenacity of the bull terrier and the shepherding instinct of a kelpie is a description which roughly fits Alby Mangels' character.

Around him Mangels has gathered a team of committed individuals charged with marketing the film nationally and, soon internationally. The business employs about 140

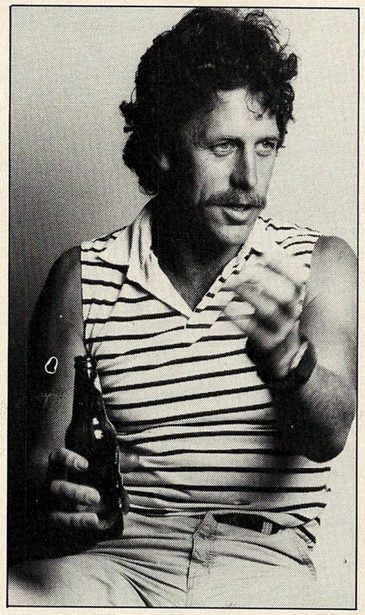
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BAILEY



"Trucks were actually blown up in that convoy. A couple of guys were killed and one lost his legs. The trip before had cost 11 lives."



"If you're a travelling salesman on the road every working day of your life, your taking more risks than us. And I really mean that."



"It was about midnight when we ran on to a reef. The boat was lifting up and belting down. How it didn't disintegrate I'll never know."

people and this year it is geared for the biggest release in Australian film history with 40 to 50 prints showing simultaneously.

When the film is shown in local town halls, the demand is so strong that councils have complained of jammed switchboards. Business is so hectic at World Safari's Melbourne headquarters that their overburdened telephone system keeps dropping out.

Alby Mangels has made it.

To discover the background to the World Safari *story,* PLAYBOY *sent staffer Neil Jameson to talk with Alby Mangels. Jameson filed these impressions:*

"If the government ever implements a revised Life-Be In It campaign, they should get Alby Mangels to head it. He obviously has tremendous reserves of energy and almost any conversation with him can be a stimulating experience. I asked Mangels to nominate a suitable place to conduct the interview and, true to his love for the great outdoors, he selected a picturesque strip of Sydney Harbor foreshore. At 33, he is a prime specimen of the dual benefits of a healthy diet and regular exercise. His looks are tailored to the adventurer image and his enthusiasm for the film project partly explains its promotional success. His business is now on such a national scale that he jumps on planes with the same frequency others might catch cabs. However, his tan-and-T-shirt style hardly fits the high-powered business career he has built from the film's success. By some standards he would qualify as a workaholic, but Mangels' relaxed style and apparent calm leave the distinct impression he is a no-ulcer man in an eight-ulcer job. For obvious reasons which spell success, he has his detractors within the film industry, but if perseverance means anything, it is hard to believe anyone could begrudge him his reward."

PLAYBOY: You travelled for six years and shot only seven hours of film. There must have been many things you didn't shoot which could have been included.

MANGELS: That's right. There were times when we said to each other, "we should be filming this," but for one reason or another we didn't get the camera out. However, we were lucky because we got on to so many incredible things. There was no real shortage of exciting footage. We've got the contrast of Japan in winter with Thailand, India and the journey across to Asia. There's the crossing of the Sahara, a terrible drought in Ethiopia, war in Mozambique.

PLAYBOY: What was the background to your involvement in the Mozambique war?

MANGELS: To be really honest, we didn't have to go through there. If I'd had my way we wouldn't have, but John was always a bit of a dare-devil. It was a war zone and we were crazy to go through it. The army escorted the cargo convoys through from Rhodesia to Malawi where they were to trade.

The trucks were driven by black guys with Portuguese military escorts. We checked out the trucks and noticed they had three-quarter-inch plate on the floor so that if they hit a mine the occupants might survive. Here we were in our little DAF car with no protection at all. They thought we were crazy. The road was mined and the mines were usually set so that if a vehicle hit one you'd have to get out to shove it off the road.

The Frelimo guerillas would plant smaller, anti-personal mines around the big ones so that as soon as you got out of the truck there was a good chance you would step on one. The DAF's wheelbase was 18 inches narrower than the trucks' which meant we would always have one front wheel on ground that none of the trucks in front had driven over.

PLAYBOY: How long was the journey?

MANGELS: It took two days because we had to go at walking pace following the guys who went out in front with sticks which had nails on the end to probe for mines. Trucks were actually blown up in that convoy. A couple of guys were killed and one lost his legs. The trip before had cost 11 lives — and our convoy was ambushed.

All we could see were lion pads, and all we had for protection was a spear which a Masai warrior had thrown through the side of the car.

PLAYBOY: How real was the danger that you might have been killed or injured?

MANGELS: When John was driving, he wasn't concerned about keeping one wheel on the track to reduce our chances of hitting a mine. So, I got out and walked — or rather jumped from one clump of grass to another — up to the front truck. When I got there it was pretty frightening but I stuck my head up every now and then to film some of the fighting.

PLAYBOY: Criticism of the film has come from some people from within the industry who have said it's jumpy and shaky in parts.

MANGELS: That's true. You must remember that we did it all hand-held — no tripods — and, especially in the cases where it is very shaky, we were under a bit of pressure. In fact, everything we did was completely at the wrong end of the professional filmmaking spectrum. When we started, we had a lot of gear packed on two motorbikes, but we threw nearly all of it away including the camera case. We packed the camera and film in some clothes and stuffed them in the middle of our rucksacks. We'd only been on the road a few weeks when we threw everything away except for a change of clothes, the film and camera.

People have talked about the film being shaky and jumpy. Let me give you an example. When we were in Africa we heard of a herd of elephants which was calving, so we took off into the bush on foot to find them. In Australia, when you're walking through the scrub you might see 'roo pads everywhere. All we could see were lion pads, and all we had for protection was a spear which a Masai warrior had thrown through the side of the car. I was in front with the spear and John was behind with the camera. Eventually we came to the herd and we noticed the bull elephants were on the outside guarding the cows. We were sneaking around on our bellies trying to get close when a bull elephant smelled us and came after us. We got back a bit and kept filming, even running backwards until he charged and we had to bolt. We were lucky there was a creek nearby. We didn't know how high the bank was, there was no time. We ran right off the edge and over a 20-foot drop into the water. The elephant stayed at the top bellowing while we filmed from the water. People say it's a bit shaky, well so it is. But there is no crap or staging. That's exactly how it happened.

PLAYBOY: What sort of problem did you have with film quality and processing?

MANGELS: Numerous. We ran out of film while crossing the Sahara. We came to a small store and although the owner couldn't speak English we found out he had a box of 16 mil film in a back storeroom. It was stinking hot out there and I had no idea how old the film was but we couldn't get anything else and he was selling it at about half price, so we bought it. In theory, it should never have lasted in that heat. The Sahara light was far too bright for it so we had to slow it down to get what we wanted. A lot of the material shot in the Sahara was done in slow motion and we threw plenty of it away. The only material which worked was still scenes of where the person or vehicle is moving towards or directly away from the camera, not across. It's all in the film and some people have spotted it and commented.

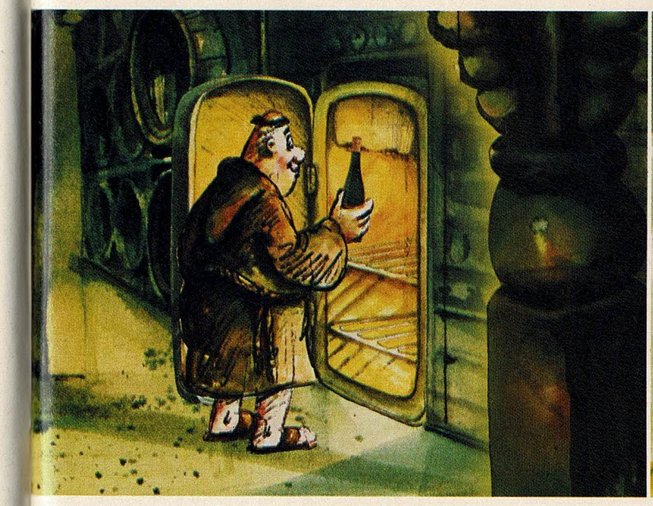
PLAYBOY: Did that mean you used many different makes of film?

MANGELS: Every make of film you could possibly think of. It made it very hard to edit and process.

PLAYBOY: In terms of equipment, the second-hand Bell and Howell 16 millimetre camera and the DAF vehicle are the real stars of the movie. What is the story behind the DAF?

MANGELS: When we left the *Klaraborg* in Japan it was our idea to get our own boat and do what the *Klaraborg* skipper had been doing — cruising the world. We went to Malaysia on the way to Singapore to jump a boat for home where we planned to work and save the money. On the day we were to catch the boat, I woke up and said: "Why go to Australia to save the money? Why not go to South Africa instead?" We cancelled the boat trip and headed as quickly and cheaply as possible towards Africa. We got across India for $4 on public transport but by the

It takes time and a great sense...
of perfection to make a wine...

which is worthy of bearing...
the name McWilliam's.


At last McWilliam's...
Bin Seventy Seven Traminer Riesling is ready.
AB972/80 MC1115

time we got to Nairobi in Kenya, we'd had a gutful of hitching and public transport so we decided to buy a little car to travel the rest of the way to South Africa. We learned that somebody had traded in this relatively new Dutch DAF on a pushbike at a cycle shop.

It was a two-cylinder belt-driven job, and we bought it for about $200. It did about 50 miles to the gallon.

When we first got it we took it off the beaten track for about six weeks. When we got back on the road we stopped to clean it. We found a compartment in the back which we thought might have housed a spare tyre but when we opened it up we discovered a configuration of belts. Until then we'd had no idea it was belt driven. The car ended up in the DAF automobile museum in Eindhoven, Holland. They bought it off us for about $10,000.

PLAYBOY: There must have been some harsh experiences you didn't capture on film.

MANGELS: Yes, for instance we'd made up our minds we'd never pay to sleep anywhere. We told ourselves the cost of a bed would buy another roll of film. In Japan in winter it was 10 below zero and we would walk the streets at night, running sometimes to keep warm. The snow was so heavy we had to hang on to each other for fear of getting separated. One night it was so bad we went knocking on doors. The Japanese would peek through their curtains, see these two big blokes and panic. We were in danger of freezing to death but we came to a factory, scaled the fence and found a tea room with a heater. We just stretched out on the floor and went to sleep.

PLAYBOY: Was that your hardest experience?

MANGELS: Oh, no. There were worse times, like when we got lost in the Sahara, thrown in jail or became ill. John caught hepatitis when we were crossing the Sahara. He was so crook that I had him sitting up in the back of the car wrapped up in a blanket. It was up past 120 degrees, the windows were closed and still he was shivering. It was pretty doubtful whether he'd make it to the next town. We came to a town and I propped him in a shed while I went looking for a doctor. The Arab who owned the shed came back and kicked him out. John didn't know where he was and crawled into a public toilet.

PLAYBOY: He nearly died there?

MANGELS: Yes. But luckily he got over that bout. When we got to Holland, he came down with a second bout. It was worse than the first and if he'd had it that bad in the Sahara, he definitely wouldn't have made it. He was nine weeks on his back with the best medical care so you can imagine how sick he was. Hepatitis affects the liver and they had a needle nearly a foot long and a quarter of an inch in diameter which they stuck straight into his side without anaesthetic and pulled out a bit of his liver. John has been through a lot but he said if they were to try that again he would jump out the window.

PLAYBOY: The travelling and the subsequent making, promoting and selling of the film have made you well qualified in a number of jobs. What sort of education did you have?

MANGELS: I had a poor formal education and left school at 14. I had about 15 different jobs in between leaving school and the trip. I was a jockey for a while. I rode in a couple of amateur races but I was too heavy to get my licence. I became a baker, then a roustabout in shearing sheds. I pumped petrol, worked on a farm, laid bricks. Later, on the trip, I sold cars in Guam and life insurance in South Africa.

PLAYBOY: That's a bit of a switch.

MANGELS: It's an interesting story. Just before I left Australia, a family friend whom I saw as a father figure, advised me to get out of bricklaying and into selling life insurance. He spent eight months putting me through courses. I was going to be the youngest guy he had ever appointed in Adelaide so he had to convince the top

In Japan in winter it was 10 below zero and we would walk the streets at night, running sometimes to keep warm.

dudes I was a worthy product. I was about to get married at the time and I had to go out and sell a few policies in my spare time to show that I could do it. I was allocated an area and I was just about to start when I thought "Marriage, career — oh, shit this is a bit too much." We were about a fortnight away from the wedding and I couldn't go on with it. I realised then that I wanted to travel. I was only about 20 and I had to go and see the girl and her parents and cancel everything. It was a small country town and I had to leave. But before I went, I had to see my insurance friend and tell him, too. I felt pretty bad about it but I made up my mind that if I ever got the chance I would try to pay that guy back for the faith he had in me. So when we got to South Africa I fronted up at the biggest firm in the life insurance business, the Old Mutual. I was wearing an old pair of jeans and I asked to see the top guy. He said there was nothing which qualified me as a good prospect. They like their salesmen to be married and I was young and obviously a wanderer.

PLAYBOY: Did you get the job?

MANGELS: Yes. This guy said he wanted to give me a chance, so he put me through a crash Dale Carnegie-style course. I came bottom of the class in theory but I killed them in practical. In my three months of selling I broke all the company records. I sold a policy a day from the day I started. I was pulling a couple of grand a week and I worked like you wouldn't believe. I did everything the other guys wouldn't do. My flat was about a half mile from work and I would chat up about half a dozen people every morning on the walk to work. I would talk to 60 or 70 people a day, line up 10 interviews and sell one policy. They sent me out to give lectures to salesmen from all over the country but I'm no good at public speaking so they weren't a great success. In no time at all I had a secretary, office, the full bit. I had people throw me out of their houses and was chased around the block by a guy with a spanner, but I still kept selling. I had a six-foot photo of a yacht on the bedroom wall and I worked out it would cost $1000 a foot to build that boat. Every time I put a grand in the kitty, I wiped a foot off that boat. That was what motivated me.

PLAYBOY: You also had a few interesting encounters with Africa's black populations.

MANGELS: Yes. That Masai warrior threw his spear through the side of the car while we were filming. Actually, we had some interesting times with the Masai. The car broke down in Kenya and it was about a two-week hitch back to Nairobi for a new part. Neither of us wanted to stay with the car so we flipped a coin and I won. After I left, John worked the car towards a nearby Masai village. Now, John doesn't say much, but when I came back he was shacked up with two beautiful Masai birds. They were young, about 14 or 15 and they were looking after him and the whole deal obviously had the approval of the chief. I was there only one night before a big, black Masai girl, only about 16, moved in with me. That's the difference in customs. Who's to say what's wrong and what's right.

PLAYBOY: You were told by experts there was no way the parcel of film you brought back from the trip could be turned into a movie. Was there any other point which you now regard as a make-or-break stage?

MANGELS: I guess there are a few, but one of the most important was when we started promoting in Perth. There was just myself and Kevin Goldner, who is coming on the next trip. I was flat broke at that stage and Kevin and I drove non-stop from Cairns to Perth where we thought we had a deal arranged with the local television channel to promote the film. We knew at that stage that the film could not be successful without TV promotion. When we got to Perth we had all the venues booked and we thought we had this promotion deal with the TV station on a share of the royalties basis. But when I went to the station to see about it, I learned we didn't have a deal at all. We were within two weeks of starting and I'd put about $30,000 into the venture. It was a life and death situation. I'd borrowed the money to get extra prints done, re-edit the film and update it and I knew it wouldn't work without television promotion. I knew if I couldn't get that deal I was finished. I was so close to making it and I couldn't let the chance slip. So, I rang the station boss, and I insisted that I see him.

I went up to his office and here's this elderly gentleman sitting at his desk. I had to sit down there and sell him on the spot. I've got great respect for that guy. He started with nothing and built himself up to where he is today. I think he felt for us because of that. Nine out of 10 others wouldn't but this guy did. He called in his salesman, traffic manager and other people and said "give this guy a go", and that's where it started.

PLAYBOY: How well did it do in Perth?

MANGELS: I remember one 2 o'clock session in Perth Town Hall. It was about 114 degrees, just like an oven. Kevin and I came down about 1.30 to get things moving and saw there was such a queue that we got a bit scared.

We'd been travelling and living pretty rough after driving down from Cairns and weren't exactly well dressed. For our cash register we had a cardboard shoe box. As we received $20 and $50 bills, we'd put them under the shoe box until it was too high to stay upright. People would come in and say "I hope your film is better than your cash register," or something like that, but it was all in good fun. A few minutes before the film was about to start, I'd race down to the stage and deliver a bit of a talk, then I'd run to turn the lights off, sprint up two flights of stairs and turn the projector on. It was all too much for the public and to top it all off we'd be selling sweets and drinks at interval.

A lady came up and asked if I could adjust a blind to stop light getting in. When everyone was sitting down again I went over, climbed up on Kevin's shoulders and started taping the blind. Well, everybody started laughing and I didn't know at what. When I got down, Kevin said: "Have a look at your socks." They were an odd pair and had the heels hanging out. I looked at the public, put my head down and walked out. When the show finished, we used to thank the people for coming, hoped they enjoyed the film. They were walking out shaking their heads, they couldn't get over it. About two weeks later, we received by post a nice, new pair of socks.

PLAYBOY: How much has the film grossed?

MANGELS: About $3 million. But it doesn't work like the farming business where a grazier can rationalise his profit over a certain period. In the film business, it's very much on a yearly basis and that can mean that instead of tax being proportined out over the years spent working and investing in the film, you can be hit for the big payment in one year. A film like ours is not eligible for the new tax concessions proposed, whereby you get 150 percent off whatever you put in because it takes a lot longer than one tax year to get it together. I think that has discouraged a lot of people from making films like ours and its also helped send others broke.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your real bonanza might be in your plans to distribute the film overseas?

MANGELS: We've been overseas recently checking things out in America and we've been told it's just a matter of taking it there. It will make a fortune. We'll promote it ourselves and aim for the school and college auditoriums. They hold two to three thousand people and we plan to do the whole East Coast or West Coast in one run. We'll promote it through a TV network and we'll do a hundred or two hundred towns. We're turning people away here. With the sort of venues they've got in the States we stand to do very well.

PLAYBOY: What stage was the film at when you and John dissolved the partnership?

MANGELS: It was still an unknown quantity because it hadn't been taken to the public. It was a much rougher version than the one we have now because it was still a 16 mil version and we've done four major edits since then.

PLAYBOY: How much was involved in buying John's share?

MANGELS: A lot. That's all I can say. I

Getting the film off the ground was so hard and we went through so many downers that we were both tempted to toss it in.

didn't have the money and we set a deadline before which I had to pay for his share of the film plus his share of the boat we had bought.

PLAYBOY: How did you raise the cash?

MANGELS: I borrowed some money and launched off with this wild plan to show the film at Aboriginal settlements up north. I'd roll up to a settlement about midday and there'd be no one about. I'd stick a few posters on trees. The best advert was "Film showing — dark time". I'd find a few people to pass the word around and as soon as the sun went down I'd have anything up to a thousand people turning up. There was no security or anything like that. I'd prop the projector on a 44-gallon drum, set the screen up and just let it roll out in a paddock. It seemed that every family had five or six dogs. It was a real circus. I never carried enough change and sometimes I'd have as many people as had already paid lined up waiting for change of $50 or $20 bills. Anyway, the audience would be sitting waiting for the film to start. Some would be drinking flagon wine. One night somebody threw a flagon and a sliver of glass went through the surface of my thigh. Everybody scattered into the night but 10 minutes later they came back, sat down and watched the film as if nothing had happened.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any support features?

MANGELS: When the film finished, they wouldn't leave so we'd run it through in reverse for a few laughs.

PLAYBOY: Why did you and John part?

MANGELS: Getting the film off the ground was *so* hard and we went through so many downers that we were both tempted to toss it in. But John and I come from different backgrounds and I think that's what made the difference. My family left Holland when I was six and we were very poor. After we came to Australia, my parents split up and my brother went with my father while my sister and I stayed with our mother. When that sort of thing happens you make up your mind it is never going to happen again — losing your family through poverty. I could be wrong, but I think John had a good childhood. He had fantastic parents and the best this country can offer. Because he hadn't wanted for much, I don't think he really had the same desire. He didn't want to go through all the crap of promoting the film, working 14-hour days, seven days a week in hot weather and not getting paid for a lot of jobs. So, he threw the whole lot in and joined a Buddhist monastery in the Blue Mountains west of Sydney. He's been there three years now.

PLAYBOY: Do you still see him?

MANGELS: I've been up there a few times and it's good. They get up at 4.30 in the morning, get into meditation, live totally off the land and lead a very peaceful life.

PLAYBOY: Did you get the money together before the deadline?

MANGELS: I made it by the skin of my teeth, but that left me broke again. I did a promotion in Cairns but I only had a 16 mil print to cover the drive-ins. It looked like a book on the screen. One night I was showing it in Mareeba and people started queueing two hours before we opened. We started to let them in and by the time the place was full we had to turn away about 500 cars. I learned later that some of these people had driven as far as 120 miles. This particular night I backed the van up to the first row of speakers and had the projector in the back so that we could get it as close to the screen as possible. I switched it on to test it and it wouldn't go. We got the technicians to look at it, we pulled it apart but it wouldn't go. It took us until 11.30 to give those people their money back. The next night they were all back.

PLAYBOY: How well has it done in the drive-ins?

MANGELS: Extremely well. We converted it to 35-millimetre in 1980 and that made a huge difference. It was the second largest grossing film in the history of Hoyts drive-ins.

PLAYBOY: What equipment will you take on *World Safari Two?*

MANGELS: A really good camera with sound facilities. But like the last trip, we'll be travelling light. There'll be four guys and

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK AMOS

THE MONEY-GO-ROUND

in these financially turbulent times if you haven't got your bank manager on side, forget it

MONEY may make the world go round, but it's the banks that make the money go round. Atop the vast panoply of lenders, scammers, investors, money managers and so on who compromise the Australian Financial System, the banks stand supreme. The banks have a finger in every pie — indeed, they not only own the crust but half the filling as well. Every time we do a bit of business, a bank is usually in there taking its bit. The banks lend money to developers to clear land, to councils to put in kerbs and guttering, to the agents who sell the land, to the married couple who buy the land, to the builder who builds the house, to the shop that sells the carpets and furniture, to the plumber who fits out the bathroom, to the employer who pays the wages to the home-buyer. If you've got the bank on side, well, it's up to you to get on in the world. But if you haven't — then forget it: you'll be a rent-paying wage-slave the rest of your life (unless you win the lottery or inherit a fortune). Alongside the productive economic system of farmers growing food, factories weaving cloth and carpenters

article by p.d. jack

building houses, is the financial system, the system that provides the petrol — money — to keep the economy running.

The financial system is made up of the organisations that accumulate the wealth of individuals and companies and re-allocate that wealth to where it is supposed to do the most good. These organisations are banks, finance companies, insurance offices, superannuation funds, building societies, credit unions, pastoral houses and a few sundry pawnbrokers and moneylenders.

In 1979, the Reserve Bank worked out that these financial institutions held total assets worth $131,000 million, more than one third of which were held by the banks; finance companies — mostly controlled by the banks — were in second place with 12 percent. The recently concluded Inquiry into the Australian Financial System (the Campbell Report) concluded that the banks, together with their financial companies and merchant bank associates, controlled between 43 percent and 45 percent of the total assets of all financial institutions.

In other words, almost half the money available for lending to businesses and people is controlled by the 70 or so men (no women) who sit on the boards of the major trading banks.

The people who run the banks are of a different calibre from the lower-downs who do the work. Certainly, the bloke who's worked his way out of the teller's box into the general manager's chair usually gets a seat on the board; but rarely are there any more of his ilk. The now disappearing CBA had more staff involvement at board level than any of the other banks, but only four of its 10 board members had actually worked down the line in the bank (if you consider general manager down the line).

Mostly, the directors are the same blokes you'll find on the board of any big institution. In fact, if you threw into the air the names of the board members of the dozen top Australian companies and then selected groups of 10 in the order in which they fell, you'd end up with pretty well what the banks have got now. I imagine it's only the letterhead on the board table that reminds half these blokes which company it is whose policy they're supposed to be deciding — although I suppose a good secretary helps: "Monday Qantas, Tuesday AMP, Wednesday morning BHP, Cadbury-Schweppes in the afternoon, Thursday ACI and Woodside Petroleum, and Friday you've promised to help out crutching on the 10,000-acre hobby farm."

Most of them are familiar names: Sir Ian McLennan (he retired from BHP eons ago and, more recently, from the Wales); Sir John Holland (didn't I interview him for a story on the Australian bicentennial?); John Hooke (his dad was Sir Lionel, inventor of AWA, among other things); Brian Page (solicitor and director of Castlemaine Toohey's and others); Sir Noel Foley (whose Amatil put the nicotine into soft drinks); Sir Frank Espie (Bougainville Copper, CRA); Sir William Vines, a couple of Baillieux, a Marcus Clark and a Fairfax.

To get a line on these colossi of finance, PLAYBOY attempted to contact some of the chairmen, concentrating on the two with Sydney offices, Sir Noel Foley of the Wales and the CBC's Sir Robert Crichton-Brown.

Sir Noel was just too busy. He's also chairman of CSR and at the time he was also wrestling with the mammoth problem of what to call the new bank that resulted from the merger with CBA. Considering the name his board chose, it's not surprising he isn't too keen to talk to the press.

Sir Robert Crichton-Brown was easier to get to, even though he has more boards than a surf shop. It was with some trepidation that I rode the shiny wood-pannelled lift to his spacious office, decorated with old Australian landscapes, in a neat little building down the insurance end of town. Dressed in a plain dark suit, crisp white shirt, dark tie, black shoes and plain grey socks, he looked very much the bank director. We chatted amicably and when I asked him my first vaguely "hard" question he got his secretary to pull out one of his old speeches which he then read to me.

Almost half the money available for lending to business and people is controlled by the 70 or so men (no women) who sit on the boards.

"Er, Sir Robert. . ."

". . .add these powers to the anonymity the corporation enjoys and there is immediately an element of risk. . ."

"Er, Sir Robert, about the —"

". . .that directors may become unmindful that the course and direction of society can be affected by their decisions. . ."

"Ah yes sir the —"

". . .and the society will be founded not merely on legally-regulated individual effort, but on restrained and disciplined individual effort."

It was just after he started quoting Sir Garfield Barwick on civilisation that his secretary came in and told him Sir James Vernon was on the phone.

"Tell him I'm in conference and I'll ring him back in 10 minutes," Sir Robert said, before resuming his reading. One little coup there for me but that was about it. Sir Robert was soon asking me to do what every other journalist is supposed to do, ring him and check with him before quoting, said he was so glad to see me, and zot, I was out the door.

He had told me that directors do not let their other interests interfere with their responsibilities to the shareholders of the company whose boards they happen to be sitting on that day. He was unable to help me on some of the nitty-gritty details of banking — "that's a management matter".

Company directors set policy, and monitor their executives to ensure these policies are carried out. The prevailing ethos is that it is better that the directors are from outside the company, because of the "broader horizons" such directors have.

Of the 60 directors sitting on the boards of the major trading banks only one has much union experience from the other side of the fence — the Commonwealth's Cliff Dolan, President of the ACTU. Of the rest, there are 18 knights (at last count), one professor, and one lord of the realm — Lord Remnant, a curiously apt title, as he is a relic of the ANZ Bank's London forebears, and the only director of an Australian bank with an English address.

Before the merger with the CBA, the Bank of NSW had the most knights — five out of 10 — and between them the Wales' director's chair, CSR, AMP, Mt Isa Mines, Monier, Alcan, Borg Warner, The Export Finance and Insurance Corp, the National Scouts Association, the World Wildlife Fund of Australia and the Sydney Opera House Trust.

Besides the $50-odd billion they have at their disposal via the trading and savings banks, there's another $6 billion in finance companies where the banks have significant shareholdings, $500 million in merchant banks, one or two hundred million smackers worth of property companies, and the odd one hundred million or two in superannuation funds. And that's only what they control via the banks. The assets of the other companies — the MIMs, Rothmans, CRAs, Borals, CIGs, ICIs, Henry Jones', Elder Smith-Goldsborough Morts, APPMs, Consolidated Press', etc, etc, etc — are God knows how many other billions of dollars.

The banks are, not to put too fine a point upon it, big business. Their directors, a small group of mostly Melbourne and Sydney "businessmen", run pretty well all the economy barring the government, although their involvement there is a moot point. (Significantly the last politician to take on the banks was Ben Chifley. He may have helped win World War II, but he lost when he tried to nationalise the banks.)

However, while big business may run the country, it is not yet the whole country. Four out of 10 workers still work for small businessmen, and two-bob entrepreneurs still manage to produce something like a third of our total wealth.

The lot of the small businessman is not greatly assisted by the banking structure. This is not to say that the bankers, because they represent big business, totally ignore the corner shop. It's just a simple realisation of the fact that it is easier, and safer, for a bank to lend to a company that has a firm order from Japan to buy 10 million tonnes of iron ore than it is for it to lend to a go-getting young entrepreneur who reckons he'll make a fortune if only he can borrow a hundred grand to get the thing off the ground.

Who would you rather lend to: BHP or Bill down the road? So, can you blame the banks?

But the banks aren't all that keen on lending to BHP, either. Certainly, they'll provide short-term accommodation while BHP is waiting for the cheque to arrive, but who puts the money into the new steel mill, pellet plant or smelter? The banks? Forget it.

Australian banks do not take risks. They do little more than operate on the grout. If someone else is willing to put up the bread, all right, the banks will undercut by a penny ha'penny — as long as it's not too much, as long as there are watertight guarantees, as long as they get the money back in a short time, as long as they can get a man on the board, as long as you sign here, and here, here, and here, and here, and here, of this one here, and this one, and, er, you are a member of the club, aren't you?

If you've got an export order, payment guaranteed by the foreign customer's bank, and you need a few dollars to fill that order for a few months until you get paid, then go ahead and ask the bank to tide you over. If you've got a thousand bales of wool in this year's clip and haven't got the wherewithal to pay the shearers' cook, ask the bank, which will probably give you a loan, if you mortgage the full clip. But if you've got a hole in the ground and want to turn it into Mt Hamersley, don't bother going to the banks for a loan. They just haven't got that sort of money.

The banks had to club together just to get enough dough to build a few roads for the big mining developments of the Sixties and Seventies, and they'd be hard pressed to raise the cash to pay for half of one aluminium smelter.

Bank loans are traditionally short-term and 200 percent secured. The major developments of the past 20 years have had very, very little Australian bank input, except for ordinary overdraft, foreign exchange cover and a few short-term bills. For all the bullshit they spout about developing Australia, the free enterprise banks are slow on the draw. Who paid for the Pilbara, the Queensland coalfields, the bauxite and aluminium developments, the oil and gas fields? Not the banks.

With the boring exception of the Commonwealth Bank, and the various State savings banks, banks are in the business of making profits; or more particularly, not making losses. And it is irrefutable that you lose less on the penny arcade than on the two-bob poker machines. Which is why a lot of bank money goes into short-term money market dealings — a government bond here, a foreign exchange cover there.

The basic role of the banks — in reality, as opposed to their claims — is to pick up on the profitable parts of an entrepreneur's business.

Take, for example, Wally, a rag-trader around where I work. He goes out and sells a big order, but has to borrow money to buy the material to fill that order. All he has to do is make the dresses, deliver, wait for the cheques, and he's right. But he has to buy the material in the first place. So he goes to his friendly bank manager: who looks through his books for the past seven years, looks at the orders, looks at the credit ratings of Wally's clients, checks with Dun & Bradstreet, CRA, Bankcard, looks over the designs, lifts up the carpet, checks out Wally's house, and then, in a paroxysm of generosity, offers to accept his bill of exchange at market interest rates (the highest) for $25,000 as long as Wally takes out a mortgage on his $100,000 house as security, and pays another big whack in fees.

And then what does the bank do? It flogs off Wally's bill of exchange on the money market and gets whatever it lent straight back again, being out of pocket approximately nothing, with the title to Wally's house secure in its safe.

Wally takes the risk, the bank takes none, but still gets its slice.

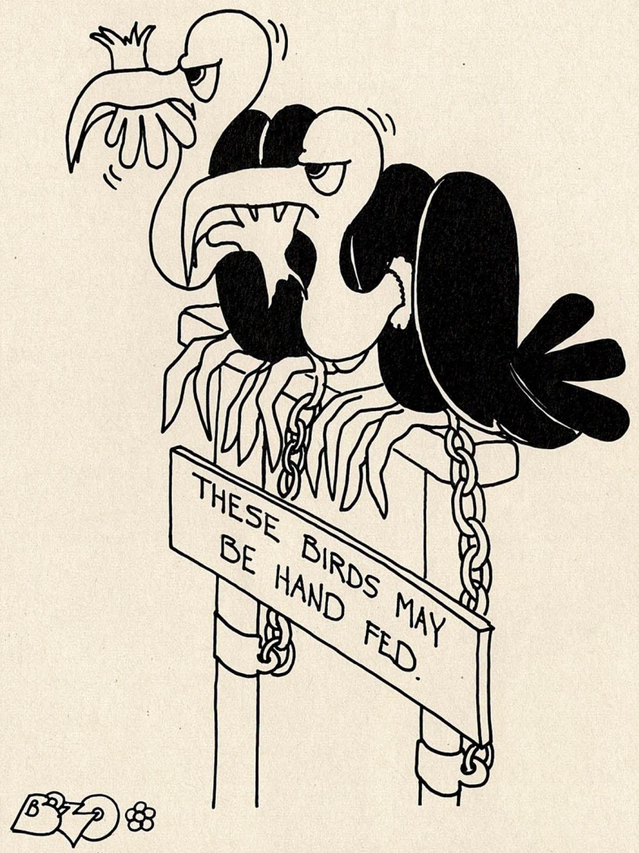
Taking their slice is what the banks are good at. They lend our money to farmers, factories, "businessmen" and home and speedboat buyers — most of whom they charge the going rate — and sometimes gives us a small slice, via the microscopic interest rates they give on savings accounts. And yet, as my friend the bank chairman said, the depositors in the branches are where the money comes from.

These days the banks are into more than just our savings. They're into our spendings as well.

In 1974, some one million people were given a piece of plastic worth at least $300 but with which, like the old witch's gift, there was a curse: you had to pay up real money for everything you spent within the next month or you'd turn into a debtor.

The Australian Consumers' Association was horrified, and has been a carping critic of Bankcard ever since. The mass mailout, it pointed out, had been declared illegal in other countries for just such the same sort of scam: a mass inundation of credit cards. The banks knew this, but still used "unsolicited mailing" to get the scheme going. Governments here declared the same practice illegal straight afterwards — too late of course. By 1979, there were two

(continued on page 146)



THE MEN'S CLUB

when the guys talk about sex instead of football anything can happen

WOMEN wanted to talk about anger, identity, politics, etc. I saw posters in Berkeley urging them to join groups. I saw their leaders on TV. Strong, articulate faces. So when Cavanaugh phoned and invited me to join a men's club, I laughed. Slowly, not laughing, he repeated himself. He was six foot nine. The size and weight entered his voice. He and some friends wanted a club. "A regular social possibility outside of our jobs and marriages. Nothing to do with women's groups." One man was a tax accountant, another was a lawyer. There was also a college teacher like me and two psychotherapists. Solid types. I supposed there could be virtues in a men's club, a regular social possibility. I should have said yes immediately, but something in me resisted. The prospect of leaving my house after dinner to go to a meeting. Blood is heavy then. Brain is slow. Besides, wasn't this club idea corny? Like trying to recapture high school days. Locker-room fun. Wet naked boys snapping towels at each other's genitals. It didn't feel exactly right. To be wretchedly truthful, any social possibility unrelated to wife, kids, house, and work felt like a form of adultery. Not criminal. Not legitimate. "Cavanaugh, I don't even go to the movies anymore." "I'm talking about a men's club. Good company. You talk about women's groups. Movies. Can't you hear me?" "When the phone rings, it's like an

fiction by leonard michaels

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attack on my life. I get confused. Say it again."

"Listen to me, man. You're one of my best friends. You live less than a mile away, but do we see each other three times a year? When is the last time we talked to each other, really talked?"

"I lose over a month a year just working to pay property taxes. Friendship is a luxury. Unless you're so poor it makes no difference how you spend your time."

"A men's club. Good company."

"I hear you."

But I was thinking about good company. Some of my married colleagues had love affairs, usually with students. You could call it a regular social possibility. It included emotional chaos. Gonorrhea. Even guilt. They would have been better off in a men's club.

"What do you say? Can we expect you?"

"I'll go to the first meeting. I can't promise more. I'm very busy."

"Yeah, yeah," said Cavanaugh and gave me an address in the Berkeley flats. A man named Harry Kramer lived there. I was to look for a redwood fence and pine trees.

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The night of the meeting I told my wife I'd be home early. Before midnight, certainly. I had to teach the next day. She said: "Take out the garbage." Big sticky bag felt unpropitious and my hands soon smelled of tuna fish. After driving only five minutes, I found the place.

The front of the house, vine-covered, seemed to brood in lunatic privacy. Nobody answered when I knocked, but I heard voices, took hold of a wrought-iron handle and pushed, discovering a large Berkeley living-room and five men inside. I saw dark wood panelling and potted ferns dangling from exposed beams. Other plants along the window ledges. A potted tree in a far corner, skinny, spinsterish-looking. Nervous yellow leaves filled its head. Various ceramics, bowls on tabletops and plates on the walls beside large acrylic paintings, abstractions like glistening viscera splashed off a butcher block. Also an amazing rug, but I wouldn't take it in. A man was rising from a pillow, coming toward me, smiling.

"I knocked," I said.

"Come in, man. I'm Harry Kramer."

"I'm Cavanaugh's friend."

"Who isn't?"

"Really," I said, giving it the LA inflection to suggest sympathetic understanding, not wonder. Kramer registered the nuance and glanced at me as at a potential brother.

His heavy black hair was controlled by a style, parted in the middle and shaped to cup his ears in a way that once belonged to little girls. It was contradicted by black force in his eyes, handshake like a bite, and tattooed forearms. Blue, winged snake. Blue dagger amid roses. They spoke for an earlier life, I supposed, but Kramer wore his sleeves rolled to the elbow. It was hard to connect him with his rug, which I began to appreciate as spongy and orange. I felt myself wading and bouncing through it as Kramer led me towards the men.

Shaking hands, nodding hello, saying my name, each man was a complex flash — eyes, hand, name — but one had definition. He was graphic; instantly closer to me than the others. Solly Berliner. Tall, skinny, wearing a suit. Dead-white hair and big greenish light in his eyes. The face of an infant surprised by senility. His suit was grey polyester, conservative and sleazy. Kramer left me with Berliner beside the potted tree, a beer in my hand. A man about five foot six or seven came right up to us. "Care for a taste?" In his palm lay two brown marijuanas, slick with splittle. I declined. Berliner said, "Thanks, thanks," with frightening gratitude, and took both cigarettes. We laughed. Then he dropped one back into the man's palm. Turning towards the others, the man said: "Anyone care for a taste?"

The sound of Berliner's voice lingered after the joke, loud, impulsive. Maybe he

A men's club would have seemed more authentic, more properly convened, elsewhere. What did I have in mind? A cold ditch?

felt uneasy. Out of his natural environment. I couldn't guess where that might be. He was a confusion of clues. The suit wasn't Berkeley. The eyes were worlds of feeling. His speedy voice flew from nerves. Maybe the living-room affected him. A men's club would have seemed more authentic, more properly convened, elsewhere. What did I have in mind? A cold ditch? I supposed Kramer's wife, exiled for the evening, had cultivated the plants and picked the orange rug and the luscious fabrics on the couches and chairs. Ideas of happiness. Berliner and I remained standing, as if the fabrics — heavy velvets, beige tones — were nothing to violate with our behinds. It was a woman's living-room, but so what? The point of the club was to be with men, not to worry about women. I turned to Berliner and asked what he did for a living.

"Real estate," he said, grinning ferociously, as if extreme types were into that. Wild fellows. "I drove in from San Jose." He spoke with rapid little shrugs, as if readjusting his vertebrae. His eyes, after two drags on the cigarette, were full of green distance. He was already driving back to San Jose, I figured. Then he said: "Forgive me for saying this, but a minute ago, when Kramer introduced us, I had a weird thought."

"You did?"

His eyes returned to me with a look I'd seen before. It signalled the California plunge for truth.

"I hope this doesn't bother you. I thought. . . "

I waited.

"Oh, forget it, man."

"No, please go on. What did you think?"

"I thought you had a withered leg."

"You did?"

"Yeah, but I see you don't. Isn't that weird?"

"Weird that I don't have a withered leg?"

"Yeah, I thought your leg was all screwed up. Like withered."

I wiggled my legs. For my sake, not his. He stared as if into unusual depths and seemed, regardless of my wiggling, not convinced. Then he said: "I'm 47."

"You look much younger." This was true. But, with the white hair, he also looked older.

"I stay in shape," he answered, marijuana smoke leaking from his nostrils. "Nobody," he said, sucking the leak back against crackling sheets of snot, "nobody else in the room is 47. I'm oldest. I asked the guys."

He gagged, then released smoke, knifing it through compressed lips. "Kramer is 38."

I wondered if conversation had ever been more like medical experience, so rich in gas and mucus. "I'm always the oldest. Ever since I was a kid I was the oldest." He giggled and intensified his stare, waiting for me to confess something, too. I giggled back at him in a social way. Then the door opened and Cavanaugh walked in.

"Excuse me," I said, intimating regret but moving quickly away.

My friend Cavanaugh — big, handsome guy — had heroic charisma. He'd been a professional basketball player. Now he worked at the university in special undergraduate programs, matters of policy and funding. Nine to five, jacket and tie. To remember his former work — the great naked shoulders and legs flying through the air — was saddening. In restaurants and airports people still asked for his autograph.

Things felt better, more natural, healthier, with the big man in the room. Kramer reached him before I did. They slapped each other's arms, laughing, pleased at how they felt to each other. Solid. Real. I watched, thinking I'd often watched Cavanaugh. Ever since college, in fact, when he'd become famous. To see him burn his opponent and score was like a miracle of justice. In civilian clothes, he was faintly disorienting. Especially his wristwatch, a golden, complicated band. Symbolic manacle. Cavanaugh's submission to ordinary life. He didn't burn anybody. He'd once said: "I don't want my kids to grow up like me, necks thicker than their heads." He wanted his kids in jackets and wristwatches.

He stopped slapping Kramer's arms, but Kramer continued touching him and looked as though he might soon pee in his pants. People love athletes. Where else these days do they see such mythic drama? Images of unimpeachable excellence. I was infected by Kramer's enthusiasm, a bit giddy now at the sight of Cavanaugh. When Kramer left to get him a beer, we shook hands. He said: "I didn't think I'd see you tonight." There was mockery in his smile.

"It's not so easy getting out of the house. Nobody but you could have dragged me to this."

"You open the door, you're out."

"Tell me about it."

"I'm glad you're here. Anything happen yet? I'm a little late because Sarah thinks the club idea is wrong. I'm wrong to be here. We argued at dinner." He whispered, "Maybe it isn't easy," and looked at his wristwatch, frowning, as if it were his mind. Kramer returned with the beer just as a phone started ringing.

"I'll be right back," said Kramer, turning to the ringing.

Sarah's word "wrong" seemed wrong to me. If something was wrong with Cavanaugh, it was wrong with the universe. Men could understand that. When Cavanaugh needed a loan to buy his house, the bank gave him no trouble. You could see his credit was good; he was six foot nine and could run a hundred yards in 10 seconds. The loan officer, a man, recognised Cavanaugh and didn't even ask about his recent divorce or alimony payments.

Men's clubs. Women's groups. They suggest incurable disorders. I remember Socrates — how the boys, not his wife, adored him. And Karl Marx running around with Engels while Jenny stayed home with the kids. Maybe men played more than women. A men's club, compared to women's groups, was play. Frivolous; virtually insulting. It excluded women. But I was thinking in circles. A men's club didn't exclude women. It also didn't exclude kangaroos. It included only men. I imagined explaining this to Sarah. "You see, men love to play." It didn't feel convincing. She had strong opinions and a bad temper. When Cavanaugh quit basketball, it was his decision, but I blamed her anyway. She wanted him home. The king became the dean.

Kramer shouted from another room: "Is anybody here named Terry? His wife is on the phone. She's crying." Shouting again, more loudly, as if to make sure the woman on the phone would hear him, Kramer said: "Is anybody in this house named Terry?"

Nobody admitted to being named Terry.

Shouting again, Kramer said: "Terry isn't here. If Terry shows up, I'll tell him to phone you right away. No, I won't forget."

When Kramer returned he said: "You guys sure none of you is named Terry?"

Cavanaugh muttered: "We're all named Terry. Let's get this club started."

We made a circle, some of us sitting on the rug on pillows. Kramer began talking in a slow, rational voice. The black eyes darkened his face. His words became darker, heavier, because of them.

"What is the purpose of this club?"

To make women cry, I thought. Kramer's beginning was not very brilliant, but he looked so deep that I resisted judgement.

"Some of us — Solly Berliner, Paul Cavanaugh — had a discussion a few weeks ago. We agreed it would be a good idea. . ."

Paul was the short, marijuana man; he had an eager face and voice. Kramer nodded to him when he said his name. He went on about the good idea. I wasn't listening.

I thought again about the women. Anger, identity, politics, rights, wrongs. I envied them. It seemed attractive to be deprived in our society. Deprivation gives you something to fight for, it makes you morally superior, it makes you serious. What was left for men these days? They already had everything. Did they need clubs? The mere

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sight of two men together suggests a club. Consider Damon and Pythias, Huck and Jim, Hamlet and Horatio. The list is familiar. Even the Lone Ranger wasn't lonely. He had Tonto. There is Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, but generally, two women suggest gossip and a kiss goodbye. Kramer, still talking, meandered in a sea of non-existent purpose. I said: "Why are you talking about our purpose? Let's just say what we want to do."

I stopped him midmeander, then felt sorry, wishing I'd kept quiet, but he looked relieved — a little surprised, not offended. "Can you make a suggestion?"

I glanced at Cavanaugh. I was his guest and didn't want to embarrass him. I'd been too aggressive maybe. He said: "Go on."

"I suggest each of us tell the story of his life."

The instant I said that I laughed, as if I'd intended a joke. What else could it be? I didn't tell the story of my life to strangers. Maybe I'd lived too long in California, or I'd given too many lectures at the university; or else I'd been influenced by Berliner, becoming a confessional person. Nobody else laughed. Cavanaugh looked at me with approval. Berliner grinned with rigid ferocity. He loved the suggestion. Kramer said: "I'll go first."

"You want to? You like the idea?"

"One of us can talk at each meeting. I have listened to numerous life stories in this room." Kramer, apparently, was a psychotherapist, but the room seemed an odd place for his business — all the plants, colors, artwork. It burst on every side with cries for attention, excitations, a maniacal fear of boredom.

"It will be good for me," he said, "to tell the story of my life, especially like this, in a nonprofessional context. It will be a challenge. I'm going to put it on tape. I will tape each of us."

I imagined him sitting among his plants and pottery listening to life stories, tape recorder going, dark face and tattoos presiding over all.

"Let's talk to one another, Kramer. No machines."

To my dismay Kramer yelled: "Why the hell not? I have so much talk on my tapes — friends, clients, lovers — that I don't even know what I have. So much I don't even remember."

I'd struck something sensitive, but I heard myself yelling back at him, a man who looked angry, even dangerous: "If you didn't put it on tape, you'd remember."

Everyone laughed, including Kramer. He said: "That's good, that's good." No anger at all. I was strangely pleased by this violence. I liked Kramer for laughing.

"That's very good. I'm going to write that down," he said.

"Yeah," said Cavanaugh, "no tape recorder. But I want an idea of what this life-story business is like."

"You know what it's like," said Berliner. "It's like in the old movies when people were always talking to each other. Ingrid Bergman tells Humphrey Bogart about herself. Who she is. Where she's been. Then they screw."

A blond man wearing a pastel-blue sweater strained forward in his chair, saying, almost shouting: "I saw that movie. On the Late Show, right? Isn't that right?" He looked youthful and exceptionally clean. He wore cherry-red jogging shoes, creamy linen slacks, and clear-plastic-framed glasses.

All the faces became still. He retreated. "Maybe it was another movie."

Berliner's face swelled with astonishment, then tightened into eerie screeing, tortured noises: "Oh, man, what is your name?" He pointed at the blond. Kramer, hugging himself, contained his laughter. The blond said, "Harold," stiffening, recovering dignity. Tears like bits of glass formed in his eyes.

"Oh, Harold," said Berliner, "that's the story of my life. My mother used to say, 'Solly Berliner, why can't you be like Harold?' Harold Himmel was the smartest, nicest kid in Brooklyn."

"My name is Harold Canterbury."

"Right, man. Forgive me. A minute ago when you were talking, I had a weird

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Home For Christmas

four years on a bum rap in asia have changed mike barrett's slant on life

THE Qantas jumbo bumped the Kuala Lumpur runway a parting kiss, retracted its giant rubber boots and headed south for Sydney. Filed deep amid the anonymity of the economy class section,a 31-year-old Australian felt no urge to snatch a belated look at the diminishing land mass. After four anxious, painful years of imprisonment on a drug-trafficking charge of which he was innocent, there was no tug to draw the sentiment back; there was nothing in that steam-green landscape that engendered any anguish of departure.

He settled back in his seat and wallowed in the wonder of hearing his own language and accent again as the captain's voice drifted warm and relaxed over the address system. Michael Barrett was going home.

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Pedang Besar, in the north Malaysian state of Perlis, is just another burnt-out border town on the Asian tourist trail. In a country that doesn't celebrate Christmas, there was nothing particularly different about it on December 22, 1977, when customs agents hauled two young Australians off the Bangkok Express. The worst of the day's heat was done and the market stalls were re-opening as the pair were hustled into a little room. There the customs men had tipped the contents of their bags on to a table.

Among the jeans and underwear were 16 packages of cannabis.

Michael Barrett, the elder of the two, was becoming irritated by the uniformed officials and the search process.

"C'mon, mate," he pleaded, "we've got a train to catch. . ."

Barrett had no way of realising then that he had just played out the most crucial moment of his life; a moment that subsequently became the subject of courtroom drama, of examination and cross-examination, of claim and denial in a legal saga which took until October 1981 to finally run its course.

Barrett and his travelling companion, David Ireland, had no idea what the future held — but things didn't look good. The train had gone and they were shocked to find themselves in Pedang Besar's police lock-up. Fate had rolled them south from Thailand and straight into a customs checkpoint at a time when Malaysia's previously relaxed policy on drug enforcement had been dramatically revamped. The Government had poured a bit of fire into its narcotics detection agencies and customs and police were vying for hits. Ireland and Barrett, two Aussie boys fresh out of Bangkok, looked like fair game. Although both came from Sydney and they were roughly the same age, they had not known each other before the trip and had met by chance in Thailand. Their presence together on the Bangkok Express had more to do with circumstance than planning.

Unfortunately, that had no bearing on the outcome when the officers boarded the train, singled out Ireland, and made him open one of his bags. Inside, they found 1800 grammes of marijuana. He was hauled off the train, leaving Barrett alone in the second-class sleeper, confused and frightened. Why both men were not searched at the same time was never explained, but after Ireland's departure a low-ranking customs officer, Workbitan bin Ahmad, boarded the train and made a beeline for Barrett. The Australian's defence later recounted what happened:

Barrett was sitting on the train with his bag next to him. On the seat in front of him, where Ireland had been sitting, was another bag. The customs officer approached Barrett and ordered him to open his bag. He did so, it was searched and nothing (in the way of drugs) was found. The customs officer then pointed to the bag opposite Barrett and ordered him to open it. Barrett refused, arguing that it was not his bag. The Malay, who did not speak English, insisted that Barrett open the bag. Barrett continued to refuse. However, the customs man had two things on his side — it was his country, and he was wearing a uniform. Unaware of the consequences, Barrett reluctantly reached over and lifted the flap of the bag. Inside was found 1684.60 grammes of marijuana. Barrett was arrested.

Nearly three years later, when Barrett finally went on trial, his chief witness was David Ireland. Ireland testified that the bag containing the marijuana was his and that Barrett had known nothing about it. He backed Barrett's story right down the line and was praised by the defence attorney, Mr James Ponniah, as the best witness he had ever put on the stand. Obviously, Barrett had a watertight case and it appeared it would merely be a matter of time before the process of law exonerated him. In almost every aspect of the prosecution case he was the victim of an horrendous mistake. So convinced was Barrett that he would be freed, he fronted the court with his bags packed.

However, on October 16, 1980, after delaying his verdict for two months, the president of the Kangar sessions court, Mohammed Sarri bin Yusoff, found Barrett guilty of trafficking in marijuana. The sentence — life imprisonment and three strokes of the rotan, a two-metre bamboo cane.

Barrett's shock was total. It was hard to accept that he had become the victim of a vague and antiquated judicial system, a system where judges sit every working day in backwaters such as Kangar and are forced to take down the transcript of the trial themselves, in longhand, because no recording facilities exist, where the leaden-footed legal pace means an awesome bank-up of cases to be heard — the reason for Barrett's three-year wait — and time and poor records can warp the course of justice.

Looming large over this system was a strong social and political pressure to convict, particularly in drug cases. The Government had mounted an emotional campaign against drug abuse and the word "dadah" had been coined to denote all drugs, soft or hard. The dadah campaign had been taken up with religious zeal. Warning posters were everywhere, newspaper headlines and banners shouted the word and the message was even on the lips of street urchins. The brunt of the purge was directed at the trafficker; and that's what they labelled Michael Barrett.

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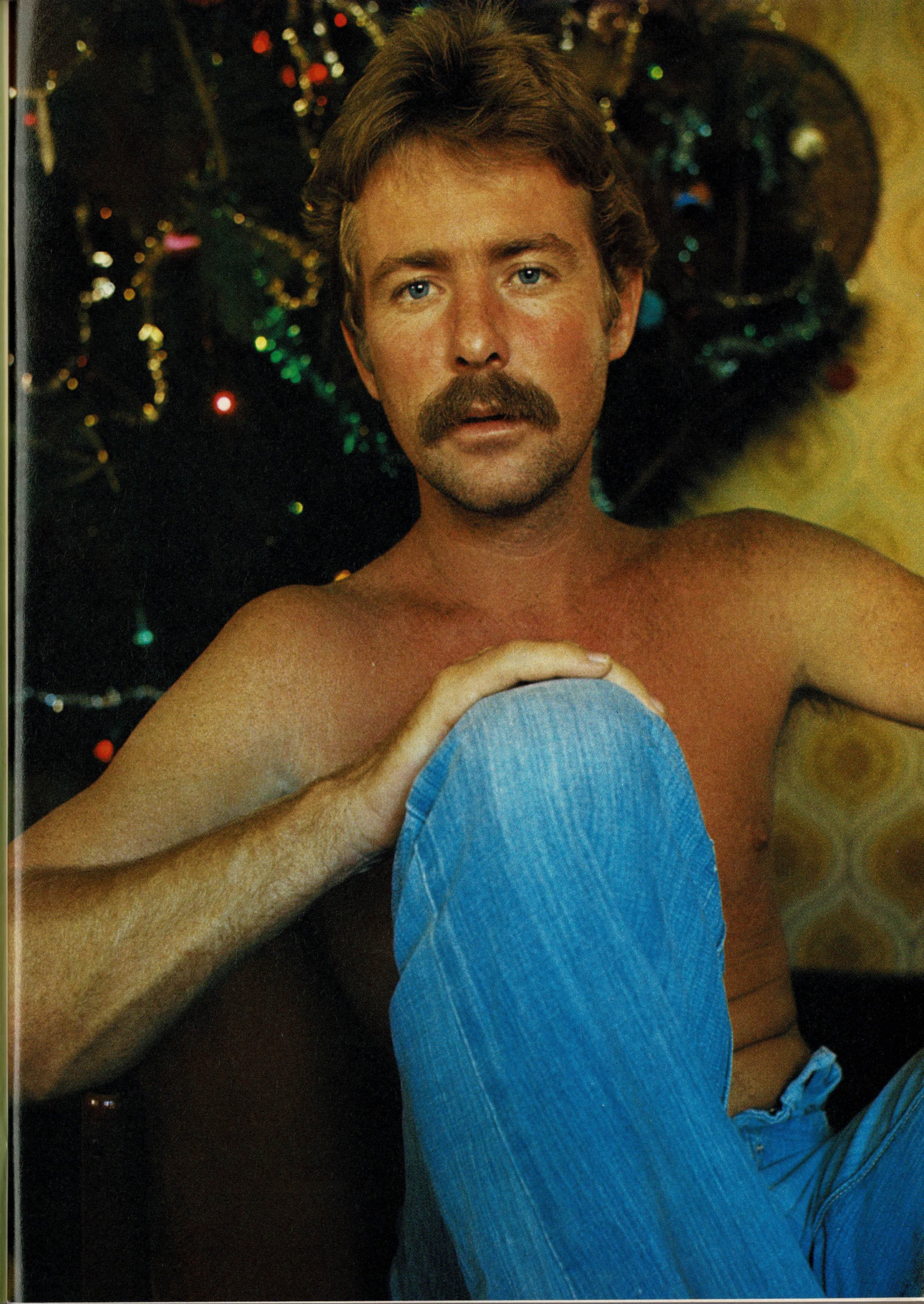
The Barrett family household was floating in the limbo of goodwill that carries the Christmas spirit through to New Year, when on December 28, 1977, the local police delivered the news of Michael's arrest. Mrs Peggy Barrett, mother of five boys and one girl, was devastated. Michael

profile by william hill



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROWAN FOTHERINGHAM

had never been in trouble with the police before and here he was imprisoned in a country she couldn't even place on the map. The shock was too great. She had a nervous breakdown.

For Barrett himself, the full realisation of the terrible ordeal that lay before him did not dawn for some time. He recalls the first night of captivity.

"I'll never forget that first night in the police lock-up at Pedang Besar. David and I woke up in the morning feeling very stiff, dirty and generally down and out. We'd slept in a filthy cell on a filthy floor. In the adjoining cell was a Malaysian the police had beaten during the night. They took him out about one in the morning and we heard yelling and screaming for about an hour after that. In the morning we noticed he had bruises all over his legs. Later, I heard he was in there for impersonating a policeman.

"No one came to see us on the first day. It was three days before Christmas and we had no idea what was going to happen to us. We tried to get a call out to the Australian Embassy. They eventually let David make a call the next day. He got through and the official said: 'Co-operate with them but don't commit yourself,' whatever that meant.

"At that stage I had no idea about life sentences or anything. As far as I knew I was charged with possession. But that all changed when we were taken to the Kangar courthouse. A high-ranking police officer told us we were going to get life imprisonment.

"We didn't believe him so he got a book out and read the bloody thing to us. It said more than 200 grammes of marijuana and you get life imprisonment. We said: 'Bullshit, no one gets life for marijuana.' But there it was in the book.

"We spent that Christmas in the lock-up. It's almost too depressing to describe. There are no Christians there and Muslims, Hindus and Buddhists don't celebrate Christmas. We'd been there three days and hadn't heard from anybody."

Shortly afterwards they were moved to Alor Star, a grim, violent prison in Malaysia's northern region and it was there Barrett had to come to terms with a long future of confinement and deprivation. Most of the first three years were spent in this hell-hole. It was a place where the few Western prisoners quickly had to learn ways to survive among people whose customs were totally foreign. Besides the problems of living with psychotics in confined, overcrowded conditions, outbreaks of disease, poor diet, mind-snapping heat and brutal warders, the Westerners were isolated by language. And it was breakdowns in communication that most often led to trouble.

"Alor Star looked better after the lock-up, but when I walked in, everything in the prison stopped. A European! Everyone stared. They took me to a block where I met another Australian, Robert Symes, and an American, David Duncan. Those guys told me what to expect, but the biggest bummer was the news that I'd have to wait at least a year before my case even got to court.

"The first thing I did was write a letter to my mother asking her to get help or to organise a group to protest about my imprisonment. All sorts of crazy ideas went through my head. I thought, 'Australia is really good to this country. . . we defend them with our air force, they can let us go'. I was trying to think of any way out of the situation.

"Then, as time wore on I realised that there was nothing anyone could do to help and I couldn't help myself. So I had to learn to adjust and find a way of thinking that it wasn't too bad."

Barrett did not know that some Western countries had negotiated extradition agreements with Asian states arranging for the return of their nationals arrested abroad so that prison terms might be served according to their judicial system. But the knowledge would not have helped him. Australia is not a party to such agreements

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— a fact which may partly explain the disproportionate number of Australians in Asian jails.

The time of his arrest coincided with a spate of detentions of Australians in Asia on heroin trafficking charges. Publicity peaked in 1978 with the arrests of Bill Sinclair, Warren Fellowes and Paul Hayward in Bangkok, and Barrett's case probably became confused in the public mind with the general distaste for traffickers. It is certain that during that time it was exceedingly difficult to galvanise government, press or public support for Barrett. He became lumped in a mood of "they deserve what they get." But there is a vast difference between guilt and innocence, though, as Barrett was to discover, it would take a long time for the official process to discern it.

"When I first went to Alor Star there was no set routine and we were able to exercise or just laze around and do nothing. They segregated the whites into a special section upstairs. It was better than the rest of the prison because we had only four to a cell whereas some had up to nine in an area about two metres by five metres. We weren't allowed to have mattresses because we were remand prisoners, but eventually I scored a doctor's certificate because of a bad back. I got the mattress. . . what a luxury! One of the hardest things to adjust to was the Malays praying. They were right into it. To this day I can never understand why they wasted so much time on prayer. In Alor Star it was really bad. At half past four in the morning some guy would go 'Aaaahaaaaahaaaaah' at the top of his voice to wake everyone up. He was a sort of crier. Then they'd all get up and start joining in. We'd yell out of the windows, 'Shut up, you fuckin' bastards. . .' and that's where the problems would start. They're very touchy.

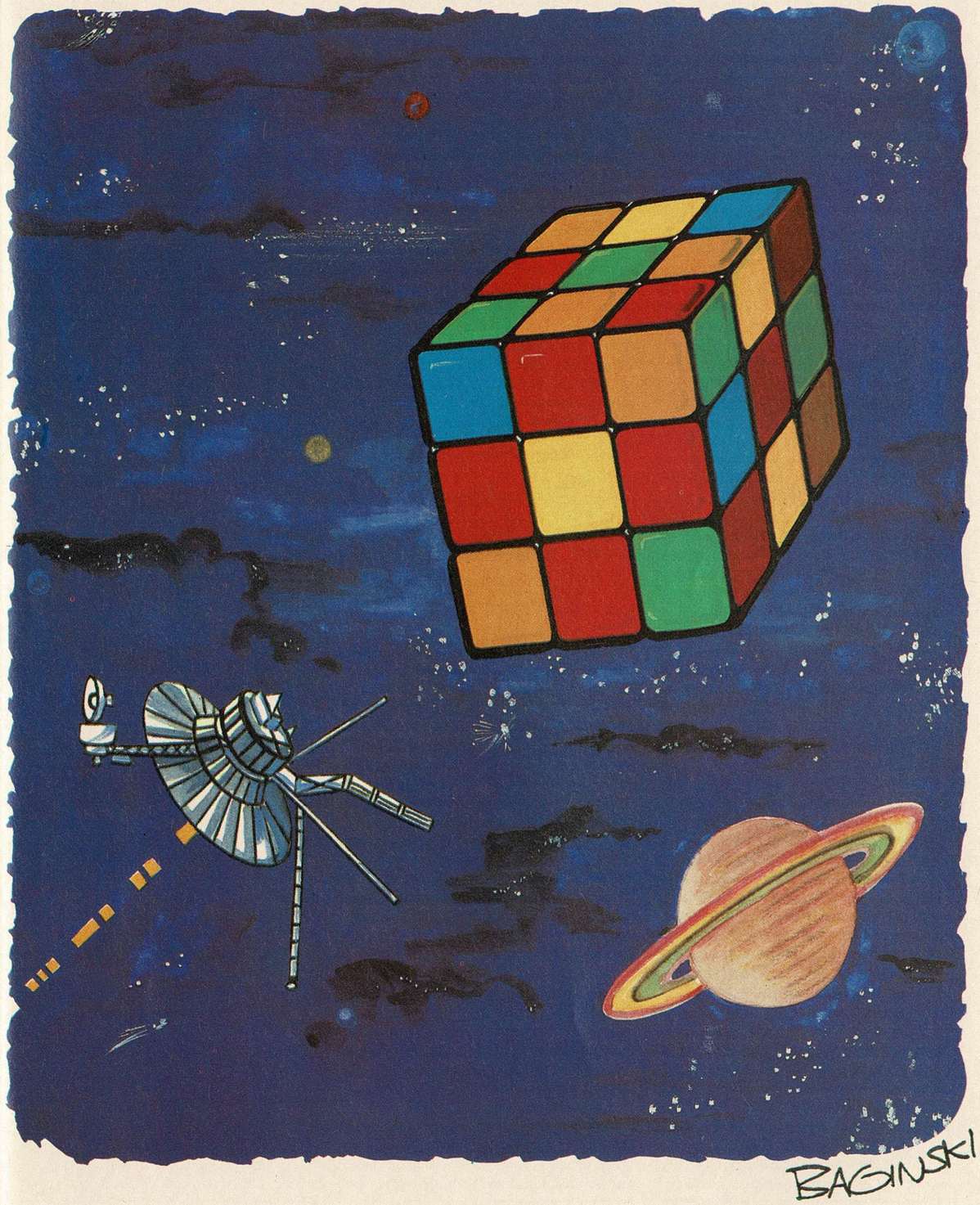
"We couldn't live with the American in the end. We were hoping pretty much they would send him to another prison. He could be capable of extreme violence and he really aggravated the Malaysians, both prisoners and warders.

"He wasn't a tough guy but came from the south and hated 'niggers'. He called the Malays niggers and made it worse for us. We were trying to look after ourselves, stay on the right side of everything and not make a fuss.

"One day, he had a bucket and was filling it at the water tap. It was a big bucket and only a small dribble was coming out of the tap. Everyone was in a hurry because it was time for muster and people were pushing in front of him to fill their little cups. There were at least 20 and he let one or two through before he started pushing the rest back and swearing at them. He was going off his head and swearing in Malay. We were farther away watching and thinking, 'Oh, this is going to get rough'. We told him to wait but he kept going till they jumped him and we had to go over and break it up. He reckoned we should have fought them. But how could we fight them? There were two or three hundred guys there.

"David Ireland also got into a fight in the wash area, but under different circumstances. It was a religious difference. I was with him at the time. We wouldn't take the water out of the big sink that was there because it was really filthy. . . bits of rice on the bottom, guys blowing their noses in it and they washed their arses with their hands from water they took from this tank in little buckets. So, we used to take our water out of the tap. It was David's turn to throw the bucket over himself and this guy came up and pushed in front of him. He had a token in his hand to show that he had come out of the block with permission to get the water. We hadn't been in the place long and didn't know about this system, so David pushed the guy away and told him to wait his turn.

"We thought nothing more of it, but this guy was a bit psycho, a fanatic Muslim, and he wanted the water for praying, so he could wash himself. The next day, we were in the wash area, David was kneeling down washing his clothes. There were a lot of people in there. Next thing I heard 'Ahhhh. . . aaahhhh,' I jumped up but I couldn't see David. I could see another Australian, Ross Cribb, fighting two guys. I



"Voyager Two to Houston. . . Voyager Two to Houston. . . we're encountering a unique asteroid formation!"

went to run in but there was a guy at the door and he punched me in the face, knocking me down. I should've got up and raced in again but I didn't. Then, our Chinese friend, Sabah, came running in and yelled out, 'Come on', and he just started pulling them off and bashing and hitting them. Three or four minutes later a warder appeared and started blowing his whistle. You see, there were no other warders about. It was an ambush arranged by a warder with the prisoners. We got all that information later. Sabah could really fight. He'd been a gangster all his life. He's a very big Chinese and good with his feet.

"After the fight they locked us up for our own protection. Ross Cribb's parents were visiting at that time. They took one look at him and saw that he had been beaten. The next day they were back with a guy from the embassy and he spoke to us and took statements.

"After he left I could hear him yelling at the prison superintendant, asking him how he could allow this to go on — an ambush set up by a warder.

"We were very wary after that. In their minds they had taught the white man something. They threatened to get Sabah, too, but never did. They were scared shitless of him.

"Robert Symes (another Australian) was also attacked. The American started that, too. They were praying in the morning and the American had an argument with one of them, and when we were let out the guy was left locked in his cell with Duncan on the outside still arguing. The guy spat at Duncan so he picked up a small toilet bucket with some piss in it and threw it at the guy. The fella just went bananas, he really went crazy. . . ape. He started shaking the bars and banging his fists and head on the wall. He was really psycho. Everything calmed down, but about three days later Robert Symes was walking around outside and this guy was out there. He picked up two big housebricks which were part of the garden and went after Robert, who started running. There were about 200 prisoners in the wash area and they were yelling 'Kill the white man, kill the white man' in Malay. Luckily, the guy slipped and fell on the grass or he would have got Robert. He was a big fella. Then a warder stepped in. He didn't want to do it. . . he wanted to see him hit Robert. After a while, all the warders ran in. They treated it as nothing and locked Robert up for a day or two until things quietened down. About a week later here's this same guy working in the kitchen just near where we walked around. He had a big knife. That made us scared.

"There was an ex-policeman in there for shooting a guy with an M16. . . he cut him in half with it. I was very friendly to him because he was in the cell two down from us. He was educated but he was a psycho and would snap every now and then. Well, I was walking past him one day when out of the blue he smashed me one right in the side of the head and hit me a couple of more times until I went down. Then he started kicking me. I got up and scrambled away and the guards ran in and stopped him. Later I found out that someone had told him that I had called the police a bunch of such and such and he thought I meant him. I was locked up for 10 days for my own protection."

The twin problems of cultural confrontation and being confined with violent criminals posed a constant threat to the Australians. Barrett, of medium to slight build and a chef by trade, was particularly careful to steer clear of trouble. He realised that being a minority group meant the Western inmates were easy targets for victimisation and it gave him extra reason to keep his peace.

He attempted to minimise his concern in his letters home, but at times it became obvious to his mother that there was a genuine threat. Commenting on the attack by the policeman-murderer, Barrett wrote: "Don't worry, us Irish Aussies have got hard heads." However, his concern was evident. "What I am worried about is that the prison authorities assured me he would be moved but they didn't do it and now I have to keep looking over my shoulder."

The twin problems of cultural confrontation and being confined with violent criminals posed a constant threat to the Australians.

He also expressed concern for his personal health saying that his cholera injection was six weeks overdue and the jail was sited in a cholera-infested area. In the main, his letters were attempts to reassure his family of his well-being, but their main effect was to redouble Mrs Barrett's efforts to have his case investigated by Australian authorities.

When the other few Westerners were transferred south to the country's main prison in Taiping, Barrett was left alone in Alor Star for two months. During that time he was found guilty and sentenced. Without the support of English-speaking friends in the jail, he was almost engulfed by despair and depression.

"After the other Europeans were transferred I unintentionally got caught up in an escape attempt. I was in my cell and the prisoners in there with me at the time were talking in a group. About 2am a warder came to the door and passed something through. It was a long, thin piece of metal and I got up and said, 'Come on what's going on?' They said they were going to try to escape the next day, the whole lot of them, about 300 remand prisoners. They'd paid the warder to bring in the metal rods and they'd sharpened them on a stone. They had about eight of them and they were so sharp they'd go straight through you. I told them they were crazy and the warders would shoot the lot of them the moment they opened the gates. They said: 'Look, don't say anything, or you're going to get it too.'

"The next day we were sitting in long rows in the final muster in the afternoon when there aren't many warders on duty. The officer got to the back row where three prisoners jumped him. At that stage, the rest were supposed to jump up but the officer was struggling and knocked the knife away. Another warder blew a whistle and the other warders came running. I was right near it and I thought: 'They're going to come in and mow us all down.' I moved to the back of the line. The others threw away their knives.

"Then all hell broke loose; about 200 warders came streaming through the gate. The fellas who grabbed the officer were left on their own by the rest of the bastards and the warders just started beating them. They beat those guys until they were nearly dead. They had them on the ground and they were jumping on them, and bashing them and stripped them nude and started whacking them across the balls, across the nose and in the ribs.

"The officers just lost control of the warders because the officer the prisoners had grabbed was *the* officer, the most popular, the local man.

"Things quietened down and these guys were unconscious on the grass. One of the officers had seen me move to the back and said I was involved in it. Then another officer came over and said: 'No, how could a white man be involved in this?' They lined up all the prisoners and took one of the young blokes they'd beaten and grabbed him by the hair and marched him along the line saying 'This one?. . . this one?' As he came to men who'd been involved he'd nod and they'd say, 'No, no, not me'. But the warders would grab them and start pounding and bashing them too.

"Later the warders formed a long chain up to the lock-up rooms and made the guys run the gauntlet. They were locked in their rooms after the beatings and you could hear them crying. Then the warders came and threw buckets of water over them so they couldn't even lie on the floor. For two or three days after that every officer and warder in the prison came in and beat those guys."

But grim though prison was, there were worse alternatives. At one stage, Barrett and Ireland received legal advice to go to a mental hospital for a psychiatric report. It was an experience they could have done without.

"We walked in there and looked in the door from the reception area and there were all these nuts. We were terrified. They were perving at us, talking and yelling and carrying on. And, I'll never forget this, one guy did a somersault all the way to the door where we were, took out a rock from under his leg or somewhere. . . and ate it, then somersaulted back out the door. David and I just looked at each other and went 'Oh, no. . .' and David said 'I want to go home. Take me back to the prison'. But they made us change into special uniforms that tied at the front so we didn't have a belt to hang ourselves. Then they put us in the worst ward, the Long Ward. There are three wards, the Long, Short and Telephone — don't ask me why they call it that. The Long is for the incurables. On the second day they called us in to appear before all these trainees and a psychiatrist. David told them he had a skin disease, he had broken out in scabies.

"They said to him: 'Oh, you're not very clean are you? White man only wash once a day'. David just exploded and shouted: 'Let me outta this place, I want to go back to the prison'. And they said: 'Oh you can't do that, we've got a court order to keep you here for four weeks'."

After the trial, and intervention by Australian diplomats, Barrett was transferred to Taiping prison. Taiping is Malaysia's central prison and a much more formally run institution. Apart from one thing.

"It was very strict there but still drugs got in. They brought heroin in in long straws. They cut the straws off by burning and sealing them. Straws were cash. I walked in on some warders taking drugs in the prison. There was this warder sitting in a cell chasing the friggin' dragon — heating the heroin on tinfoil and inhaling it. He's the warder in charge of the block and he's in there chasing the dragon, who am I going to tell? Meanwhile, I'm doing life for marijuana. But the prisoners like it like that. They want the warders to be drug addicts because they can control them.

"Towards the end in Taiping I'd adjusted enough to even start enjoying it. I was right into badminton and I really looked forward to smashing a shuttle around for half an hour at five o'clock. I still had my appeal coming up and I was always thinking about that. I had the transcript of my trial, I had the report that the NSW University law lecturer had done on the trial, and I also had the grounds of appeal lodged by my lawyer. I'd read them all through and try to play the lawyer with myself at night. Then sometimes I'd think: 'Fuck it, why do I have to go back to that workshop tomorrow? Why don't I just stay in my room until they let me go home?' But that wouldn't really achieve anything. So, I tried to do constructive things like yoga and reading. I even tried to learn guitar, but I was useless.

"Of course, there were the things that we missed more than anything. Especially women. You can understand how guys become homosexuals in prison. If I'd stayed in prison for the full term, I probably would have had some sort of relationship with a guy. I think that could happen to David and Robert eventually, if they have to stay there for a long time. I discussed it with Robert a lot, but not so much with David because he was very touchy on the subject. It nearly got him into a few fights because he couldn't laugh it off when some guy would grab him on the bum. The Malays used to shit me. They're so morally uptight but they were all into screwing each other.

"Naturally, I thought about home a lot. And football. And women. I liked magazines on different lifestyles, like living in the country and growing your own vegie garden. I used to think: 'I wouldn't mind trying that when I get home.' I guess I became more Asian as time wore on. You have to. You're in there with their ideas. I was friendly with some Chinese and got to understand their way of thinking a bit, especially about loss of face.

"If Robert and David serve out their life sentences they'll have a lot of Asian traits and they'll be bamboozled when they get back here. I'm just starting to get used to everything and calm down a bit. I was just fascinated to hear people converse again. Over there it was always broken conversation because their English wasn't too good. If I could have spoken their language things would have been different. The other think that hit me was the pace. Prison is slow, dead slow. It has to be that way, especially when you're trying to come to grips with a life sentence."

Barrett's friends later expressed their admiration for the way he coped with the media onslaught which greeted his return to Australia. For weeks he fielded press approaches, handled radio and television interviews with calm, articulate aplomb and appeared very much in control.

Inwardly, he was anxious to find time, space and solitude in which to adjust to normality. It was a very trying period but the relief of being home, and the let-down from the tension-packed period leading up to his appeal, steered him through. His calm, even demeanour spoke much of his Asian experience and the lesson of discovering the real meaning of patience.

In jail he practised yoga with Robert Symes who began learning it during three months of solitary confinement at Alor Star. He also read a great deal, concentrating on lifestyle publications and philosophical novels. His interviews suggested a mood of polite understatement as if to say: "It's impossible to say it all, so it's probably appropriate to say little."

During the first fortnight at home he had trouble sleeping and at times woke screaming from nightmares. He suspects it will take him a long time to adjust.

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"You know, even after that police officer told us about the life sentence for cannabis,

(continued on page 148)

meanwhile, back inside...

ROBERT SYMES, 33, a former Brisbane film distributor, was arrested at the Pedang Besar railway station in 1976. He was charged with trafficking 1670 grammes of cannabis and was convicted under the amended Dangerous Drugs Act which prescribes a life sentence for anyone caught with more than 200 grammes of cannabis. The judge also sentenced Symes to six strokes of the rotan.

After five years of his life sentence, Symes has exhausted all avenues of appeal. He is still awaiting the whipping and his family fears it could seriously affect his health because of an earlier bout of rheumatic fever which caused temporary paralysis of the legs. Friends say he is very concerned for his father who, at 77, fears he may never see his son again.

Despite the minimum 14 years which his life sentence entails, Symes is determined to make the best of his lot. He gave up smoking the day he was sentenced, practises yoga and meditation and lives by the maxim "a calm, clear mind soars above all shit".

David Ireland, 31, is a former Sydney schoolteacher. Since Barrett's release, he and Symes are the only Australians remaining in Taiping. He was convicted of trafficking 1600 grammes of cannabis and was ordered to be given one stroke of the rotan. The whipping was later quashed in a higher court. Ireland pleaded guilty to possession but said he had no intention of selling the dope.

He is not as spiritually-minded as Symes but keeps busy by reading and has undertaken a correspondence course on horse care and farming. When the college sent him a map identifying various soil types in Australia it was confiscated by prison authorities.

The Australians have stood up for themselves on many issues and have earned a certain respect among jail officials. In Taiping they have their own cells, cook their own food, enjoy extra rations and are exempt from singing the national anthem each morning.

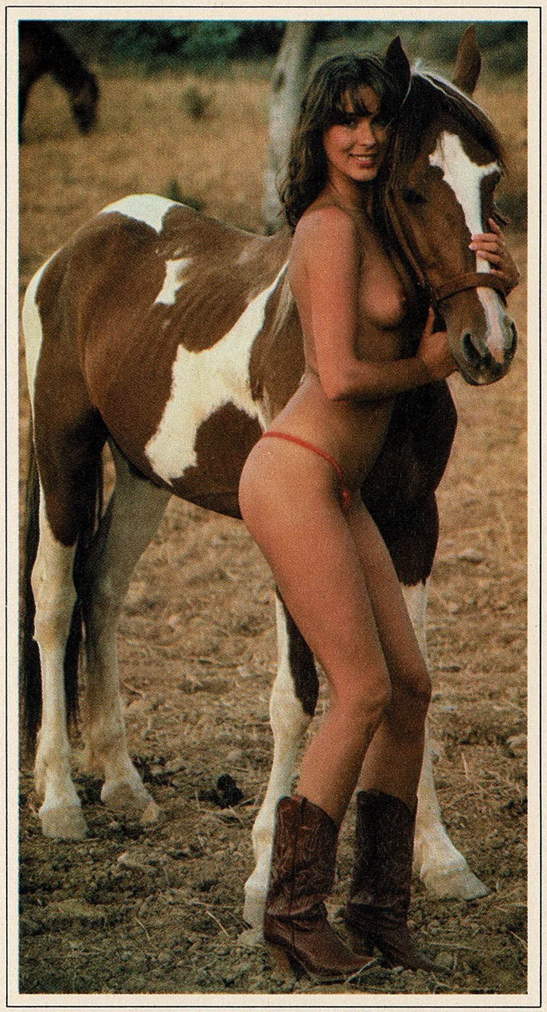
The only real hope the two men have of having their sentences reduced rests with the Australian authorities. Preliminary negotiations are under way to organise prisoner exchange and extradition arrangements between Australia, New Zealand, Papua-New Guinea and Canada. However, the Federal Attorney-General's office has made little progress in formulating an international agreement to cover such countries as Malaysia.

SABINE

SHOOTING STAR

when jet-setting model sabine came to australia it was love at first sight

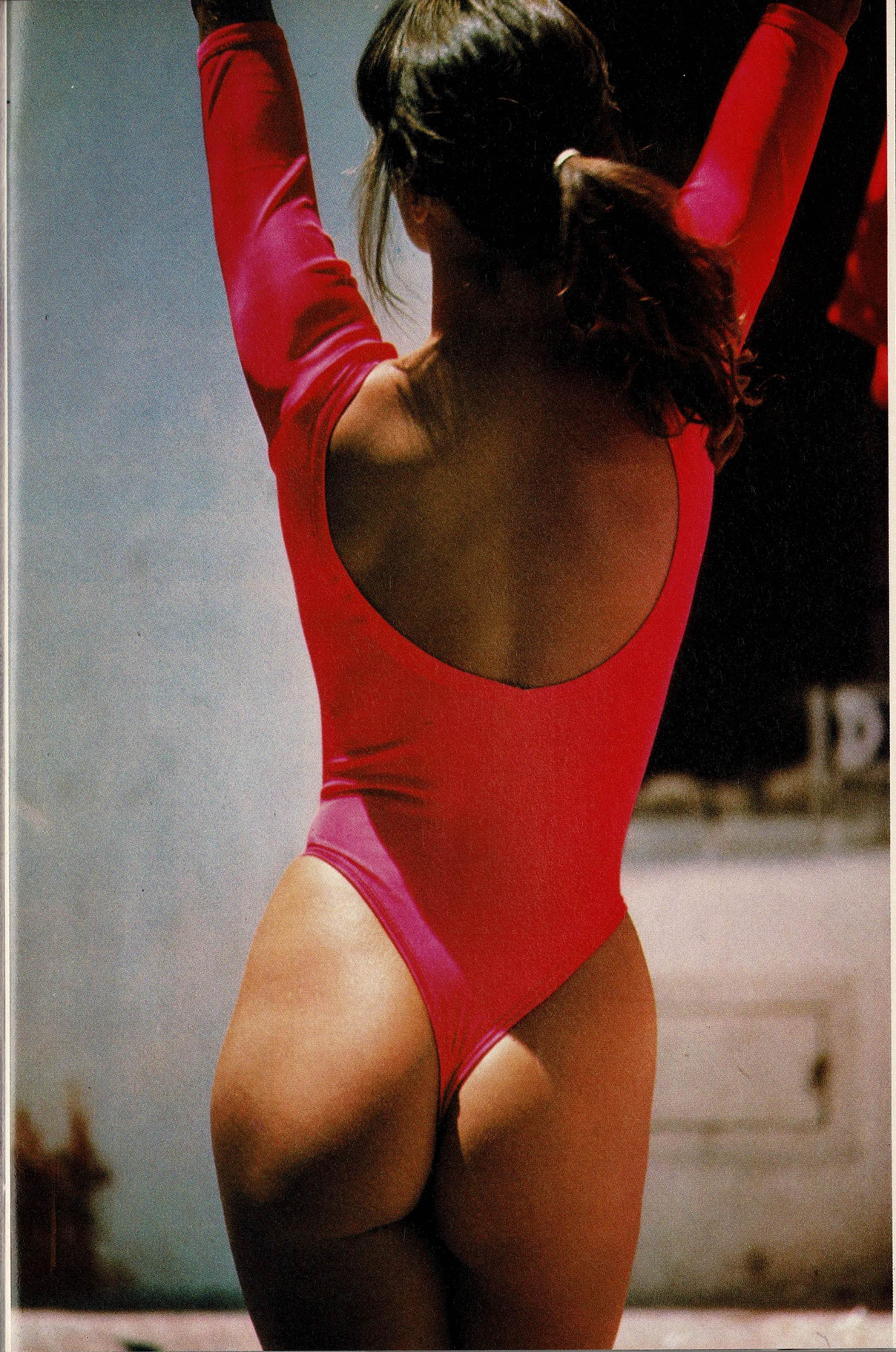
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERBERT C. DENGEL



SABINE ROTHAUS, who has just had her 24th birthday, is a German-born fashion model whose work has taken her to many exciting places, but it was only recently that an assignment brought her to Australia for a lightning visit. "As soon as I stepped off the plane I fell in love with your country," she admitted before heading off to Europe again.

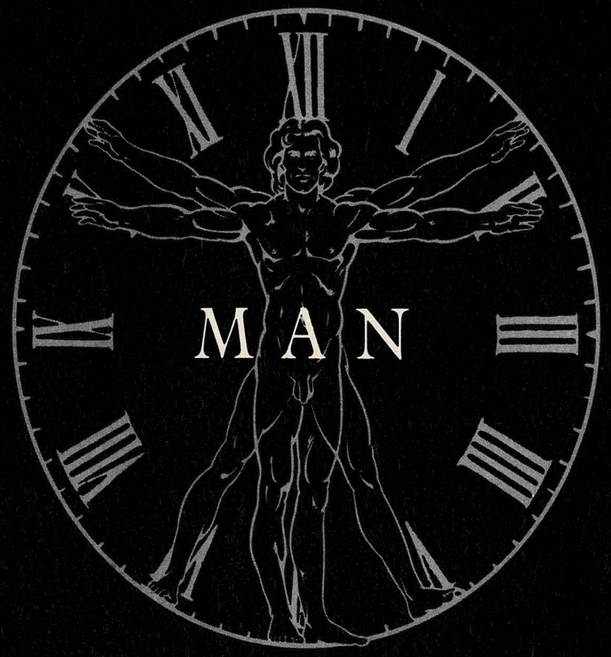
This beauty was so impressed by what she saw during her visit that she plans an extended holiday here later this year. Sabine lists the beaches, the food, the blending of old cultures in a new land, and the men, as her reasons for wanting to return.

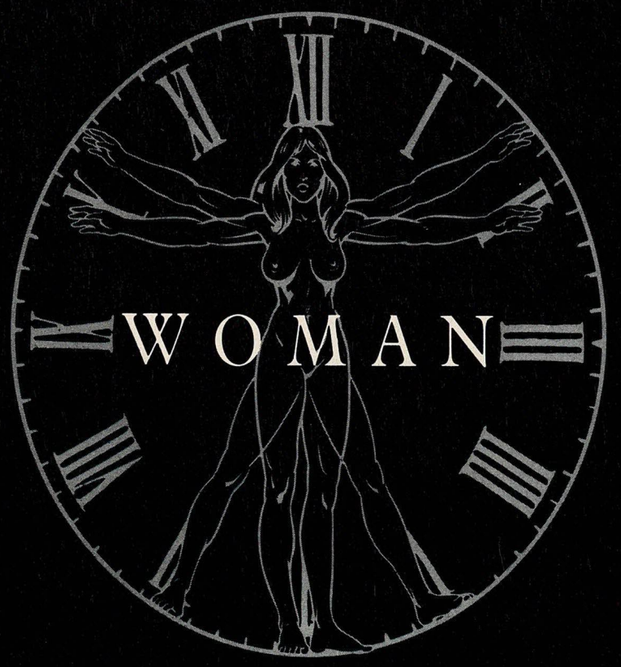
"And that list is not necessarily in order of preference," she said. "Your men are easy going, and that appeals to me because I get worried when a man gets too serious in a relationship. I work off vibes. If the vibes are right, something may develop, if they're not, it won't.Love and life are as simple as that."



THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SEXES

part two





by jo durden-smith and diane desimone

Homo sapiens. Types: male and female. Age: about 400,000 years old, with known ancestors of 3½ million. Distribution: virtually entire surface of planet Earth. Societies: agricultural and industrial, with a few primitive hunter-gatherers. Mode of reproduction: sexual. Nearest living relative: pigmy chimpanzee. Characteristics: intelligent, dominant, highly-sexed. Question: why?

A VISITOR from another galaxy who materialised here with limitless funds would have a hard time explaining to her distant bosses why human men and women dominate the Earth. Where would she begin? We're not the biggest species, after all — the blue whale is a thousand times larger. We're not the longest-living — a redwood can outlast 500 human generations. We're not anything like as numerous as birds. And we don't reproduce particularly fast — other species can do in 20 minutes what takes us nine months. Only two things, in fact, combine to make us in anyway special. The ratio between our brain weight and body mass is the highest on Earth. And we are by far the sexiest creatures on the planet.

Our closest cousins are chimpanzees, with whom we share 99 percent of our genes. And scientists agree that a cross between a chimp and a human being is entirely possible — the Chinese apparently tried it before they were rudely interrupted by the Cultural Revolution. How they went about it before the days of test-tube babies no one knows. It boggles the mind to think what the sexual behavior of the offspring might have been, for a chimp's sex life is a pretty sorry business by comparison with ours. Chimp males, it is true, may be said to have an advantage over us human males — their testicles are six times bigger than ours, and they produce huge amounts of sperm. But that's only because they don't get to do it very much. Male chimps have sex only when an individual female comes into heat, which is once every few years. They often have to queue up for it. And when the time comes, the whole thing — from start to finish — is over in seven seconds. No introductions, no face-to-face. Just nature, from the rear and in a hurry.

By contrast, we humans have fun. And we look as if we were designed for it: all the necessary equipment is carried up front, permanently on display. We're hairless, for maximum visibility and sensitivity. We tend to copulate face-to-face, to have as much personal contact as possible, though there are as many variations on this theme as there is human ingenuity. And we do it more often. Human beings aren't hidebound by breeding seasons and breeding cycles, like chimpanzees and the rest of nature. We have sex not only for reproduction, but for pleasure.

This is something that our intrepid intergalactic anthropologist would notice very quickly. And she'd notice, too, as she scanned the species, two other things that humans characteristically do which seem to be related to all this sexual delight. First, we're basically monogamous, unlike all other primates except the gibbon and the siamang. And second, we have a division of labor between the sexes; there seems to be an agreement about who does what.

Out of a total of 201 societies listed in George Murdock's *Ethnographic Atlas*, cooking is a strictly female activity in 158 and exclusively male in only five. Hunting is done by males in 166 societies out of 179 and never exclusively by females. And it's the same story with other jobs about the house and hut. Males are almost always responsible for lumbering, housebuilding, fishing and the making of musical instruments. And females, by and large, take over weaving, clothes-making and the preparation of drinks and narcotics. This division of labor is virtually unique in nature, except among birds.

Having understood this much, our visitor from outer space would now want to try to put two and two together for her report. Large brains, pleasure, monogamy, sexiness and division of labor: could these explain why human beings have come to dominate the planet Earth? Could sex and sexuality, after all, be at the heart of it?

If she wanted to answer these questions, she'd have to go a long way back in history: past our first settlements, a mere 15,000 years ago, past our first tools and past our beginnings — backward in evolutionary time and out into nature, to the species that have been around for millions and even billions of years, long before our arrival. And there she'd have to ask two further questions that are basic to who we are: questions that the population of her galaxy — all female — would be desperate to have answered. Why does sex exist? And why do males exist? What possible advantage can there be to them?

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Sex may be fun, but is it necessary? Consider, for example, the many different species of lizard biologist David Crews keeps in his laboratory in Harvard University in the US.

Three of them are particularly interesting, for when a female of one of these species is set fair to produce her eggs, she is mounted by another lizard and what looks a lot like sex takes place. There is much biting, frotting, lashing of tails and juxtaposition of sexual organs.

It is not, however, sex — at least not in the way we think of it — because all the lizards of these three species are female. Like at least 24 other species of reptile they specialise in virgin birth — parthenogenesis — and have single-parent families of female offspring exactly like themselves. The "sex" they have has a function. It seems to make them lay their eggs more often. But it has nothing to do with fertilisation; that they do on their own, without any need for help from males. They have done away with males and will never need them again, even if David Crews manages to create some by injecting their eggs with male hormones.

Pity then the poor male lizard — and take warning, for the same thing could conceivably happen in humans. Some biologists believe that if the gene for parthenogenesis were to appear in any long-lived species inhabiting a stable environment — as we do — it would take over and eventually consign both males and sex to oblivion. We would become like dandelions, bananas, pineapples, Washington navel oranges, the occasional turkey and David Crews' lizards. We would be born without benefit of sex and, in our case, we would be all female.

Some feminists would argue that the world would be better off that way; and if you looked at males in most of nature, you'd probably agree. For, in nature, males are by and large rather useless creatures, good only for one thing. They contribute far less to the reproduction of their species than do females. They're usually smaller than females (the largest creature on Earth is in fact a female blue whale). They almost never help out with the kids. They die young (only human eunuchs live as long as human females). And when they're alive, they behave in extremely foolish ways.

They fight among themselves — male mites battle to the death — for the privilege of a mating. They also expose themselves to predators when they strut their stuff — for example, only male fireflies take to the air for a flashing session; the female stays safe in the underbrush. They commit themselves to hopelessly elaborate evolutionary strategies, like the swagger-matches of reindeer and their massive investment in useless antlers. And very often they have no very clear idea of who or what to mate with. A male fly will try it with a raisin, a male butterfly with a falling leaf, and male frogs and toads will optimistically attach themselves to a rock or a stone

Being a male is, in most species, a difficult, dangerous, nasty and hit-or-miss business. Nature has designed males to do *anything* to achieve reproductive success; that's all nature is interested in. But the price for this success is sometimes very high. Male marsupial shrews, for instance, get a fatal dose of steroid hormones when they copulate. Male neo-tropical frogs virtually starve themselves to death as they wait weeks or even months on the back of a female for her eggs to mature. And male angler fish, just to perform their reproductive duty, commit an awesome form of suicide. They latch on with pincers to the body of a female, become a part of her skin surface and circulatory system, lose their eyes and fins in the process and end up becoming about a hundredth of her size. All this for one tiny moment of glory, when the female releases her eggs into the water to be fertilised.

It's no wonder then, given the rotten time most males seem to have of it, that those few males which have the option, like some coral reef fish, for instance, actually fight with each other for the right to become female instead.

The majority of males don't have that option. Like humans, they're locked into whatever evolution gave them, from the 18 different patterns in the courtship dance of the American grasshopper to the bull elephant's unwieldy 60-pound penis, to whatever lurks in the collective psyche at a city singles bar; they're locked into the evolved expression of their male sexuality — which may come as something of a surprise to human males who think of themselves as varied and sophisticated, newly arrived and in the game only for pleasure.

But we too evolved a long time ago. And we too are subject to this basic law of nature: that the only way a male can reproduce himself and pass on his genes to the next generation is to find a mate, compete for her and do whatever she thinks is necessary. If males, including human males, don't do this, if they don't make it through the struggle and strife and don't come up to standard with the female, then they're on a one-way ticket to reproductive oblivion. And whatever genes they carried that produced their particular disability — their choice of pleasure over conception, their urge to stay home and not bother, their weakness, their muffing of the courtship dance or their lack of attractive pizazz — will disappear from the population.

Only the genes for whatever it took to survive and reproduce with a female will remain: the biggest, the bravest, the most persistent, the most punctual

and the most colorfully decorated. This is the way the world turns, for males. With the female in charge of the manufacturing end of reproduction, they are only in the service business and they must jump to her tune. Irven DeVore, a Harvard anthropologist, is quite certain about this. "Males," he says unequivocally, "are a vast breeding experiment run by females."

The question is, though: what on earth for? It's clear that the existence of sex is of vital importance for males in nature — without it, they wouldn't be around. But what's in it for females? Sexual reproduction, after all, takes time and energy (in flatworms which can reproduce with or without sex, it takes 15 percent more time and 25 percent more energy). And it also presents the female in nature with several serious problems.

First, she has to find and risk having close to her a potentially dangerous partner. Second, she has to find a way of making sure she's mating with an individual of the right species. And third, she has to take a gamble on whether the male's sperm will enable her to produce fit offspring. Some of the winnowing-out of males has been done already, by the rigors of the environment and by male-male competition. But a female's eggs are still more expensive to produce than a male's sperm.

A female, then, is forced to be more choosy than a male. In humans, a moment's indiscretion with the wrong sperm can cost a woman an egg that would have been better invested elsewhere, not to mention nine months of pregnancy and a lot of bringing up baby.

All this, you would think, would encourage the female of the species to find some other means of reproduction. And there is an even stronger and more important reason why she should. It is that, quite apart from all the inconvenience and fuss, sex evolutionarily speaking, and from the point of view of her genes, is a very bad option for her. For if she's survived up to this point, after all, she has very *good* genes; they've travelled down to her, from the year dot, *only* through reproductively successful organisms.

So why should she want to break up a winning combination? Why should she want to throw away half her genes, shuffle them up in the process and take another shuffled half from another individual, usually a perfect stranger? Why should she give up the reproductive edge her genes have already got? And why should she waste time and resources producing males?

"It's no use saying: 'Well, it's for the good of the species'," says Martin Daly, a Darwinian psychologist, now at McMaster University in Canada.

"She — the female — doesn't know anything about species and she doesn't do anything at the beck and call of evolutionary theorists," he says. "No, there has to be something in it for *her*. That's all she's interested in, herself and her offspring, or, put another way, that's all her genes are interested in, themselves and their continuation. Selection takes place at the level of the individual, and *that's* where we have to look for whatever advantage it is that sex brings. By choosing sex, you see, the female has on the face of it put her genes at a 50 percent *dis*advantage; only half of them are transmitted. So we have to find a corresponding 50 percent advantage that sex must offer. What can this advantage be? It has to be something *enormous*. She's at a 50 percent disadvantage, remember, and we know that the genes for even a *one* percent disadvantage will very quickly disappear from any population, other things being equal."

Daly, and his wife Margo Wilson, also a professor at McMaster, recently wrote a book called *Sex, Evolution and Behavior*. In it, they came to no firm conclusions about the origins of sex, but they did suggest what it's good for — adaptation in the face of bad times.

"Look, all we've got to go on is what's in nature," says Daly, a dry, humorous man in his late thirties who delights in bringing us humans down to size by calling us "H. saps". "And luckily nature has given us an unbelievable variety in life — from bacteria all the way to H. saps. Bacteria aren't much use, because they don't use sex very much, even though they're about 6000 times older than we are, and the most numerous and most successful organisms on earth. And H. saps aren't much use, because they're already committed to this thing we're trying to explain.

In female humans, a moment's indiscretion with the wrong sperm can cost a woman an egg that would have been better invested elsewhere.

"But, in between, are a number of species that are sometimes sexual and sometimes asexual, and they seem to have one overriding thing in common — so long as the going is good, so long as there's not too much competition, they put all their money on the asexual option; they produce females; but if there's overcrowding or they are faced with an imminent collapse, they opt for sex; they produce males."

Just like human beings in wartime, in other words, who take sex wherever they can because they may not survive, so a whole host of creatures switch to it when their way of life is threatened. For females in nature, hard times are responsible for the fact of sex, as well as the act of sex. Males become necessary. In species where there is an option of being either male or female, males are almost always found where the environment makes survival tough going.

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So far, so good, O people of the galaxy. But why is there so *much* sex on this planet? Birds do it. Bees do it (actually only *some* bees do it). Even *un*educated little fleas do it. *We* do it. And we and they do it *all* the time. Somewhere along the line, a few billion years ago, there must have been a switch to sex and it must have stuck. Why?

Put it this way. Males are a pretty good idea when it comes to females competing against an uncertain future. Males are usually smaller, they mature faster and their sex cells are cheaper to produce. So, from a female's point of view, males are an efficient way of storing their genes when resources are scarce. And they're also a good way of making sure that copies of at least some of these precious genes are passed on to the next generation.

Males, after all, produce enormous numbers of sex cells, with the female parent's genes inside them. And so if they survive to maturity, there's a good chance that at least one of these little gene-loads, and maybe more, will find a home in an organism that has retained the option of being female. This is a much better prospect for her genes than simply continuing to make 100 percent copies of themselves. She's not doing well in the environment she's got and the copies are not going to do any better. A much better plan, then, is to make males, have sex, mix up genes and start again. For the next generation will all be different from one another, and there's just a chance that some of them will have what it takes to cope.

But that still doesn't explain why females took up sex full time, rather than keeping it for an occasional option. We, for example, don't seem to have been faced with a continuous chain of dire emergencies throughout our history. Nor have any other sexual species that we know of. So why don't *human* females simply make clones of themselves and keep men in reserve, in case of disaster?

For an answer, we have to go back in time, back to how the idea came up in the first place. The search takes us to the primordial ooze — by way of an Englishman called William Hamilton. A biologist at the University of Michigan, Hamilton believes that the only way a sexual population can be more successful than an asexual one is if it is permanently under threat from outside —from parasites.

"Men and women," he says carefully amid the clutter of his university office, "are descended from the first multi-cellular organisms. And I've always been puzzled by how these organisms could survive. They're at a terrible disadvantage against their smaller enemies. They're more complicated, so they grow and reproduce much more slowly, which makes them vulnerable, evolutionarily speaking because, when one organism is trying to

figure out a way into another, and the other is trying to figure out a way to keep it out, evolution favors the one that breeds quickest. Mutations will give it better ideas faster, and it will win. Unless, and only unless, the bigger organism can work out a new genetic trick to level the odds.

"And I think that trick was sex, the mixing of genes between two of the organisms to make new passwords to keep the parasites out. This would now give the multi-cellular an edge on this evolutionary game to catch-up, but only a small edge. And so, as the organism gets larger and larger — all the way down to us — sex would constantly be selected for. Sex would have to go on.

"All right. That's maybe why there is sex. But why are there sexes? Exchanging genes, after all, doesn't necessarily mean that there should be any difference at all between the two exchangers. When bacteria use sex, there's not the slightest difference between giver and taker.

"Well, here I think we do have an answer. When the evolutionary step towards sex is taken by a multi-cellular organism, cells specifically for sex will tend to be produced; but there's an inherent instability that acts against their always being of the same size. And the pressures of competition will begin.

"These pressures will favor slightly larger sex cells than usual. And these, in turn, will make for cheats, smaller sex cells than usual, produced in greater numbers to compete for the bigger ones. From then on, the pattern becomes clearer and clearer. The small sex cells become more and more competitive — they become highly mobile, they learn to swim — while the large sex cells become immobile and fixed. The cheats become sperm and the cells they compete for become eggs. And that's what we end up with, sperm and eggs, small investors and large investors, cheats and straight shooters, males and females."

●

This may not seem very romantic, but from it all blessings flow. For now you have sex. Now you have males. And now you have all the incredible, teeming variety of sex in nature: male mites that fertilise their sisters while still inside their mother, and so die before they are born; the female scorpion fly that insists on a titbit from her prospective lovers — and her transvestite brother, in drag, that tries to con poor unsuspecting males out of their nuptial gifts; all the way to the ingenuity and elaborate pleasures of human beings. Not to forget what Tim Clutton-Brock has called "the sneaky fucker strategy" in stags. Among these animals, the dominant males spend a great deal of time showing off their wares to one another. Less dominant males will have none of this; instead, while the big boys are quarrelling, they sneak around back and get it on with the females. In nature, it doesn't matter how you play the game, as long as you win.

Reproductive success is the name of this game, and the table is almost always run by the female. With a much bigger investment at stake, it's up to her to be choosy about what genes she accepts into her eggs. That's why the delay of courtship suits her purposes well. Males, characteristically, have a different strategy. Their sperm costs little, and they can have multiple matings. So it is in their interests to spread their genes across as many females as possible; to go all the way on the first date and then move on.

That would be fine if there were always more females than males in the population. But genetic rules ordain that there will always be, roughly speaking, equal numbers, which means that males will have to compete with one another. Some can be big winners in the game, and others will have to be complete losers. If a chief can take 3333 wives (as he can by law in one African tribe) then there'll be roughly 3332 other men left without a wife. The same is true in nature.

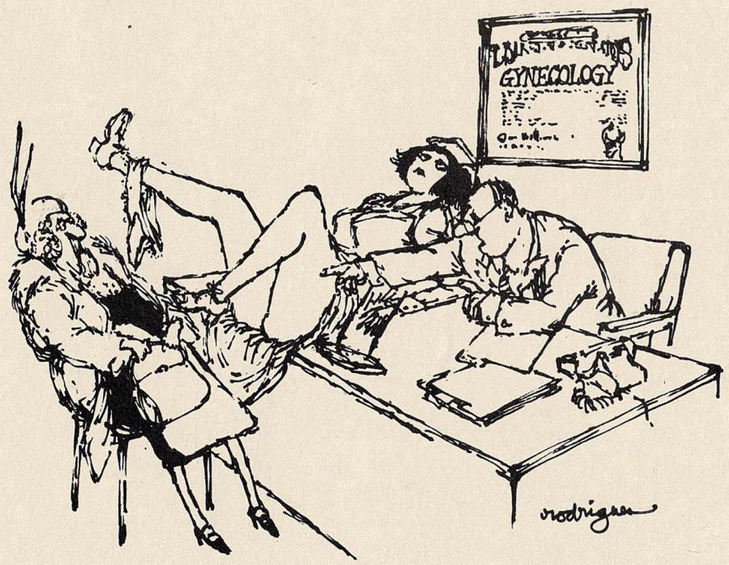
On the face of it, this system — this rat-race polygamy — may look as if it works to the disadvantage of the female. But she's only interested, remember, in the successful reproduction of her genes. So the system actually works *hugely* to her advantage, because if the males spend their time competing, sorting out the toughest, most ambitious and most resilient genes from the weaker and less capable, it makes her job of selection that much easier. She wants resources after all — sometimes just the resources of good genes — and so fair play is the last thing on her mind.

In fact, in many species — perhaps including our own — females actively encourage all the *sturm und drang*. In sand bees, females remain resolutely below the surface, so that a male will have to dig down to them while fighting off other males. In coyotes, females will deliberately delay mating until a large number of males have arrived.

"Sex," as E.O. Wilson, one of the founders of sociobiology, wrote, "is the most anti-social force in evolution."

In a sense, it is also the most deadly for males. For in all of this, males, even human males, die young: not because they kill each other off, and not because they are forced to become conspicuous, though both help, but because selection is only interested in their reproductive ability and not in any genes that might help stave off their death after reproductive age. The males in most species aren't involved, as we've said, in bringing up the kids. So once they've done their duty to Mother Nature, they are expendable.

While they're alive, of course, they have one other task which is demanded of them by the female: to court her. Courtship in nature takes many forms. Sometimes it works to protect males, who can find out in the process whether a female has already been inseminated (a long engagement will always tell). But, for the most part, courtship is no more than a job application system designed by the female employer. First, is the applicant of the right species: "Are you my type?" Second, can he perform the foreplay necessary to bring the female to ovulation: "Can you make nice?" Third, can he do anything else to demonstrate that he has good genes: "What's so special about you?" (Nature, like human society, is full of demonstrations of resources, chases, forced journeys and other tests imposed on the male by the female.) Fourth, and most interesting perhaps, is the applicant esthetically pleasing: "What's your wardrobe like?" Males in nature are almost always more exotically colored and elaborately ornamented than females. And it's clear that these features have been selected for by females, other things being equal, for their own enjoyment. "*Males are a breeding experiment run by females.*" And females have not only designed them, they have also by being in charge of reproduction, ordered the kinds of society they will live in.



"Now then, Mrs Johnson. . ."

Take the King of Beasts, for example. No, take the Queen of Beasts — lionesses run faster and do most of the hunting. A pride of lions consists of a number of lionesses, usually inter-related, and two bigger males, unrelated, who are needed for protection against other lions that might invade the pride and kill the females' cubs. One lion isn't enough for this job. How, though, to avoid competition between these two males? How to make them work together?

Simple. Whenever the females come into heat, they do so *all* at the same time. From here on in, for two or three days, they *all* require copulation every 15 or so minutes. And by the time the mating session is over, the males are too exhausted to know which is whose, what is why, or which end up. Result? Peace at home and protection. The females get what they want.

They always do. Selfish females never allow equally selfish males a say in the way their society operates unless the environment demands it, or unless they have successfully bred males to do something more useful to themselves and their offspring than just provide sperm. Male and female strategies will always make for male-male competition, polygamy and disposable, interchangeable males, unless males can be encouraged into a line of work that has a direct effect on the females' reproductive success. What is this line of work in primates, the creatures closest to us? The protection racket. What is this line of work in men? Male parenting.

●

The quality and intensity of paternal care that a male human gives to his offspring sets him aside from all the other primates. It has also been his salvation, for male parenting rewrites the rules of the relationship between males and females. It equalises the unequal struggle between the sexes. And it is almost certainly the one thing that will save human sex and human males from the dark waters of forgetfulness, if the genes for parthenogenesis (virgin birth) ever re-appear in the population of Martin Daly's "H. saps". Since the days males first came into existence — prodded by parasites, if William Hamilton is right — male parenting in return for female-male monogamy is the best deal they have ever made.

To understand why, we have to look where Martin Daly told us we should look, for an advantage at the individual level. What's in it for a man, or rather for his genes? For obviously they now face a giant disability: what with feeding the wife and taking care of the kids, they can't spread themselves around all over the place as they once could, given a certain amount of perseverance and luck. So what's the new benefit they receive?

Well, in the old days of competition, "sneaky fuckers" and multiple mating — which may well survive within us in some form — who knew whose sperm was getting through to whose egg, to deliver up the genetic goods? At least now, the male, by committing himself to a female, can have some confidence that her offspring are also his, because she'll want what he provides enough not to screw around. This means that competition with other males now becomes counter-productive: a male who leaves home for a fling can't ever be sure that there isn't another male knocking at *his* door. It means that a male will live slightly longer since nature now has an interest in his survival through child-care years. And it means, too, that a male can now give the 50 percent of his genes that are in his children a far better chance of surviving to pass them on. His children can be carefully prepared for the environment they will find themselves in. They can stay young and dependent longer.

The quality and intensity of paternal care that a male human gives to his offspring sets him aside from all the other primates.

That, of course, makes male parenting the best show in town as far as the female is concerned. So it is in her interests to promote it with the full force of her genes, because now, she can get back the advantage she lost when she was forced to abandon asexual reproduction and take up sex. She gives up her independence, it's true. She can't mate on a whim with the best new genes available and she has to put up with the burden of her male mate's needs. The advantages, however, far outweigh these costs. For, with male assistance and resources, she can perhaps double the number of her offspring and the number of genes she personally can contribute to the next generation.

Sexual access and some guarantee of paternity in exchange for more resources than the female can command herself, all for the good of the kids: that's the basic trade-off involved in monogamy. Ninety percent of birds have made it. Gibbons and siamangs have made it.

Owen Lovejoy, professor of anthropology at Kent State University in Ohio, believes that, in our species, not only was this trade-off made millions of years ago by our ancestors, it was also responsible for human civilisation.

"Anthropologists have always argued," he says, "that it is the use of tools that separates man from all the other primates. Tools, big brain, language and upright posture: they all somehow come together in one evolutionary bundle. And I think that's nonsense. For me, there's only one thing that can explain all the things we want to have explained: walking on two legs, intelligence, culture, dominance. And that's the mating and parent-care pattern that evolved in our species; the division of labor for greater reproductive success. Monogamy. We'll never find it in fossil form, of course, but monogamy, I believe, is absolutely fundamental to human evolution. Right at the core."

Owen Lovejoy is a bearded, tough-minded man in his thirties, another of a new generation of scientists bucking old assumptions and facing up to old unanswered questions. He holds positions in human anatomy and orthopedic surgery as well as in anthropology. He has worked in close association with Don Johanson, the discoverer, in Ethiopia, of Lucy — the skeleton of the earliest-known upright-walking hominid.

"Look," he says over a hurried lunch, "I'm an early type. And we early types aren't interested in what's gone on in the last four or five hundred thousand years. *We're* interested in the long haul of human evolution. And that's what makes Lucy so fascinating. Because she presents us with a problem. First, she's 3½ million years old; older than any tools or human culture we know of. Second, she's not very smart; she has a primitive skull much like an ape's. But, despite all this, she had a body that was fully upright and she could walk in exactly the same way as you walked in here. Now why would she need to do that? To hunt? To avoid predators? No. She'd be much better off on all fours: upright humans can only do about 40 percent of the speed of the patas monkey, they can only just outrun a fast snake and their walking speed's about the same as a chicken — hardly what you'd want in the dangerous open grasslands hominids are supposed to have evolved in after they left the forest. To feed? No. The teeth of Lucy's species show they were generalist eaters and you don't need upright posture in the savannah on *that* diet. *Why*, then?"

He leans on the question. "The answer is simple, it seems to me. Lucy's species, *Australopithecus afarensis*, our earliest known ancestors, were food carriers. Long before they moved out into the open, they carried food to one another.

(continued on page 130)

A Love Affair With Life

LIFE is just one big party for lovely Lynn Maree Eason, who celebrates her 19th birthday this month. "I'm old enough to do anything," she says, "but still young enough to be delighted by the things life has to offer."

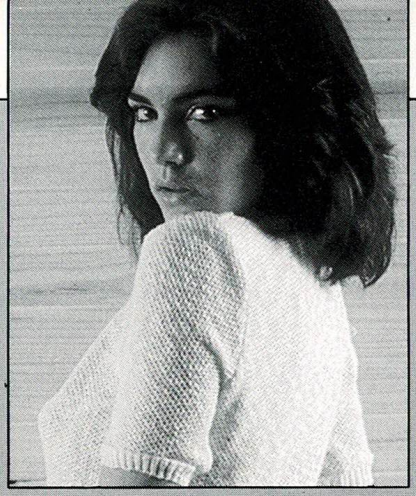
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICO METTBACH

Miss March admits to being a bit of a thrill-seeker. "I get a real buzz from roller coaster rides and scary movies, and when I get a chance I'm going to try parachuting."

Lynn Maree is planning to leave her home in the satellite city of Gosford to settle in Sydney, where she intends to seek modelling work. "But I'm having so much fun at the moment," she says, "that my career may have to wait!"

"I'm a very sensual person and I love indulging myself," says our Playmate of the Month. "I believe in chemistry — I can tell straight away whether a man is right for me. He has to be intelligent, have a sense of humor, and hate routine as much as I do. That's not asking too much!"

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Lynn Eason



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lynn Maree Eason

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8 WEIGHT: 8½ st. SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 22/2/63. BIRTHPLACE: Gosford

GOALS: To make the most out of my life, experience all the great things it has to offer, and stay happy & healthy

TURN-ONS: Sports cars, spending money, champagne, candlelit dinners and having a nice man to share them with

TURN-OFFS: indecisive people, negativity and laziness and people being cruel to animals.

RELAXING: Swimming and lying in the sun at the beach, sailing, and going for drives in the country.

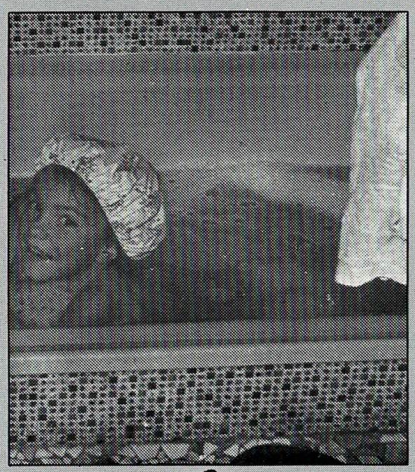
FAVORITE SPORTS: dancing, exercise classes to music, walking and horseriding.

FAVORITE FOOD: All seafoods, especially oysters & lobster mangoes, avocado, summer fruits

FAVORITE MOVIES: '10' the fan, Zardoz, scary movies, blue Lagoon Superman, Mad Max

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: David Bowie, Minnie Ripperton, Kate Bush Mick Jagger

3 years old my first portrait.



8 I've always loved my Bubble Baths

17 first time on page 3

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A wealthy rakehell died after a particularly depraved bout of pleasure-seeking. Hours after his death, the undertaker found the man still had an erection. He phoned the widow and asked what he should do about it.

"Cut it off and stick it up his arse," she said. "It's about the only place it hasn't been."

Then there was the hypochondriac who wouldn't risk sex until the swelling went down.

Do you speak to your wife during intercourse," the marriage counsellor asked the male half of the couple seated in front of him.

"Only if there's a phone handy," replied the husband.

What is the difference between heaven and hell?" the theologian was asked.

"In heaven," he replied, "the English are the police, the French are the cooks, the Italians are the lovers, the Swiss are the administrators and the Germans are the mechanics.

"Whereas in hell," the religious savant continued, "the English are the cooks, the French are the administrators, the Italians are the mechanics, the Swiss are the lovers and the Germans are the police."

Cutie Blanche used to work at a branch
Of a multispread corporate ranch.
When she rode there by truck,
She'd submit to a fuck,
So that truckers lined up to cart Blanche.

A new mortuary in a tough mill town decided to advertise in an unorthodox fashion, and so draped a banner across the front of its building that read: OUR STAFF WILL STUFF YOUR STIFF. Not to be outdone, the whorehouse across the street responded with a banner reading: OUR STUFF WILL STIFF YOUR STAFF.

When a man who was convalescing from a heart attack couldn't persuade his wife to let him have intercourse with her, he asked his physician to send him a statement to convince the woman it would be permissible, and so the doctor wrote: "Dear Mrs Brown: This is to certify that my patient Harry Brown is fully capable of having sexual relations."

The next week, Brown telephoned the medical man and said: "Doc, that note as you wrote it just didn't work with my wife, so I wonder if you could maybe send me an amended version."

"What change would you suggest?" inquired the physician, who wanted to be helpful.

"Instead of that 'Dear Mrs Brown,' just address it 'To Whom It May Concern.' "

When he caught a sexpot starlet on the studio lot *flagrante delicto,* the big producer yelled: "Get the male lead out of your ass!"

A *daring young man from Kildare*
was screwing a girl on a stair.
When the bannister broke,
He quickened his stroke,
And finished her off in mid air.

Girls are like pianos. When they're not upright, they're grand.

I had bad vibes last night," the young girl confided to a co-worker.

"Boyfriend worries?"

"No — my intimate massager short-circuited."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a *gynaecologist* as a spreader of young wives' tails.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"And I don't have to remind you that we have the highest interest rate for large deposits."

WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?

inflation has made it more attainable, but seven figures is still the gold medal in the capitalist olympics

FRED MELLINGER was born in the Bronx, New York, and served in the US Army during World War II. It was during his army service that he had his vision and adopted the credo that would guide his career. "I've always said," says Mellinger, "that all women are created equal in the eyes of the law. But in the eyes of men, no. That's why I've tried to help them reapportion their bodies. Why should a woman suffer if she's too short, too thick waisted or too flat chested?" Fred not only wanted to make it possible for every woman to look like the ideal female; he also had very definite ideas about what the ideal female should look like. Skinny *Vogue* models were not for him. Fred's ideal woman had ample breasts that pointed straight out and never sagged. She had definite curves in her wide hips and a derriere one could balance a wine glass on. With a calling like his, Fred could have become a cosmetic surgeon, but he took another path and went into the fashion industry. Fred set up Frederick's of Hollywood, a mail-order concern, in the late Forties. His catalogue, a classic of soft-core pornography, contained illustrations and photographs of his line of passion fashions: black lace bras, underwired pointy bras, bras

article by steven schwartz

ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE WHATLEY

with holes for the nipples, front fastening bras, crotchless panties, backless panties, zebra striped jumpsuits, see-through nighties, gold lame bikinis, sequined bikinis, bikinis with rabbit tails. Fred's imagination was boundless, and, like all great visionaries, he was never content. He was always experimenting, forever seeking new combinations of sequins and satin to help women achieve his ideal.

Fashion history was made when Fred introduced the inflatable bra, which was soon followed by inflatable corsets and underwear to provide the curves that nature forgot. Prosperity came, and soon his catalogue sales were supplemented by receipts from his chain of shops. Today, Frederick's of Hollywood is a multimillion-dollar business that has remained true to Fred's original vision. For women around the world, Fred has made mountains out of molehills.

Of course, we don't all have Fred's calling. But the financial goal is common. Methods of attaining it may differ, but the desired amount usually remains the same — one million dollars — the gold medal in the capitalist olympics. Despite its eroded purchasing power (it requires 10 million of today's inflated dollars to buy what one million could 30 years ago), a million dollars still satisfies even the most avaricious amongst us. Judging from the number of lottery tickets sold at appalling odds and from even casual visits to racetracks or the futures market, it seems that the correct answer to the question posed in the television wine commercial is that nearly everyone wants to be a millionaire.

No one knows how many millionaires there are in Australia. Most, but by no means all, shun publicity, and the few who will talk to the press do not like to talk about how much money they have. Newspaper statistics suggest that there may be as many as 25,000 millionaires in the country. Unfortunately, these estimates come from tax and census data. It may come as a shock, but some people have been known to be less than entirely candid with these authorities. It is likely, therefore, that there are more than 25,000 millionaires, maybe 25 percent more. (Aren't numbers wonderful to play with? Someone once said that statistics are like ladies of the night. Once you get them down, you can do anything you want with them.)

Australian millionaires, whatever their exact number, are a diverse lot. Some made their money in mining, others in industry, the arts, and even the million dollar lottery. Despite these differences, there are a few generalisations that apply to just about all millionaires.

First, no one ever saved a million bucks by putting aside a little out of each week's pay packet. The fact is, working for wages and growing rich are two incompatible concepts. Most of us are just too busy working at our jobs to become millionaires.

Generalisation two is my answer to the inevitable question: "If you're so smart, why aren't you rich?" That is, you don't have to be smart to be wealthy, just dedicated. Most of us are too lazy to put in the necessary hours, although we know that few, if any, millionaires made their piles working only 35 hours a week.

The third generalisation is simply a refutation of several popular but incorrect notions about money. You know the ones: money can't buy happiness; the best things in life are free; and so on. Now it is true that there is more to life than money; however, it is wrong to discount its importance. Money not only buys material things, it also buys free time. It releases you from drudgery and provides the opportunity to pursue your interests. In an all-too-short life, freedom may be the most precious gift money can buy.

Before you quit your job to devote 100 hours a week to making a million to gain freedom, it is worthwhile to learn how others have reached this goal. There are a million ways to make a million.

According to Freud, becoming a millionaire is a function of early toilet training. Collectors, whether of coins, stamps, seashells, or whatever are seen by Freud as direct equivalents of the child who values his feces. Psychologically speaking, this makes the items collected just a pile of shit. In a sense, this judgement is quite accurate. Stamps are useless except for posting letters; old coins are not even good for that. These collections are only worth something because other victims of harsh toilet training say they are.

Working for wages and growing rich are two incompatible concepts. Most of us are too busy working at our jobs to become millionaires.

None of this means you cannot become rich collecting shit. You can, but you will be competing against experts. It is easy to make mistakes. If your toilet training was normal and you are not naturally inclined toward collecting, the best way to cash in is to become a dealer selling collectibles to others.

You do, however, need to know something about what you are selling. This drawback is not so apparent in some of the other schemes described in this article. To summarise, Freud's formula for becoming a millionaire could not be any simpler — make certain that your mother terrorises you on the potty.

One of the best ways to make a million is to find it, and the best thing to find is cash. Lowell Elliott, an elderly Indiana farmer, found $500,000 while plowing his fields. The money had been dropped by a parachuting skyjacker. Everyone knows about Lowell's find because he returned the money. He really did! Now I am not suggesting that you waste your time looking for cash. All you will have to show for your effort is poor posture and sore feet. Look, instead, for minerals. Minerals can easily be converted to money and, to my knowledge, no one has ever felt compelled to "return" this money to anyone.

Australian history is rich with stories about fossickers like Hannan and Hargraves who found fortunes in gold lying about in the bush. These stories are being repeated today by metal-detector-laden prospectors in Queensland, Western Australia and New South Wales. The problem with looking for minerals today is that all of the easily detectable deposits have already been found. New finds occur in unpleasant, dusty places. You can avoid some of the drudgery by searching from your private plane. Lang Hancock found his Western Australian iron bonanza in just that manner. Of course, you must first have a plane and learn to fly.

Fortunately, there is an easier way. You don't actually have to find anything; just convince others that you soon will. This method is best illustrated by the career of an English migrant with the unlikely name of Claude Albo de Bernales.

De Bernales, like his Spanish ancestors, had a nose for gold, so he headed for Western Australia where there has always been a lot of it. Although he was 21 and healthy, de Bernales did not fancy the fossicker's life. Rather than wield a pick or spade, he decided he would rather sell them to those more physically inclined. (Claude died in 1963, but if he were alive today, he most certainly would be hiring out metal detectors to hopeful fossickers.)

Borrowing $140, de Bernales plunged into the used equipment business, buying implements cheap from discouraged prospectors and selling them dear to new optimists. The business prospered and by the time he was 30, de Bernales was making $50,000 a year. It was around this time that he began to buy up defunct gold claims, which he formed into one company. He sold this company to a group of British investors for $200,000 and it went on to make a fortune in gold strikes.

Not one to let an opportunity pass, he then left for London, where he floated eight new mining companies in as many years. Although only a few of his mines ever yielded any gold and his companies were perenially in the red, 30,000 investors bought shares valued at millions of pounds hoping for a strike. From this start, de Bernales parlayed his wealth into 40 Australian companies and a huge personal fortune. He built the palatial Overton Lodge on the ocean in Perth as well as several country houses in England, filling

(continued on page 128)

"You're not like all the others. They were women."

DOODY

doody takes it off
for art's sake

I HAD seen a lot of striptease acts —ladies of assorted shapes and sizes taking off their clothes with varying degrees of enthusiasm and expertise; not much to do with theatre and even less to do with art. Doody was different.

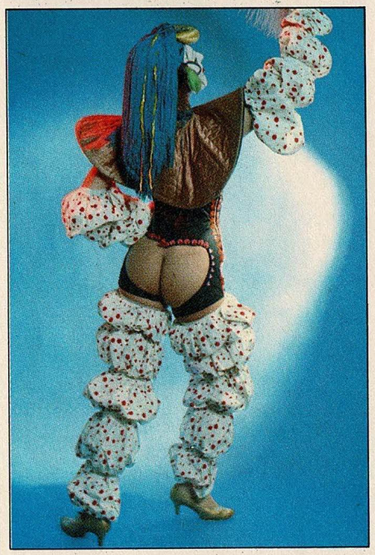
I saw her at a rock concert in Melbourne and it threw me off balance. A stripper at a rock venue! That was strange enough. But this performer didn't fit the stripper stereotype. No suspender belt, no G-string — and no face. Well, not her own. She was wearing a mask, a fixed vacant sculptured visage that hovered on the edge of life. Only the eyes hinted at an inner self, something imprisoned behind the facade.

The costume covered her from head to toe but the breasts and buttocks were exposed and yes, there between the legs at the apex of the thighs was a heart-shaped cutout framing and directing your attention to a plump mound lightly covered with

words and photos
by rennie ellis

A STRIPPER'S PROGRESS

DOODY



Although she had confronted us with her naked sex, the act lacked intimacy.

softly curling hair. My God! How deliciously perverse. The answer before the question. A striptease that begins by revealing all.

The bizarre outfit was diposed of in a series of stylised movements in the course of which a voluptuous, athletic, statuesque body gradually emerged until, quite naked, she strutted, turned and walked off.

The crowd applauded noisily but the cheers and whistles lacked that mindless group fervor that typifies the striptease audience. There was an atmosphere of uncertainty. The act had ventured outside the parameters of expectation and people felt somehow cheated. A body without a face is depersonalised. Although she had confronted us with her naked sex from the moment she stepped on stage, the act lacked intimacy. The flesh, the body were there, but not the person. This was a striptease with implications about the act of strip-teasing for both the performer and the audience. A confrontation that posed questions about female identity, role playing and our sexual mores.

Who, then, was the person behind the mask?

Doody Scott-Pilkington (not her real name) was educated at a convent and did the first year of an arts degree at Monash University before transferring to Prahran College to concentrate on art. On graduation, she became an art teacher and was posted to Bendigo.

But living in country hostels waiting for tardy Education Department cheques was not Doody's idea of an interesting life. She resigned and headed north for Sydney and the bright lights. She found them in the Aristocrat coffee lounge in Kings Cross, a late-night hangout of cabaret performers and strippers.

Doody found the strippers fascinating, extroverted and imbued with colorful and infectiously cheerful personalities. They found her friendly, curious — and the possessor of the perfect stripper's body. When they suggested she give up waitressing and join them stripping in the clubs, she jumped at the idea.

She says now: "At that stage I'd never even seen a stripper do her act, but the idea was appealing. I'd never really harbored any ideas about becoming a performer of any kind. I had no concept of eroticism and no real attitude to being nude in public, but I was interested because of the opportunity for the company of the girls and a lifestyle that was unusual and stimulating."

At the Paradise Club they christened her Swinging Jennifer and gave her a Roaring Twenties act. It was all very basic stuff, no skill required other than the ability to take off your clothes without falling over. Pay was $2.50 a show and there were several shows a night, six nights a week. It was 1969 and even in Kings Cross stripping didn't mean getting all your gear off. At the end of the act, a girl still wore bikini bottoms and her nipples were modestly concealed by the famous pasties. Novelty was not encouraged. Imaginations didn't go much beyond the old routines — the schoolgirl act, the baby doll, the whip, the cleaning lady and so on.

Doody decided to change all that. She went to choreographer Sheila Cruze at Les Girls for dancing lessons. Cruze found her a job as a showgirl at Chequers nightclub. Still far from satisfied she went to the Bodenweiser Dance Centre for more lessons and pestered choreographer Jacquie Carroll to help her with her strip act. The result was the Cape Act, a much more complex and demanding dance, performed to the opening of Richard Strauss' *Also Sprach Zarathustra* — the theme from *2001*.

But things were changing in the Cross. Thousands of American GIs on R and R from Vietnam had brought a sudden influx of new money and everyone was fighting for a piece of the action. Fortune favors the bold, and the strip club owners were not about to let a little modesty get in their way. The message to the girls was — get it all off. Pasties were out, backless G-strings were standard wear and the full frontal flash became mandatory at the end of the act.

The braver girls, including Doody, went on strike and some even demonstrated in the streets for more pay. Others simply left the clubs. Their positions were often filled by male drag queens with silicone breasts — their unwanted appendages tucked well out of sight. The girls called in Actors' Equity to try to put some union pressure on the club bosses. But the move backfired and the union rep was brutally bashed.

Doody looked for a way out. She was steadily improving her knowledge of dance technique and styles and her Cape Act was making her known outside the claustrophobic Kings Cross scene. The discovery by the press that she had been a teacher only increased demand for her work.

In 1973-74, she toured Western Australia with a band that featured Joe Camelleri (Jo Jo Zep) as lead singer, guitarist Peter Starkey (later with Skyhooks) and bass player Dave Flett (now with Redgum). The show was run by manager/friend Paul Madigan.

The group played the big iron ore mining towns of the Pilbara and flew in light planes to tiny desert watering holes like Shay Gap and Whim Creek. On Christmas Eve they performed in Darwin a few hours before Cyclone Tracey's big finale. In Perth, Doody was a popular act at Beethoven's nightclub where she did 42 weeks and shared the bill with artists like Renee Geyer. Some nights the audience numbered more than 600.

Then, in 1974, she was charged with performing an indecent act in a public place. In court, a police witness acknowledged: "I enjoyed the performance and the performer and thought it was very artistic. Then she did what she did and I thought it was disgusting."

DOODY

"I've said all I want to about nudity. Now I want to develop as a dancer."

Doody saw it differently.

"He claimed he could see my vagina when I did what he described as four-and-a-half squats. Pubic hair, it turned out, was acceptable; but if you could see the flesh behind the hair. . ."

The magistrate turned down the offer of a private performance to be submitted in evidence but, as it turned out, it didn't matter. Doody's local GP turned up in court and proved to be a vital witness for the defence. His clinching argument was that it would be impossible to see anyone's vagina unless they had their feet up in stirrups, their back flat down and a 1000-watt spotlight a metre away.

The charges were dismissed and Doody was awarded costs.

In Adelaide, Doody stripped in the Hindley Street clubs until the Sydney heavies moved in and the friendly atmosphere, generous pay and good conditions disappeared. Then it was on to Melbourne and countless performances at footy club turns, bucks' nights and break-ups.

But again the scene was changing. Massage parlor girls started picking up good money working as topless waitresses at special functions. Some allowed themselves to be raffled off at the end. Others did sex acts on stage with other parlor girls or took on men from the audience.

All this spelled bad business for Doody. Bookings fell off and when she did get them she would find herself before an audience of two or three hundred men, drunk, aggressive and looking for more than a little titillation.

"I started to realise that people's attitude to a stripper was fairly constant. It was patronising at best and usually inclined to be denigrating. I knew I was a person, not just an object popping pudenda and waving my tits around. I decided to develop a new act that was more a personal revelation of my attitudes."

So was born the Mask Dance, a dance which parodies striptease. Doody took it to universities and other specialised venues — only to meet opposition from an unexpected quarter, the feminists, the very people she thought would respond to the point she was trying to make.

Latrobe University cancelled booked appearances because of pressure from the feminist lobby. At the launching of a book by her former art teacher, Robyn Wallace-Crabbe, she was physically forced off the stage by radical feminists.

Far from deterring her, the mounting problems spurred Doody on to a fresh evaluation of her art — and to the creation of a major statement on it, the autobiographical, one-woman show The Stripper's Progress — A Parade To No Man's Land.

"I wanted to demonstrate through the medium of dance what I had evolved from and what I am now, and to try to express the general frustrations of being an individual who uses her body to express not only eroticism but ideas of confrontation and provocation as well," she says.

Since 1978, she had been taking lessons in classical dance from former prima ballerina Lynne Golding and these techniques were incorporated into a new show she and manager Paul Madigan put together. It combined audio-visual techniques with a four-part live performance using Doody's voice in conjunction with slides, old photos, press clippings and her own moody sketches to tell the story of her life of confrontations — club bosses, drag queens, police, drunks and feminists.

Choreographers Jacquie Carroll, Margaret Lassica and Bob Thorneycroft devised four dances which charted her progress from traditional stripper (The Cape), through true confessions (The Mask), to the discovery of the joy of movement (The Scarf), and finally the confusion and dilemma of the dancer evolving beyond the stripper stigma but unable to find her own space (The Fan).

The Stripper's Progress was presented to the public during the 1980 Adelaide Festival as part of the Focus festival fringe program. The audiences loved it and reviews were excellent.

In Melbourne the following year, a four-week late show season at the Universal Theatre was extended to seven weeks. The reviews continued their high praise. "A high level of joy and skill that is a delight to watch." "A little gem of personal documentary." "Stripper gives audience a rare bonus — a baring of the soul." Even *Theatre Australia* found: "Doody used classic Brechtian alienation devices. . ."

The show went to Sydney for a six-week season at the Phillip Street Theatre — and things started to go wrong. A few days before it was due to open, the board of the St James Church, which controls the theatre, learned that Doody was a former King Cross stripper. She was told the theatre was no longer available, even though advertisements for the show had already appeared in the press.

Doody and Paul sought a Supreme Court injunction to prevent the church from cancelling the season. She was offered $2000 to get out of the theatre. She refused and the church capitulated. The show went on, only to be panned by the *Sydney Morning Herald* — perhaps one reason for the small houses. It was hard to escape the bitter feeling that her Sydney past was catching up with her.

Taking the show to Canberra reinforced the suspicion. In the national capital it was a sell-out and reviews were favorable.

Since then the show has gone under wraps while Doody continues her lessons in classical dance.

She says: "I've said all I want to say about nudity in performances. Now I just want to develop as a dancer on a personal level and use nudity only where needed or relevant."

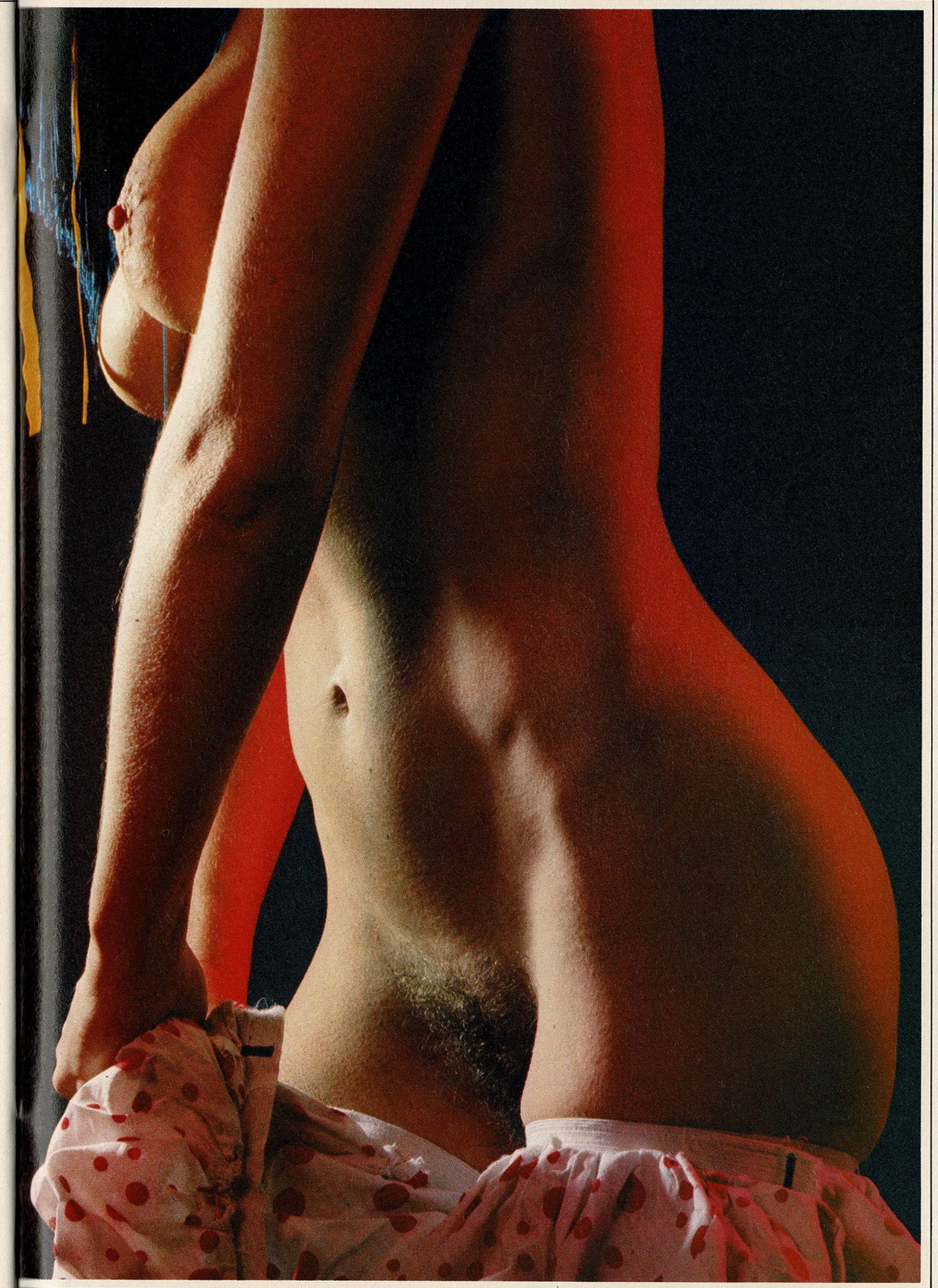


ILLUSTRATION BY GARY RUDDELL

ULTIMATE SKIING

a tale of fast times and high adventure in the best american ski resorts

TOM PASSAVANT and James R. Petersen set out to discover just what the United States had to offer for skiers. They found a lot more than snow. From the awe-inspiring — and terrifying — scenery of Crested Butte via the wealthy playground of Aspen to the ragged-edge super-runs of Telluride and Squaw Valley, they went down in style. Then there was the social life — and that was something else again. At Telluride, they were told, the marketing strategy is aimed at attracting as many rich, single women as possible. Jackson Hole has more millionaires per square centimetre than Kuwait, and Aspen. . . well, anything can happen there. But let them tell you about it. . .

CRESTED BUTTE

We crouched/huddled with five passengers in a tiny single-engine Cessna, attempting a commuter flight from Denver to Crested Butte, Colorado, God willing, no intermediate stops. The front range of the Rockies loomed outside the window like the upturned blade of a ripsaw. The pilot, a young woman whose age would be questioned in any law-abiding bar in the country,

article by tom passavant and james r. petersen

sucked on a plastic tube that dangled from the ceiling. Government regulations require that pilots flying over the front range in unpressurised aircraft maintain a reasonable supply of oxygen. Passengers are left to their own devices. Panic. Remembrance of things past. Against all odds, the plane made it through (as opposed to over) the mountain pass and began to descend toward an airfield nestled against a peak that looked ridiculously like a vanilla ice-cream cone. We noticed the wreckage of a small plane lying askew in the mud surrounding the gravel runway. "Oh, yeah," said the pilot, "we lost one a couple of months ago. It happens. No problem."

The plane landed and we found ourselves in Crested Butte, the small resort co-owned and operated by Bo Callaway, the former campaign manager for Gerald Ford. A great place to practise our professional-journalist act. We were met by a bearded PR agent who explained that Crested Butte was populated by eccentrics, bull-goose loonies and refugees from Aspen. It was the home of the Ski-to-Die Club, roller racquetball, the Miss Grubstake pageant and a concoction called Flaming Gorilla Tits. The accepted way to catch a waitress' attention in a bar was to yell out "Nurse!" We were on our own.

Twenty-four hours later, we found ourselves surrounded by locals at one of the several world-class restaurants down in the tiny Victorian gold-rush town. Crisp table linen, candles, crystal, the works. At the end of the meal, one of our companions asked for a clean white plate. While the waitress poured coffee, the woman chopped up a gram of coke on the plate and passed it around the table. Passavant asked: "Are we outside the 12-mile limit?"

"At least," replied Petersen. "I think I've died and gone to Hollywood."

The next day, we found ourselves sharing the Silver Queen chair with two of the many Nordic skiers who zoom along Crested Butte's downhill trails. Their motto is "Minimal equipment, maximum man," with a maintenance dose of mind-altering drugs. The chair lift broke when we were 45 metres above the ground. The cross-country skiers shouted to one another: "You want to get out here?" They explained that they always carried complete evacuation kits in their backpacks. Reconsidering, they decided to stay with us — the perfect hosts. One filled a pipe with marijuana, then asked his partner in the lead chair for a match.

"I have a match. Why don't you pass the opie up here?" came the reply.

"No, I have the pipe, why don't you pass the matches back here?" the first insisted.

A voice interrupted from the chair behind us: "I have a pipe and a match. Why don't you come back here?"

We asked who the guy in back was. Our guide looked over his shoulder and calmly remarked: "The town sheriff." We asked if we could borrow the evacuation kits.

Two days later, we escaped — barely. A medi-vac helicopter flew us over Pearl Pass into Aspen. Somewhat wiser, we sucked on oxygen tubes in a vain attempt to clear our hangovers. Had we peaked too early?

ASPEN

Our first impression of Aspen — drawn from the executive jets with custom paint jobs at the airport — was that this is where Learjets come to mate. Other impressions caught up fast. A Mellow Yellow Taxi transported us to our lodge, where we noticed two beautiful women climbing out of a Jeep Renegade. They looked as though they had been fur trapping for six months: each wore an endangered species on her back, with two extras over each arm. "Oh, that's my first wife and my soon-to-be-ex-wife number two," our host explained. Current live-in number three, maybe the most appealing of the lot, frowned but didn't complain.

Cruising the town later, we spied a sparkling green Bentley parked in the local

Our first impression of Aspen — drawn from the executive jets at the airport — was that this is where Learjets come to mate.

gas station. The Bentley had white-sidewall snow tires. It was very late by the time we had dinner that night, but we're pretty sure that the silver-haired matron at the next table turned to her companion and complained: "You know, our maid stole the best dope we ever had." Welcome to Aspen.

It used to be that after a day of skiing in Aspen, people would sit around and talk about drugs, sex and the carved turn. Now they talk about drugs, sex and real-estate deals. Aspen is like a poker game where someone has just raised the table stakes to an astronomical sum in order to drive out the amateurs. The game is the same, only it costs a lot more. The best-selling T-shirt in Aspen proclaims: COCAINE, CASH AND CAVIAR. The town has gone from back-packer to pocketbooks. You're never sure if you're dealing with a vacationer from back East who's saved all year for the trip or with a trust-fund refugee who lives here because he likes the company of other rich folks. You'd best play it safe and always assume the latter. Don't for example, be surprised when the woman who works as a hostess at the airport tells you she has just sold her house for $350,000 or that her friend, who is *really* rich, just landed a job flipping hamburgers at the Highlands cafeteria.

Most of the locals work for a living, and they are generally competent and industrious. They have to be: the fast tune of legend belongs to the 18-year-old waitress away from home for the first time, and to the super rich who drop in for two months before moving on to the islands (any islands). The locals have the *savoir-faire* to deal with the rich Texan who, when he found out he couldn't rent a four-wheel-drive vehicle in town, muttered darkly about turning around and going home, except that he'd already sent his pilot back to Lubbock with the plane. The story goes that he then went out and bought his own jeep and found someone in town willing to drive it back to the ranch when he was finished with it. We kept trying to separate the myths from the realities of Aspen; but every time we stood alone in a lift line and yelled "Single!" someone took it as a proposition. After a week or so, we stopped worrying about those distinctions and finished our Christmas shopping.

We skied with a local merchant on his day off. Why, we asked, had he chosen to live in Aspen? This is what he said: "There's an unofficial rating system for days at Aspen, from 1 to 100. Good snow and a clear day is an 80 or so. Ten inches of new snow and a day warm enough to ski without a jacket is in the mid-90s. Add good friends and some good wine and smoke and you hit 97. Ten inches of new snow, good friends, drink and smoke, plus a woman on the chair is with you performing carnal acts on your body, is 98. If the woman on the chair is Cheryl Tiegs, you have a 99. My average day here is about a 95. That's why I like Aspen."

On perfect days, two local, unofficial ski clubs — the Flyers and the Buckaroos — gather at the top of the ridge of Bell Mountain. Like fighter planes peeling off formation, the club members sweep through the bumps playing follow-the-leader. They hit the smoother runs in the gully, synchronise Astraltunes and cruise, skiing in each other's tracks. Riding the last chair of the day, they can make out their groove — it catches in the setting sun and glistens brighter than the random tracks of the crowd. We asked our guide — the chef at the Crystal Palace — how one becomes a member of the club. "The only requirement," he said, "is keeping up." If there is a motto for Aspen, that's it.

SUMMIT COUNTY

When we arrived at the Keystone Lodge in Summit County, Colorado, Passavant told Petersen: "You'd be a fool not to invite your girlfriend here. This place is instant memories. Women love the grand gesture." This is his report:

"The call was made. She gave same-day service. Riding the elevator at Stapleton International Airport, we read a sign that said: FOR SECURITY REASONS, CONVERSATIONS IN THIS ELEVATOR ARE MONITORED. We flipped the OFF switch to stop the elevator between floors and engaged in some heavy petting. Somewhere, someone got an earful. Later we engaged in some serious fooling around in the car, in the parking garage, while an automatic voice intoned: 'The white zone is for loading and unloading only.'

"The next day, we made our way on cross-country skis to a ghost town. At an abandoned mine, we found a rusted cart, frozen in its tracks, standing guard outside some broken-down shacks. We had chocolate bars, apricots and cider in our packs. We leaned our skis against the wall and ate lunch. I explained the dangers of high-mountain recreation, specifically hypothermia. I told my date that the accepted first aid was to take off your clothes and climb naked into a sleeping bag. We practised. We were a million miles from nowhere, a hundred years from now. A definition of paradise: to be in the middle of nowhere, with a Jacuzzi 30 minutes down the road."

JACKSON HOLE

If Aspen is where people go to show off wealth, Jackson Hole, Wyoming, is where they go to hide. There are more than 80 millionaires in a town of 5000 residents, and they make a point of being inconspicuous. Instead of wearing fur coats, these super-rich work for the volunteer fire department. Still, one local shop does sell a T-shirt that reads: THE MAN WHO DIES WITH THE MOST TOYS WINS.

The supreme distraction at Jackson Hole is a day (or a week) spent with High Mountains Helicopter Skiing — our introduction to the ultimate skiing experience. We had signed up with High Mountains and, because the weather had closed in, we were put on its waiting list. The next day, while we were standing in line to get lift tickets, the woman behind the counter said: "Oh, High Mountains called. Today you get to go helicopter skiing." We looked out at Rendezvous Peak, covered with two feet of fresh powder.

The skier in line behind us said: "Life is full of tough choices, isn't it?"

Within a half hour, we had joined the group at the take-off point behind the Americana Snow King hotel. A Hughes attack helicopter lifted us up into a valley called Cache Creek. We thought of the scene in *Apocalypse Now*, the helicopters flying into battle to the sound of *The Ride of the Valkyries*, Robert Duvall saying, "If I say this beach is safe for surfing, this beach is safe for surfing!"

The copter set down gingerly on a peak where mortal men wouldn't have had room to pitch a tent and we dropped over the cornice in pairs. The snow was meaty, gorgeous, filet mignon powder. We started making turns, getting used to the consistency. The one thing no one tells you about powder is this: learn to do one turn in it and you've got it licked. Repeat the motion a few hundred times and you're back at the copter, out of breath and ready to do it again. The first run was a bit awkward. A few of us made contributions to the beer fund (anyone who falls down antes up). One of us qualified for the hard-alcohol fund. Gradually, we got the hang of it and sailed along the perfect, natural terrain through glistening glades, down avalanche-carved chutes and over meadows covered with 20 feet of snow.

TELLURIDE

Telluride, Colorado, is a former boom town, the site of one of the richest gold mines in American history. Butch Cassidy robbed his first bank here and the Senate bar still has on its wall the wooden roulette wheel that ran nonstop for 34 years (all bets in gold or silver only). The whole town was declared a National Historic District in 1964, so very little, especially the exteriors, will be changing.

The ghosts of old miners seem to flash in the air, and the town attracts its share of eccentrics and non-equity character actors.

A few of us made contributions to the beer fund (anyone who falls down antes up). One of us qualified for the hard-alcohol fund.

We walked into a local bar and saw a picture of the Flying Epoxy Sisters on the wall; three guys who ski on a single pair of skis at the same time — wearing dresses. When the trio came to town, one of the locals apparently took offence. He cornered an Epoxy Sister in a bar and began to question the virility of a guy who liked to wear dresses. The Epoxy Sister looked him in the eye and said: "You can throw a punch. You can buy me a drink. We can have fun any way you want." John Wayne would have worn a dress to deliver a line like that.

People who feel out of sync with the real world come here to play in America's attic, this town full of old clothes and old buildings and new kitchenware boutiques. When we asked a Responsible Person about Telluride's marketing strategy, he thought for a while and said: "We want to attract as many rich single women as possible." A few nights later, we stumbled into the Jacuzzi at our lodge sometime after midnight and ran into a naked woman cavorting with three naked men. They casually adjourned to her room while we soaked our muscles. The marketing plan seems to be working, at least for some.

To skiers, Telluride is known for the steeps — the Plunge and its neighbor, the Spiral Stairs (known locally as the Spiral Scares). These runs are the Super Bowl and the world series of bump runs. Each trail plummets 960 vertical metres (emphasis on *vertical*) and is cut about three skiers wide through the trees. As for the moguls, you can't figure out how they managed to park all those snow-covered Volkswagens on such a steep incline. About a third of the way down, your knees surrender. Your lower body is abused, and if you cross your tips, even for an instant, the engine of fear kicks into overdrive. You worry about tumbling directly into the pool of the Telluride Lodge a half mile below. Two thirds of the way down, you hit a flat section and think, Thank God, it's over. You relax your concentration. Then the whole front of the mountain drops away and there, now a mere 300 metres below, staring you in the face through the gun sight of your ski tips, is the town. Your breath sounds like a Darth Vader sound track. Your body becomes a heat pump that is rapidly pushing toward meltdown. You make a pact with your knees — just get me out of this alive and I promise not to make love in the missionary position for six months. Honest.

When you reach the bottom, you realise what you've done. You've passed one of the ultimate tests of American skiing. The memory is like mental muscle tone. It's a take: the silent movie that resides in your mind is there for the asking, and it'll get you down every bump run you'll ever encounter. This is the nature of confidence. You'll never be less than the person who skied the Plunge.

SQUAW VALLEY

A hostess volunteered to show us the top of a steep bowl called Sunspot at the California resort of Squaw Valley. We began by side-stepping up an icy ridge barely wider than our skis were long. On one side was a 30-metre cliff. Two inches in front of our skis was an equally steep precipice that ended in a tumbled mass of jagged rock. We became totally involved in the miracle of edging, concentrating on the tiny acts that would keep us from sliding to an unfortunate and untidy demise. Our lives wanted to flash in front of our eyes, but the film was jammed in the projector. The ridge terminated at the base of a cliff. We took off our skis, balanced them on our shoulders and, with our free hands, began to climb an orange ladder, which we assumed was fastened securely to the rock. The ladder gave way to a cable stretched taut across a sheet of ice. We pulled ourselves to the summit. The scenery was magnificent. The Sierras stretched for miles. The sunlight ricocheted off the waters of Lake Tahoe, doing something that light had never done to water before.

The only way down was the other side of a cornice; we wondered if we could call a taxi. We could hear the gun click behind us because the hostess had already pushed off — and we were supposed to be following.

It's her duty to show newcomers the easiest way to the bottom. Here that means the skier slips over the edge, at an angle to the headwall.

With great care, we slid over the edge. We established contact with the slope, planting our poles, pulling ourselves into the centre of the turn. The first one was cautious. We overedged. Gradually, we let the skis slide, stroking the mountain as we would calm an animal (down, boy). We focused on completing each turn. The price of freedom is eternal vigilance.

We stopped at the bottom of the slope, giddy with adrenalin. This is another take, another silent movie that will last for the rest of our lives. We recall the details: the lichen on the face of the cliff, the layers of rock, the orange flecks of paint, the sheen of the ice, the exact size of the mark in the snow made by the toe of a boot.

Having broken the laws of gravity, we looked at the hostess. We were certain that sex, should it occur, would be incredible. Suddenly, a part of the mountain loomed over our shoulders. It was a member of the ski patrol, her boyfriend. 6'6" or so. "Um, you guys okay?" he asked. "I was worried. We got a report that someone fell off the cliffs."

We both looked at our escort and then at her boyfriend, and each of us had the very same thought: we may take risks, but we're not stupid.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SPRING SKIING

When spring rolls around, everyone in ski country acquires an altered state of consciousness. The grins become four feet wide. The snow still falls, the sun still shines, but the tourists are long gone. People indulge in controlled substances or reasonable facsimiles thereof. We heard one story that describes the skiing subculture perfectly. It seems that some degenerate phoned in a bomb threat to a ski area. A search uncovered several sticks of dynamite in a locker in the base lodge, and the management was faced with the problem of clearing the cafeteria without panic until the bomb squad arrived. They sent the scruffiest character they could find through the line. As he moved past the French fries and hot chocolate, he whispered: "It's a bust." Within five minutes, the base lodge was empty.

Even without drugs, the attitude readjustment in the spring is worth noting. At Squaw Valley, the lift attendants set up a charcoal grill and serve barbecued chicken to those most deserving — i.e., everyone having a good time. At Mammoth, there are picnics, costume parties and bikini parades. Amen. At Vail, the management sponsors something called Mountain Madness. The locals dress up in gorilla suits, banana suits, Tinker Bell suits, etc, and take to the mountain. At Snowmass, skiers construct a jump near one of the swimming pools at the base. At the end of the day, they cruise down, hit the ramp and launch themselves into the pool — boots, skis and all. At every mountain that is still open, skiers strip down to T-shirts and bikini tops to catch some rays. At Keystone, a chalk board near one of the lifts sums up the feeling: SMILE, EVERYONE WILL WONDER WHAT YOU ARE UP TO.

At Stowe, we encountered some locals who told us about the gondoliers — people who've had sex on the seven-and-half-minute ride in the enclosed cars. The quarters are cramped and your time is limited, but, hey. Skiers have to plan their positions in advance. They start taking off their clothes in the lift line. The crew at the top of the gondola used to applaud the cars that arrived with steamed-up windows. Then somebody got the bright idea of rubbing no-fog cloths on the Plexiglas for a better view. We asked a couple of gondoliers if seven and a half minutes left much time for foreplay. "What's foreplay?" they asked.

We could go on forever — about skiing the trees at Steamboat, exchanging business cards with a beautiful young lady in an avalanche chute at Mammoth, about our day on the Outer Limits at Killington, about climbing to the top of Mt Mansfield and skiing down through the miniboos, about heated swimming pools, white-outs, the day we invented a new drink called a Jacuzzi sunrise, the perfect day at Taos. The day that Jenny and Cheryl took off their tops to ski bare-breasted past the camera at Alta, through two feet of fresh powder. Cruising at Sun Valley, while a sailplane hung against the clear-blue sky. Ten inches of powder at Stratton. Moonlit tours across a high meadow near Aspen the night of a meteor shower.

When spring rolls around, everyone in ski country acquires an altered state of consciousness. The grins become four feet wide.

As we told our colleagues when we got back to work: it was a dirty job, but somebody had to do it.

Best Night Life: 1. Aspen, Colorado. Still crazy after all these years. 2. Vail, Colorado. Not as high-toned as Aspen, but lots of action. 3. Sun Valley, Idaho. Partying is a tradition here. 4. Stowe, Vermont. Not as highly publicised, but very lively. 4. Crested Butte, Colorado. Tops in the Small Resort Division. Most night life per capita.

Toughest Runs: 1. The Plunge and the Spiral Stairs, at Telluride, Colorado. A tie for tops in sustained depravity. 3. High Rustler, at Alta, Utah. The ultimate in exposure, like skiing off the edge of the Earth. 4. Gunbarrel at Heavenly Valley, California. Bumps — so many bumps. 5. The Starr and the Goat (tie), at Stowe, Vermont. Thin as toothpicks, with trees on the sides and moguls in your way.

Best Saloons: 1. The Million Dollar Cowboy Bar, Jackson, Wyoming. Real cowboys. Real cowgirls. Real fistfights. Real saddles on the barstools. 2. The New Sheridan Bar, Telluride, Colorado. Wonderful Victoriana and gold-rush atmosphere. 3. The Senate Bar, Telluride. A place where you wouldn't be surprised to see a guy pay for his drink with gold dust. 4. Hotel Jerome Bar, Aspen, Colorado. Legendary gathering spot.

Prettiest Girls: Mammoth Mountain, California. Charlie's Angels go skiing. Thousands of them.

Prettiest Women: Sun Valley, Idaho. The women here wear clothes they couldn't get away with anywhere else.

Best Expert Terrain: 1. Snowbird and Alta, Utah (tie). Unrelentingly steep and deep. 3. Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Thousands of acres of challenging wilderness. 4. Stowe, Vermont. You climb for the best. 5. Taos, New Mexico.

Best Intermediate Terrain: 1. Snowmass, Colorado. Vast choice of runs for all skiers. 2. Sun Valley, Idaho. A huge mountain for solid intermediates. 3. Park City, Utah. Wasatch powder on fun trails.

Most Expensive Areas: 1. Aspen and Vail, Colorado (tie). You don't really *have* to spend much at these places, but it's so much fun. 3. Stratton, Vermont.

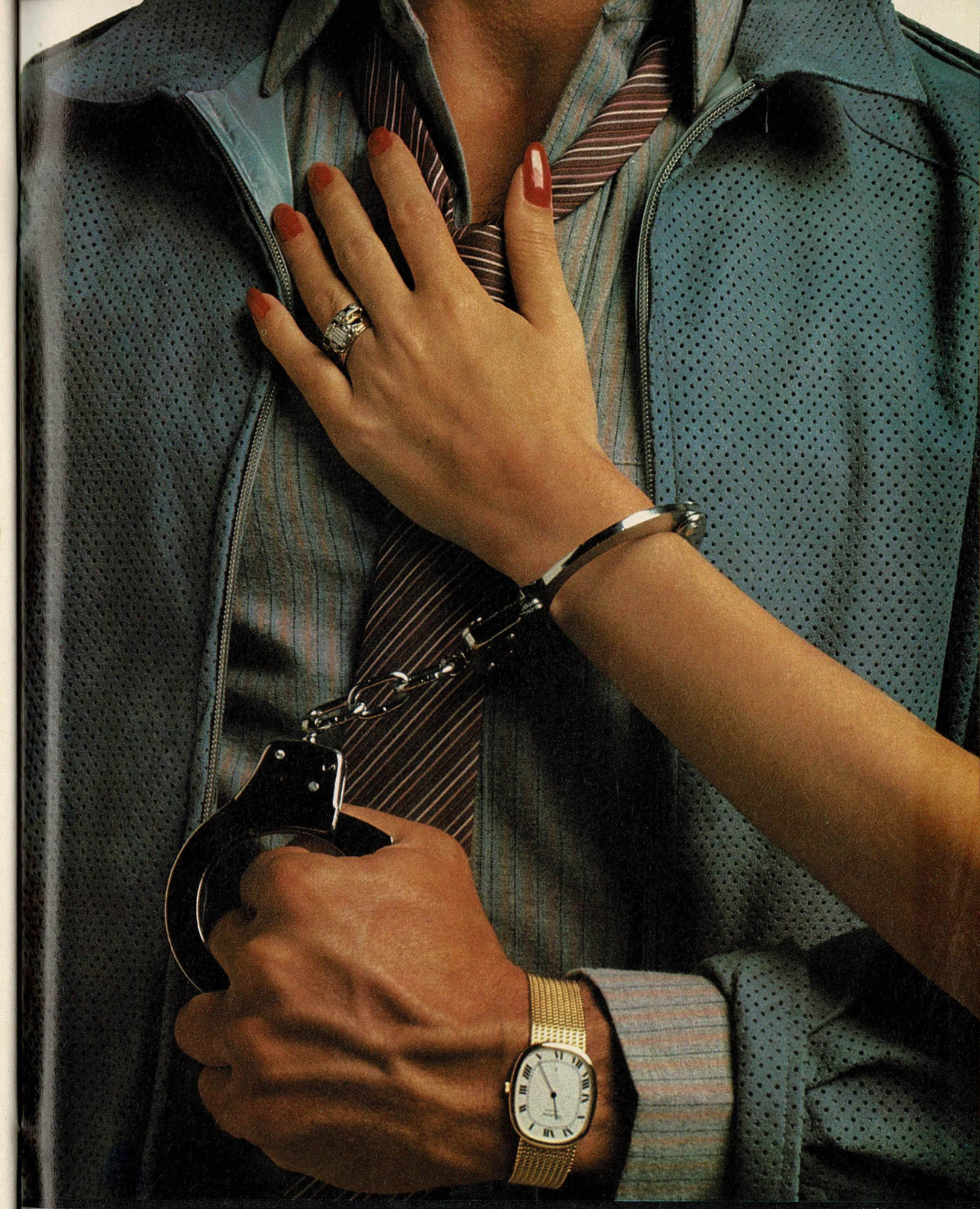
Least Expensive Areas: 1. Mammoth Mountain, California. Surprisingly affordable housing and meals of high quality, plus California wines. 2. Alta, Utah — $10 lift tickets and a couple of inexpensive lodges.

Most Romantic Lodges: 1. Aspen Ski Lodge, Aspen, Colorado. Compact and modern, with superb taste and attention to detail. 2. Sun Valley Lodge, Idaho. The *grande dame* of American skiing, full of charm and memories. 3. Aspen House, Snowmass, Colorado. Only four suites and very expensive, but worth it. 4. Irwin Lodge, near Crested Butte, Colorado. Isolated, rustic and wildly romantic. 5. Christmas Farm Inn, Jackson, New Hampshire. Everything a New England inn should be.

Best Saint Bernards: Summit Lodge, Killington, Vermont. Often disguised as mild-mannered buildings. They even snooze in front of the fireplace.

Best Winter Carnival: Steamboat Springs, Colorado. They stage it for themselves, not for the tourists, so the fun is genuine.

Best Place to Go Shopping: Aspen, Colorado. Three stars for conspicuous consumption. Great selection of high-quality goods. — TOM PASSAVANT



THE TIES THAT BIND

Fashion and photography by Wendy Adnam

Striped tie, $30, from John Serafino, Sydney; blue-grey suede jacket, $200, shirt, $40, cotton pants, $50, all by Plot, from leading boutiques. Chopard watch, $6200, from Perri's, Sydney.

Leather tie, $30, Sabato olive green suede jacket, $329, check cotton shirt, $49.50, tan suede pants, $250, all from Il Tacchino, Sydney.

Striped knit tie, $15.50, Sabato beige suede jacket, $269, Giorgio Armani shirt, $89.50, tan suede pants, $250, all from Il Tacchino, Sydney.

THE DOS AND DON'TS OF HI-FI

take the pain and problems out of buying your sound system

THERE is one word about buying your new sound gear in Honkers, Singapore or Fiji. Don't. The chances are, for a start, that you won't find much of the top gear in duty-free ports, because most of it comes from specialist manufacturers who set up specialist marketing arrangements for its sale. Much of the best equipment, Japanese, British or American, doesn't find its way into Change Alley.

What you're likely to end up with, if you're lucky, is some mediocre machine that does its nominal job reliably; but I've heard of too many unpleasant experiences about duty-free purchases to be able to recommend the idea.

A favorite trick is the dumping of rejects. The Japs are rightly famed for their quality control on premium goods, but what happens to the rejects? Not so long ago, a friend of mine bought a famous-name moving-coil pickup cartridge in Hong Kong at about one third the Australian price. It sounded awful! A quick look through the magnifying glass revealed a poorly mounted stylus, and the cartridge went to an Australian stylus replacement expert for repair. The expert reported a bent cantilever (the bit that carries the stylus) and this also had to be replaced. Total cost was now around the prevailing local price. Finally, my friend decided to replace the cartridge, through the local distributor's exchange scheme. He ended up paying full price for the replacement, because the original was recognised as a factory reject which had been bought overseas.

There are other pitfalls. Most local distributors are unable to offer free service under warranty for personal imports — part of the cost of an item bought here is a loading in case of failure during warranty. You can also end up with something completely useless because it works on different electrical standards — like the man who bought a clock-radio intended for Canada. He circumnavigated the voltage problem by using a suitable transformer, but the clock still lost 10 minutes every hour. It was fitted with a synchronous motor whose speed is determined by mains *frequency* — 60Hz in Canada, 50Hz here. If that confuses you, then I've made the point.

There are many more hidden traps, but the ones mentioned should give you the general idea. On a different level altogether, though, consider what would happen to our import industry if we all bought overseas. If it disappeared, the service industry it has built up would also go, so apart from buying yourself a load of trouble from a well-fed, slick Chinese merchant, you're undermining the industry you need to help you!

DO decide on a budget.

Make up your mind what bits and pieces you need. Essential to any good system are a turntable, an amplifier (which will, more often than not, come in two separate bits, control unit or preamplifier, and a power amplifier) and speakers. With FM radio now happening in a big way, you will probably also want a stereo tuner, but this, like a tape unit, is really an extra.

Any reasonable system is likely to set you back at least $1500, giving you $500 each for turntable, amp and a pair of speakers. Your choice should take into account how you intend to use the system — large room, small room; speakers on the floor, on stands, on shelves; accommodation for turntable, amplifer, tuner, tape unit etc, etc.

A good dealer will offer you lots of valuable advice on all these subjects, but until you stumble across one, I suggest you arm yourself with magazines on the subject. Unfortunately, no local magazine offers really comprehensive and informative coverage of audio so you're probably best to study the major British magazines, mainly because most of the better equipment they discuss is available here. The American underground audio press is excellent and mighty entertaining but so much of the equipment discussed is unavailable or simply too ridiculously expensive and/or extravagant.

DON'T take the easy way out.

If you expect hi-fi to sound like hi-fi rather than music you'll have no problems at all and you can simply name your price and let your friendly neighborhood electrical store, pick the bits and pieces to suit. The average so-called hi-fi system nowadays — the sort that comes in a special rack with specially matching

article by richard timmins

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILLY

component control panels, or one of the ultra-mini systems, most of which look like a million dollars and sound quite the opposite, are really the present-day version of the one-piece stereogram.

If you're buying such a system you'll be regaled with pages of glossy literature showing mouth-watering photos and all manner of specification figures, which have only a partial relevance to performance.

DO take your time.

If you want to listen to music, prepare for a lengthy expedition and don your Scotchgarded bullshit-proof anti-shark armor. Essential parts of your equipment are a fairly good sense of what you call music, including the ability to recognise the sounds of the main types of instruments, and coupled with this, the belief that a good system is going to reveal enough of a recording to enable instruments to be clearly recognisable.

Also take three or four of your favorite records, ones that you know particularly well. The first indication you'll get of being on the right trail is when you start to hear many more things happening in those familiar recordings, and when those new things seem to be surrounded by more space. As the equipment improves, you'll find these details you never noticed before emerging with greater clarity. Assuming sensitive and appropriate recordings, you'll find the music starts to make far more artistic sense, to become more fluid yet more immediate and tangible, altogether more natural and apparently effortless. You'll also find that things seem to be more in tune, and that a lot of the things you thought were mistakes (wrong notes, missed timing) aren't. And you'll probably uncover a few real mistakes.

DON'T be railroaded.

I've had personal experience as a broker of high class (what else?) audio equipment, and I'm still incensed from time to time by the way potential buyers have been mesmerised by the "specifications syndrome" and/or the current technical fad. You'll do both of you a favor by asking your dealer to demonstrate the system he considers best in his store. And the chances are it won't be the most expensive. Give this system a careful audition, using if possible a variety of familiar material. You may or may not like what you hear, but either way, don't commit yourself to any purchase at this stage, no matter how tempting the idea.

A good dealer will respond to a request like this by demonstrating the best system, and leaving you to it for an hour or so, while he talks on the telephone or whatever and you have a chance of becoming familiar with the gear. This is the ideal situation. You'll find, on the other hand, that many dealers will simply whip you into a room containing a couple of dozen pairs of speakers of different size and shape and price, all connected to a big box covered in switches called, in the trade, a comparator.

The idea of this infernal machine is to give you instantaneous comparison between any pairs of speakers you care to select, and more often than not you can choose between amplifiers and turntables, too.

All you'll end up with is a headache. Comparators are of limited value and for a number of reasons are likely to confuse the issue rather than clarify it. The two main drawbacks are, to my mind, the losses in the necessarily complex switching systems and cables, and the fact that any speaker will have its performance degraded through interference from a non-operating speaker in the same room. A good dealer will comply with any reasonable request for a demo of one pair of speakers at a time. If he hasn't the facilities in his store, he could well suggest a home demo at your place, or a visit to a system of the sort you're considering already set up in a home.

If your dealer tries to divert you towards a particular product, reeling off strings of figures as proof of superiority, and offering you a generous monetary incentive to purchase, be very wary, because he's probably in the running for a free holiday in Suva or something of the sort. At wholesale level, audio marketing is very aggressive indeed and this can be reflected at retail level. By and large the type of equipment subjected to high-pressure selling techniques isn't the real McCoy so if you find yourself in that situation, smile politely and take your leave.

Because top hi-fi gear tends to come from small, specialist manufacturers, you're likely to end up choosing several different brands.

DON'T be blinded by science.

Fundamentally the sound reproduction technique is quite easy to grasp and anyway you *don't* need to know the finer scientific details about music to enjoy it. You'll find the best equipment looks uncomplicated, will probably have very few controls (and so no gimmicks which you often pay for but don't use) and will often be described in terms of its *subjective* performance — its ability to present music in its original textures within a three-dimensional space. Discussion of specific distortion levels, actual power outputs and the like are irrelevant because you can hear if it's loud enough, clear enough and musical.

Unfortunately there are only a handful of dealers in Australia who really know what they're about but persevere and you'll find them (or one of them) fairly quickly. If you check out who sells the sort of gear the audiophiles are using, and the hi-fi mags are helpful for that, you'll save a lot of time.

DON'T be impractical.

Your final choice will be influenced by two factors, price and practicality. It would obviously be silly to buy two-metre tall speakers for your three by four metre room. It would also be stupid to buy shoebox-size speakers for your grand ballroom. If you've already considered matters like this, and you should have done, then your chosen system will already be taking shape in your mind.

Some other factors need to be considered, nevertheless, and these involve areas such as addition of new facilities, such as tuners, tape recorders and the forthcoming digital disc players, and also upgrading. Hi-fi is part of a dynamic technology, and is bound to continue improving, though on the other hand the best systems of today don't always perform in an immediately obvious superior manner to those of 10 or even 20 years ago. The improvements have often been quite subtle, and though quite obvious to experienced listeners they aren't readily apparent *except* by dint of relaxed, yet critical auditioning.

DON'T be impressed by brand names.

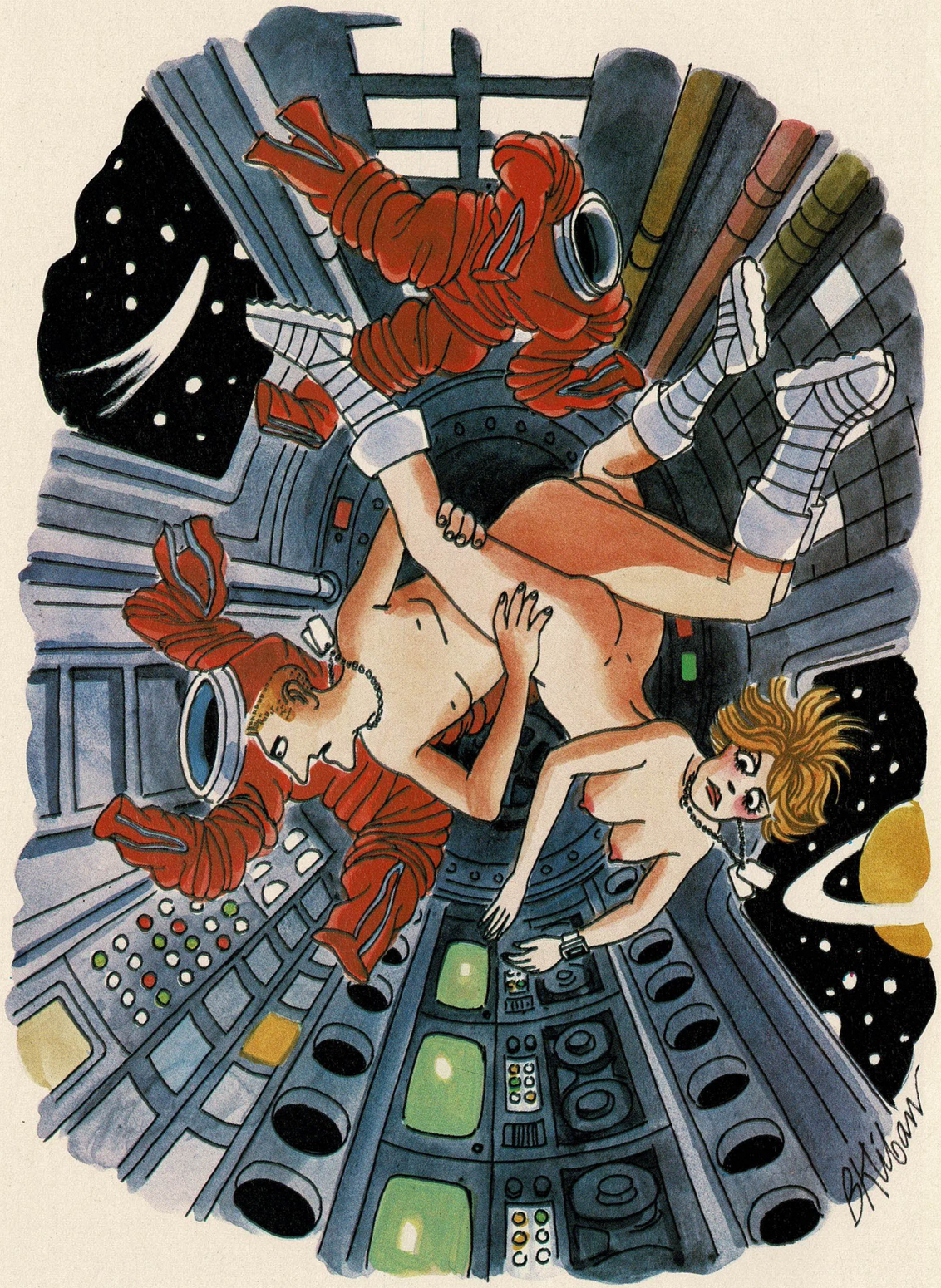
Because top hi-fi gear tends to come from small, specialist manufacturers, you're likely to end up choosing several different brands. Even in those instances where, say, amplifiers and speakers are offered by the same manufacturer, the brand name is no guarantee of excellence. What has often happened in the past is that a manufacturer, having produced, for example, a good speaker, starts building amplifiers as a sideline. Sideline products have a strange habit of having things wrong with them and should be accorded the same suspicion applicable to *any* unknown quantity, regardless of origin. Many situations of this sort prevail in the audio industry, like the famous British firm which makes a reference-standard speaker totally at odds with the annoyingly deficient amplification of the same brand name. You are likely to end up with a collection of names like Dunlop turntable, Syrinx arm, Koetsu cartridge, Exposure preamp, Allen Wright power amp, Mission speakers (I'm not implying recommendation of this combination, incidentally) — six brands in a basic record-playing system.

DON'T buy components that don't match.

Clearly compatibility is a problem here. A Decca cartridge, for example, will not work in many arms including many of the expensive exotica now available such as the Ittock, Fidelity Research or Syrinx. It works admirably, however, in the low-cost Hadcock unipivot, and the Mission. Arm-cartridge-turntable compatibility is a most important consideration and, unless you have first hand experience of a good range, you'd best depend on your dealer and magazine reviews and, above all, your ears to make your choice.

If you choose a moving-coil cartridge

(continued on page 144)



"Dammit! Somebody's at the airlock!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM McCARTER

20 QUESTIONS: RENEE GEYER

australia's queen of raunchy rock talks about sex and drugs and taking care of business

It has the makings of the most unlikely rock 'n' roll story ever told, but Renee Geyer is living proof that it's true. Try it on for size: white Aussie girl of European-Jewish origins heads off to America to sell her black, rhythm and blues sound in the country which founded the form. A disaster for anybody else, but as soon as Renee Geyer opened her mouth all things became possible.

The well-worn image is one of the raunchy, ballsy, blues singer who could sell a song with her black magic vocals, a sensual face and a body which put into motion every sentiment of her song. Here was a touch of Janis Joplin — a rough diamond but all class. In truth, there was a bit more than that. Renee Geyer discovered at an early age that when she gave power to her vocal chords, people took notice. She has been spending the years since discovering singing is still her finest asset. That discovery involved transplanting her career from Sydney to California where the creative push for someone strongly influenced by the American Way is all powerful. Her decision to return to Australia to live coincided with the release of her latest album, So Lucky, *which she rates her best by far. PLAYBOY's Neil Jameson caught up with Renee Geyer hours before she was to flit back to America for a New York photographic session. He tells us: "Renee is like most fine performers in that she is supremely comfortable when she's at work. Take her outside that environment and she becomes vulnerable. It means she's disarmingly human, yet sensitive about how she is seen by others. It's an interesting contrast with her image as a powerful entertainer and a sexy personality because it exposes a basic humility and shyness."*

All that, and huge tits to boot.

1.

PLAYBOY: How does a girl like you get to be a girl like you?

GEYER: By doing what comes naturally. I've always loved singing and I like the recognition. Unfortunately, this business is much more than just singing and there are many things that go with it which I don't necessarily like. I know the press and publicity side is important so I just grin and bear it. I get a lot of satisfaction out of people buying my records and coming to see me perform.

2.

PLAYBOY: Has it taken you a long time to discover that singing is what you do best?

GEYER: When I first entered the business I thought: "Well, that's what I'm good at and maybe I'll develop into something else later on." It's now later on and I'm still working to make my singing as good as possible.

3.

PLAYBOY: What are the origins of the Renee Geyer image?

GEYER: Hmmm. I was 18 or 19 when I had *the* shot taken. It was the photo the press used for the next three or four years. I'd had a couple of drinks and I was sitting on a chair backwards, with my feet wrapped around it and my boobs cleverly arranged.

4.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't it seem strange that someone of your background should bob up in America sounding so convincingly black that you were once played on an exclusively black radio station?

GEYER: That lasted until they saw the album cover and discovered I was white. I think part of the confusion there was that the album they played had a particular rhythm and blues feel and that is not necessarily me, or my style. I think the new album is more me because it's got wider appeal. It's mainly rock 'n' roll and a reggae-ish type, bluesy album.

5.

PLAYBOY: Sex, dope and sundry excess are all part of rock and roll. Is it a wearing lifestyle?

GEYER: When a musician goes on the road he or she is going to experience all that. The life we lead is a night life, and it is the reason why so many people get worn out by it. It starts at sundown and when you come off stage later in the night you are so wired that the last thing you can do is go to sleep. You want to drink a bit and go with people who keep those hours. It's the lifestyle. I don't think it's degrading or particularly decadent. If you handle it right it can be a lot of fun. In fact, it is possible to be on the road and still live a healthy existence, if you're careful.

6.

PLAYBOY: Rock scholars say the term "rock 'n' roll" was originally a black euphemism for screwing. Is that still applicable?

GEYER: I didn't know that. Rock 'n' roll is a very sexual form. You can get to a point in a song where it's really building up and it can be like arriving at an orgasm. R and B is very sensual. I guess it's possible to sing in a loudmouth, rough sort of style but because of the phrasing and tone, it can still sound very sexy.

7.

PLAYBOY: What people have inspired you?

GEYER: Aretha Franklin would be my all-time favorite. I love Donny Hathaway, the lead singer out of the Temptations, Paul Rogers. . .

8.

PLAYBOY: Working in America has meant you've worked with outstanding musicians. Is that flattering?

GEYER: Oh, yeah. One day when we were working on *So Lucky* three black singers came in to sing on a couple of tracks. They were James Ingram, Bobby King and Willie Smith — the vocalists who support Ry Cooder. They listened to the whole session and were knocked out. They couldn't believe my background. They were asking me which gospel church I had come from. I don't know why I sound like I do.

9.

PLAYBOY: Have you always sounded that way?

GEYER: Even before I first listened to Aretha or any other influences, I had that sound and feel. It's not something I take for granted because I know how different black music really is. It's there and no matter how close anyone gets, you really can't touch it.

10.

PLAYBOY: What is the ugliest aspect of the rock business?

GEYER: Bad venues. You wouldn't believe some of the places. Filthy back-rooms in which performers are expected to change. Men's urinals, the lot. After you've been around awhile and seen the top and bottom, it's hard to come back to that sort of thing. It really comes down to how the venue operators look at it. To some people, bums on seats are more important than keeping the performer happy. They don't seem to understand that if the performer is happy she is really going to get out there and put everything into the act. We went to some

places up north where it was 33 degrees at night. The club would seat 500 so they'd pack in 600. Of course, everybody would be going to and fro getting drinks during the show. It's cruel.

11.

PLAYBOY: Handling the pressure of constant live performance and recording must make huge demands on your ego. Do you have a strong ego?
GEYER: Every artist has an ego. I'm confident in my singing and always have been. There are lots of other things I feel insecure about, but they never intrude because as soon as I open my mouth everything works out okay. Sometimes the build-up to a performance or recording session can be nerve-wracking. I'm just an ordinary person, but when I meet new people I'm often shy, especially in America where I was constantly introduced to people I'd heard of or long admired. When we started work, it didn't matter.

12.

PLAYBOY: How much tougher is it on a female performer in view of the obvious sexual pressures?
GEYER: I don't think the male-female thing is important in what I do. It's never worried me. I know this subject will keep coming up, but I've never been discriminated against because I've done everything to the best of my ability. People respect you for that, whether you're male or female.

13.

PLAYBOY: Did people realise that early in your career?
GEYER: Some did and others saw it as part of the brazen, raunchy image.

14.

PLAYBOY: What has the Californian experience meant to you?
GEYER: It's meant a creative boost because I've started to write. It's been great for my work because the atmosphere is so inspiring. There are music and movies everywhere you go. It is such a creative influence. It was very good for me in another way — I could go to the supermarket and not be recognised. It is a nice way to come down to earth.

15.

PLAYBOY: A white girl with a black-sounding voice — didn't it seem like carrying coals to Newcastle?
GEYER: I was worried about that, particularly with so much good black music coming from LA. But I gave it a bit of thought and realised I've got my own sound and my style is different. All it needed was a bit of direction. The two years in America helped that, along with the influence of Rob Fraboni, who produced *So Lucky*, and Ricky Fataar, who co-produced it. When I got to America and realised what was going on, I was challenged by it. I hadn't really been challenged by Australia. There will never be that many singers around in the Australian market place who you can compare yourself with and who will make you work that much harder.

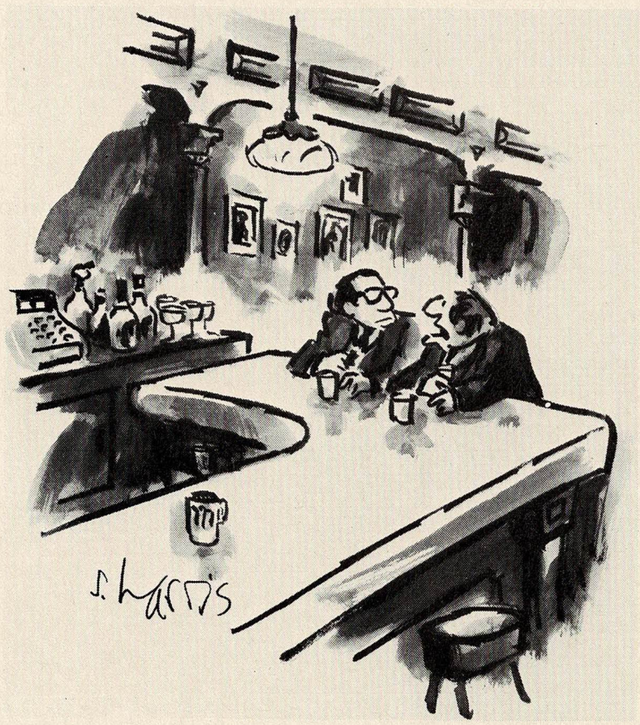
16.

PLAYBOY: But you've decided to move back to Australia?
GEYER: Yeah. I think I've realised that it's possible to live almost anywhere and still be successful, providing you've done the work.

17.

PLAYBOY: And now you're going back to the US for another quick visit?
GEYER: We're with CBS in London and Europe, and now they want to release the album in America. They're keen to do a different album cover and want me to fly off to New York for the photo sessions. Ian McLagan, who played keyboards on the album, will be in New York on tour with the Stones, so I'll be able to see him.

18.



PLAYBOY: How did you become acquainted with the musicians and crew who worked on the *So Lucky* album?
GEYER: I met Rob Fraboni about six years ago when he came out here with Joe Cocker. When we supported Eric Clapton I got to know Carl Radle on tour. Carl was also a good friend of Rob, and it was through Carl that I got to know Rob better. It was later, through Rob, that I met Ricky Fataar.

19.

PLAYBOY: Ian McLagan on keyboards must have been a bonus?
GEYER: Oh, yeah. He used to be in the Faces and as soon as we finished the album sessions he had to take off and join the Stones tour. He left the night after he finished the keyboard overdubs on the album. He had a big part in picking one of the songs and he wrote another himself.

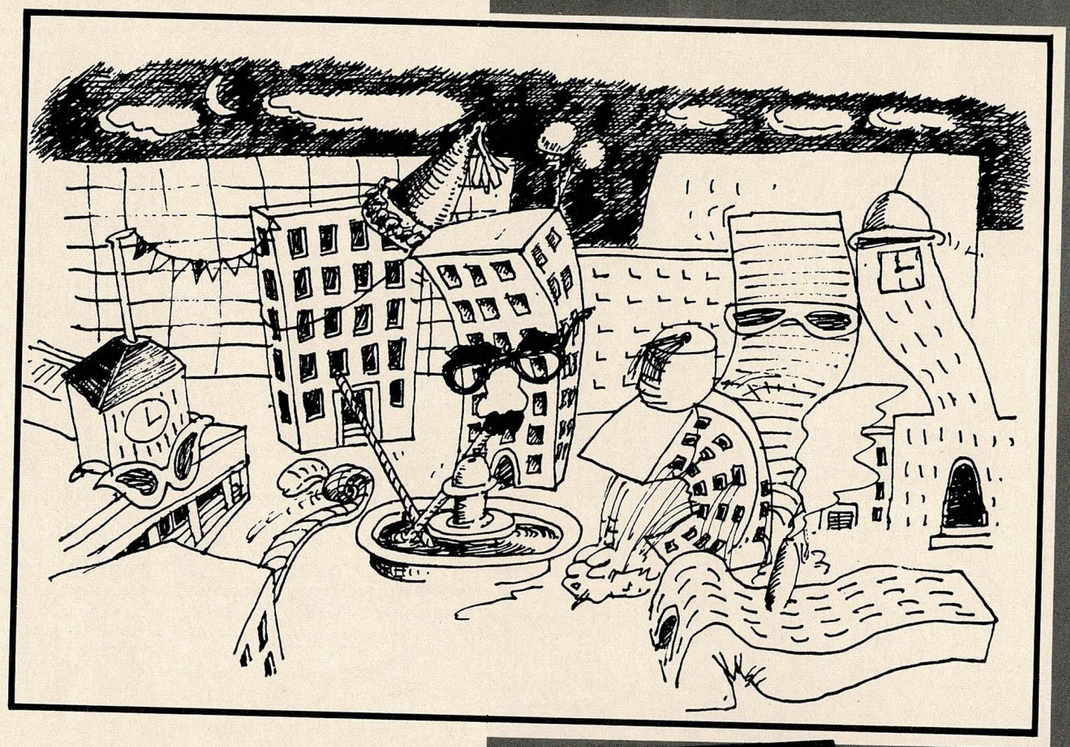
20.

PLAYBOY: What now?
GEYER: I've got a good idea of what sort of material I like doing now which means that it's easier to choose songs which will work. I'd like to pursue my songwriting, keep performing and hope this album sells well. After that, who knows?

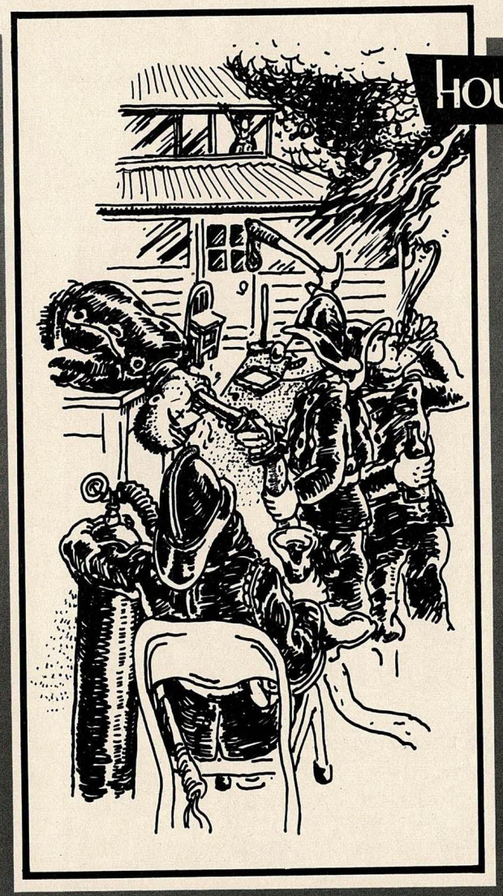
"I was under the impression I was beginning to have an affair with my secretary, but I must be imagining it because she seems to be totally unaware of it."

PARTY!

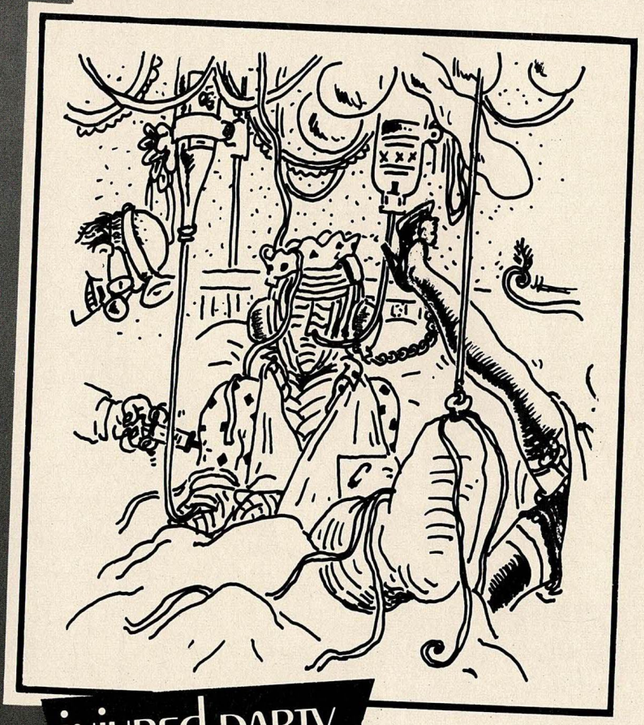
crazed cartoonist ff (more or less his real name) suggests a bash for all reasons



office party

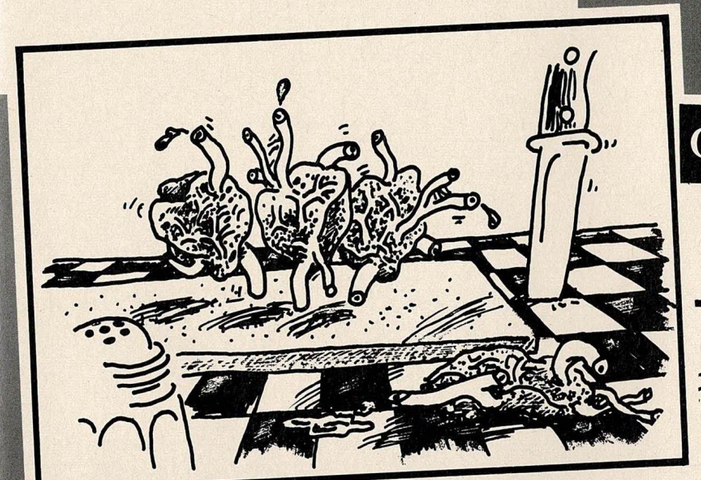


house-warming party

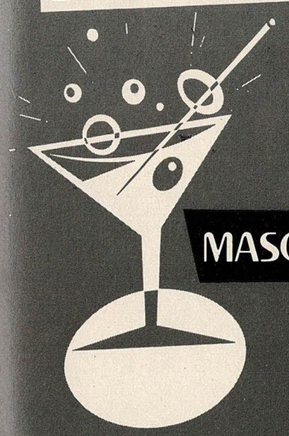


injured party

cocktail party



chicken liver party



masquerade party

COMPUTER GAMES

what kind of guy devotes his life to the protection of planet earth from space invasion?

YOU are sitting in a dome-like cockpit surrounded by a wraparound screen, marvelling at the spectacle of the Earth swiftly moving away from you like a cotton wool-swathed, blue-brown ball.

Mother Earth disappears completely from view, and you press the hyper-warp button to travel to another universe at a speed which would make Einstein writhe in his grave. Within seconds, you have reached the section of space you

article by tony maguire

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL TURK

chose for your battle with the Xerxians, who have mounted a four-pronged attack from different planets of the Xerxian Empire. Earth will be destroyed within half an hour unless you can destroy the Imperial Fleet with your superior weaponry.

Suddenly, you see a Xerxian ship hurtling towards you, and with a dextrous flick of your joystick born of several hundred dollars worth of training, you line it up in your cross-hairs and blast it with your laser gun. To the satisfying accompaniment of a Hiroshima-like "BOOM," the enemy ship disintegrates.

But even as the sound waves subside, a crackling voice announces in a Xerxian monotone: "You will regret that, Earthling." Two more Xerxian ships appear and commence a pincer attack. . . time to go into warp again. . .

No, it's not the scenario for Star Wars III; it's the next step in the mushrooming industry of video games. This one has not been built yet but it's on the drawing boards in the US. It's expected to cost the player $2 for a half-hour trip — but what a trip!

A legacy of TV and space technology, video amusement machines have become part of the Australian way of life seemingly overnight. Spokesmen for the industry say we now have more per head of population than any other country in the world. You see them in milk bars, pubs, night clubs, airports. . . it really *is* a space invasion. Meanwhile, entrepreneurs have built hundreds of electronic circuses which attract the young like moths to a light. The biggest concentration is in Sydney's George Street. Invaders, Maxy's Space Station, Orbit and more than half a dozen others enjoy an incestuous relationship with the cinemas between Town Hall and Goulburn Street (Village has shares in one big amusement parlor chain, and Hoyts was also in the game until recently).

The uninitiated still persist in referring to these establishments as pinball parlors. But "pinnies" now only account for less than 15 percent of the industry's enormous revenue. They're on the way out because they just don't offer the sensory escape of such games as Missile Command, Asteroids, Galaxians and Space Invaders.

While pinball machines have waist-high tables with plenty of peripheral distractions, video games are played with a kind of tunnel vision, the screen right up against your face. (True *aficionados* sneer at the table-top versions.) On the console is a speaker emitting a heartbeat-like thump which gets progressively faster. By the end of a game, it is ready for the cardiac ward and your own pulse-rate isn't far behind.

The clientele of the new amusement centres also seems vastly different from that of the pinball parlors we all grew up with. Hanging around in a pinball arcade or pool-hall used to be a sure sign of a misspent youth. In the popular imagination at least, they were seedy places riddled with delinquents who had tattoos of redback spiders on their bulging arms and packets of Marlboro stuck in their T-shirt sleeves. Modern video centres are generally squeaky-clean, run like miniature Disneylands.

You're not even allowed to smoke in a lot of them. The patrons are relatively wholesome and, as anyone who visits a video parlor at lunchtime on a weekday can see, they're getting more middle-class. Doctors, lawyers and other professional people regularly embark on missions against video aliens. The usual reason such players give for losing themselves in space is that it aids relaxation.

"I used to go to the pub at lunchtime, but I find this a much healthier way of unwinding," says a solicitor whom I espy hunched over an Asteroids machine in the Microchip Mile of Sydney's George Street. "I do a lot of work at Central Court around the corner, and I usually head here after the lunchtime recess. Some of my colleagues think it's a bit strange, but I don't come back from lunch bleary-eyed and smelling of beer."

Australia now has more video amusement machines per head of population than any other country in the world.

Twenty-year-old TAB trainee Paul Russell compares playing video games to an LSD trip without the brain damage. "I've never taken drugs and I don't want to," he says. "This is enough of a trip for me."

Paul is the reigning NSW Space Invaders champion and something of an expert on most other video games. Interestingly, his TAB job is also computer-oriented. After tapping out codes on a keyboard at work, he usually spends a couple of hours manipulating the controls of video games at an amusement parlor or his local pub. And when he plays, all his concentration is focused on that machine. The high-decibal background chorus of electronic heartbeats, chirps and wails fades away, swallowed by some acoustic black hole.

If you speak to him when he's playing, he won't hear you.

In one of the George Street centres, Paul introduces me to the delights of Missile Command. In this game, the controls consist of three Fire buttons and a black, hemispherical aiming device resembling a stunted bowling ball. On the screen, enemy missiles descend on the three cities you're charged with protecting.

But my reactions are not swift enough to save my cities. One by one, they are engulfed by spreading clouds which flash through every color of the spectrum. Finally, there's the definitive Big Bang —an ectoplasmic explosion which fills the horizon, then metamorphoses into giant letters declaring: "THE END".

In an action almost as mechanical as the workings of the device in front of me, I reach in my pocket for another 20-cent piece.

"Try tracking your missiles higher this time," advises Paul, who is between frames on a Space Invaders machine on my right. (A frame is like a set in tennis.)

After I've achieved a meteoric improvement in my Missile Command score, Paul ends his own game by "suiciding" — deliberately allowing the landing of a "goobie" (one of the green invaders forming the front flank). He could have gone on playing for hours on the same 20-cent piece. Rather than leaving the game open for another player to continue, he prefers to have it resolved in the kamikaze tradition. Video games are like that, once you get into them. A very personal experience; just you and the machine.

●

Dedicated players like Paul Russell form the nucleus of a sub-culture which has emerged with video games. It is a peer group with its own moral code and language, and just one aim — beating the machine. Says Paul: "Whenever a new game appears, I just keep on whacking in shrapnel 'till I can beat it. I feel cheated if the machine gets the better of me."

The man largely responsible for the emergence of this techno-culture in Australia is a hulking former London policeman called Mike Farley. He's a 34-year-old promotions whizz-kid who first showed his genius with a big pinball drive in the mid-Seventies. Resigning from his job as promotions manager with the Perth-based Leisure and Allied Industries, he formed his own promotions company. He then sub-contracted to Leisure and Allied for a campaign to get pinball accepted in pubs. The attitude of the breweries and publicans at that time was that pinball should remain in the amusement arcades. Farley organised the Hotel King Pin championships throughout Australia, tying them in with the movie *Tommy*. Pinball machines soon became a common sight in pubs.

In 1979, Leisure and Allied called Farley out of semi-retirement in California to launch Space Invaders in Australia. Video amusement machines had been around for some years prior to this. But they were relatively tame ping-pong and tennis games, and never had much impact. If anyone could make this new game called Space Invaders work, it was Mike Farley. It wasn't long before there were Space Invaders songs getting airplay, kids wearing Space Invaders T-shirts, and tens of thousands of people playing the new video game.

The phenomenal local success of Space Invaders has helped make Taito, which manufactures the machines, the 54th largest company in Japan. (Honda is 53rd, which gives you an idea of what being 54th means.) And Farley? He is a Rolls-Royce-driving millionaire today. He gets a royalty on every Space Invaders product, and the wave has by no means subsided. Streets has brought out a Space Invaders ice cream and there are several other marketing ventures in the pipeline.

"Space Invaders opened up a whole new market," says Farley. "It captured the 20 to 40-year-old age group.

"Australia now has the highest video game penetration rate in the world. We've got fewer people to go for, so the marketing is more aggressive."

Farley says he cannot estimate the enormous profits of the video games industry in Australia. But he describes it as a "billion dollar business".

The ex-bobby's latest venture is Space Probe — a fleet of mobile video parlors. Each Space Probe is actually a bus, but nothing like the type in which you commute to and from work. The exterior has a heat-resistant cladding effect similar to NASA's Space Shuttle, there's a big dome on the roof and various other extra-terrestrial trappings. Inside, there's a perspex walkway, mirrored ceiling, flashing lights and 27 video games. Instead of paying for individual games, players pay an entrance fee and are issued with tokens.

Space Probe I has just been launched in Sydney, and others will be sold or franchised in the near future. Farley says the venture is a world first, and will probably catch on abroad. "The beauty of the concept is that we can go wherever the people are — the beach, shopping centres, ski slopes, anywhere."

Despite the amazing success of Space Invaders, it's now one of the least popular games. It has become the Model T Ford of the video game world, vastly surpassed by the superior technology of its successors. The pyrotechnics and complex programs of some of the newer games are quite remarkable. Take Galaxians, the closest relative of Space Invaders:

In Galaxians, the aliens do not descend in the slow, linear pattern of Space Invaders. They buzz at you like fiery hornets, despatching flotillas of evil little darts. Meanwhile, the swarm of waiting aliens above is moving from side to side in a defensive group formation. At first, they detach themselves and attack your Galaxian ship individually. Then they come in twos, threes, fours. . . When you've shot most of them, they alter their attack pattern by zigzagging, rolling, and performing other acrobatics. It's best to stay mid-screen to give yourself room to manoeuvre. Fire into the alien's path just after it leaves the pack. You get 60 points for hitting a green alien, 80 for a blue alien, and 150-800 for the various types of flagships.

As Galaxians devotees know, they're frequently billed as Galaxians Space Invaders. This is because the *name* Space Invaders has become synonymous with video games in general.

One of these days, we may see the two words officially accepted into the language with an inclusion in the Oxford English Dictionary.

In the past 12 months, various kinds of maze games have been becoming increasingly popular. These involve strategy as opposed to the quick reflexes required in space games, and mainly appeal to older players. The most popular in this line is Pac-Man. Here, your enemies are a bunch of friendly-looking but lethal sheet-over-the-head-type ghosts. You control a kind of mobile mouth known as a Muncher. In an orgy of technological oral gratification, your Muncher devours lines of little white dots littering the maze. But watch out for those ghosts! Your Muncher shrivels up and dies if it gets caught by one. There is, however, a partial defence in the form of four strategically-placed "power pills". If your Muncher bites into one, you can score bonus points by devouring a blue ghost. Don't try it on the others, though — they're not impressed by pills. Bonus points can also be scored by eating bunches of cherries strewn about the maze. But the cherries don't enable the Muncher to fight back against blue or any other-colored ghosts. Could the moral of this game be that pills are healthier than fruit? No, the *real* moral of this and every other video game is that the machine always wins.

One of these days, we may see the words "Space Invaders" officially accepted into the language.

Pac-Man, which is manufactured by the American company Midway, has near-identical cousins called Puckman and Ghost Muncher which are put out by Japanese rivals.

Such pirating has become the subject of a legal wrangle between American and Japanese corporations. Australian amusement parlor operators have found themselves caught in the middle of it — a firm of Sydney solicitors representing Williams Electronics Corporation of America has been sending them letters saying they're infringing copyright with a Japanese clone of Defender called Defence Command. Operators are ignoring the letters on the advice of their association, the reason being that most of the video amusement machines in this country fall into a similar copy-category. It's hoped that this technical breach of the law will blow over once US technicians have perfected a masked programming technique currently in the pipeline.

●

Leisure and Allied Industries is the giant of the Australian amusement machine business. It is not only the largest local manufacturer, but owns the most parlors. In July this year, it took over its biggest rival, Goddard, which swelled the number of Leisure and Allied parlors to 110.

Goddard was forced to sell out for an almost giveaway price of $1 million because of technological change. It had previously been taken over by Hoyts, which paid $3 million for it. Then fully-automated pinball arrived, forcing Goddard/Hoyts to replace its old electro-mechanical tables. Then came computerised pinball, and the company had to do the same thing again. And when the video games revolution occurred, it meant the end for Goddard as surely as the landing of a goobie in a Space Invaders game.

Leisure and Allied, which scored the licence to assemble and market Space Invaders machines from Taito, thrived on the very phenomenon which killed Goddard. But, mindful that it could suffer the same fate if youthful interest in video games were to drop, the company is now trying to catch the family market. It is pouring capital into an eating house concept called Pizza Playhouse which is rather like a McDonalds with video machines.

●

Another side of the industry is the home market. There are estimated to be at least 250,000 video games in Australian homes. And here, it's very much a case of Dad monopolising the "toy". Indeed, men in their thirties are the target market.

The home industry co-exists quite happily with the coin machine business. They probably promote each other. It's not thought that the presence of video games in the home will keep young Johnny at home, because that's not what Johnny's into. He wants to go the video parlor to hang out with his friends and demonstrate his skill. And it could well be that his Dad does the same thing at lunchtime or after work.

And as one teenage expert pointed out: "The image on the commercial machines is sharper and the programs are more complex. But the main difference is in your field of vision — it's like riding a motor bike as opposed to sitting in an enclosed car." (Shades of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* here. . .)

Mind you, that particular player had not sampled a new home game from Atari called Star Raiders. This is probably the most sophisticated space game in the country, domestic or commercial. Instead of hooking it up to the usual system, you link it to a microcomputer.

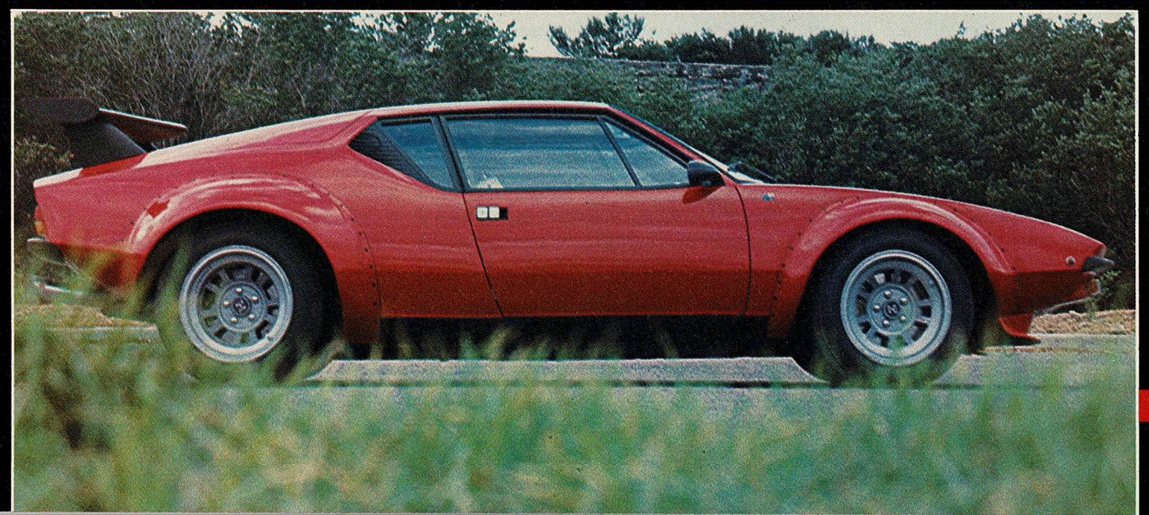
After tapping out a code, the Galactic Chart appears in a grid pattern on the

(continued on page 118)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROB LUCK

motoring editor rob luck finds that de tomaso's race-bred road-runner can be. . .

PANTERAFYING



THERE is a World War II story about a British unit that constructed a mock airbase to divert the Germans' attention from a real strategic target nearby. As the task of fabricating fake facilities, wooden aircraft and dummy pilots was nearing completion, they had a visit from a Luftwaffe bomber which zoomed in and dropped — a wooden bomb!

Fortunately for us, Henry Ford II does not appear to have been as smart as the Nazis, for it was just such a piece of fakery by the "enemy" that led to the birth of the Ford-engined De Tomaso Pantera.

It was 1969, the heady days of the muscle car and the sight and smell of burning rubber on the boulevardes. Ford's adversaries were launching a whole line of gut-stirring experimental missiles into the marketplace. Henry interpreted them as the advance guard of a full-scale assault into what he now considered his private territory — the advanced sportscar market — and ordered his "general", Lee Iaccoca, to buy-up De Tomaso's new "secret weapon".

It had all the intrigue of an armaments race — Ford's new European "fighter" versus General Motors' XP819 and American Motors' AMX/K and AMX/3.

Ford, riding high on his 1966 and 1967 Le Mans victories over Ferrari in the GT40 coupes, and a runaway win against GM in the sports car sales race with the Shelby Cobras, threw $2 million into the order for the prototype car that would win the sales war to end all sales wars.

Henry probably paid out another $10 million over the next three years in frantic pursuit of the phantom targets that GM and AMC never intended to build. In the end, he handed the operation back to De Tomaso like a

The Pantera has Euro-spec Group Three race hardware. It is the best equipped production Pantera in the world.

lottery ticket — complete with a reputed 200 "prizes" in the form of partially-constructed, wholly-paid-for Panteras.

It should have killed the car completely. It almost did. For anyone less than the determined Italian Alejandro De Tomaso, it would have been an impossible reconstruction task. But he refused to quit.

Flushed with fresh finance from new ventures in motorcycles (he had bought Benelli and Moto Guzzi), cars (Innocenti) and engineering industries, he picked up the pieces and slowly tacked them back together, acquiring Maserati to complement the De Tomaso automobile operation.

While Alejandro now controlled a mini-conglomerate, the name De Tomaso virtually dropped out of automotive high society. When it came back, in 1979-80, it came back with a vengeance. De Tomaso had already launched the luxury, four-seater Longchamp and Deauville sedans into the marketplace, when he lobbed redeveloped versions of the Pantera on to the sports car scene. The timing was right. The world had recovered from the OPEC oil shock and once again come to terms with lusty fuel-burners. But, at the same time, it had turned away from the concept of highly-refined, highly-sophisticated GT engines and it was ready for the simplicity and operational economy of a powerful, lazy US V8.

And that's where the De Tomaso Pantera GTS sits now — squarely in the marketplace as the most affordable and most practical exotic grand touring sports car.

At $59,000, fully equipped, right here in Oz, it is around one-third the cost of the boulevarde blasters that it near-equals in all areas of performance and specification.

A recent comparison test of 15 ultimate sports cars conducted by Phil Hill and Stirling Moss for *Popular Mechanics* magazine at Ontario Motor Speedway US and environs, put the Pantera GTS clearly out front all-round on points, scoring over the Lamborghini Countach S, and the BMW M1. The car was shaded by these two by fractions of a second round the circuit, round the skidpad, and through the slalom. It was ahead of almost everything in brakes, steering, economy — and of course, price.

Road and Track went further, putting the car's lateral cornering ability higher than a race-tuned Porsche RSR Carrera.

Fortunately for the local automotive ragers, the Australian Pantera is the world's ultimate production version. Certainly it is visually the most exciting — armed with its Group Three chin spoiler, guard-extensions, (purposefully rivetted-on aircraft fashion), and the monstrously magnificent rear airfoil, apparently hijacked from a 747; not to forget the mega-bags that pass as street rubber — Pirelli P7 285/345 "fats" hanging off 10in and 14in wide competition lightweight wheels that would be fine on an F1 Ferrari.

Inside are Recaros — the ultimate in seating — standard air conditioner, super-stereo ($1500 worth), electric everything, full Connolly leather facings (seat, dash, doors, the lot) and central locking system.

It is sent on its way by an "ordinary" Oz-built 351 Ford Cleveland 5.8-litre V8 engine — ordinary in the sense of simple specification and tuning but decidedly extraordinary when combining its hefty power (at least 270 [DIN] bhp) and torque with the Panther's relatively lightweight (3000lb) all steel shell. Free of US emission strangling, this engine is the best (Pantera) production installation in the world, with more grunt than a grizzly bear.

The Ozpack Pantera is stitched together by local automotive entrepreneur Ken Mathews in perhaps the most enterprising small-volume import/light assembly operation in the country.

Mathews has put together an amazing deal in which he supplies De Tomaso in Italy with special Cleveland Ford engines built at Broadmeadows, Melbourne for virtually every Pantera that the Italian coachbuilder produces for every world market (now running in excess of a targeted 100 a year in 1982). For De Tomaso, this is a good deal. Ford deleted the massive, reliable, but thirsty pumper from its US line-up when the Arabs hit the cash register. Australia is the world's only producer of this engine — it is fitted to new LTDs for local consumption.

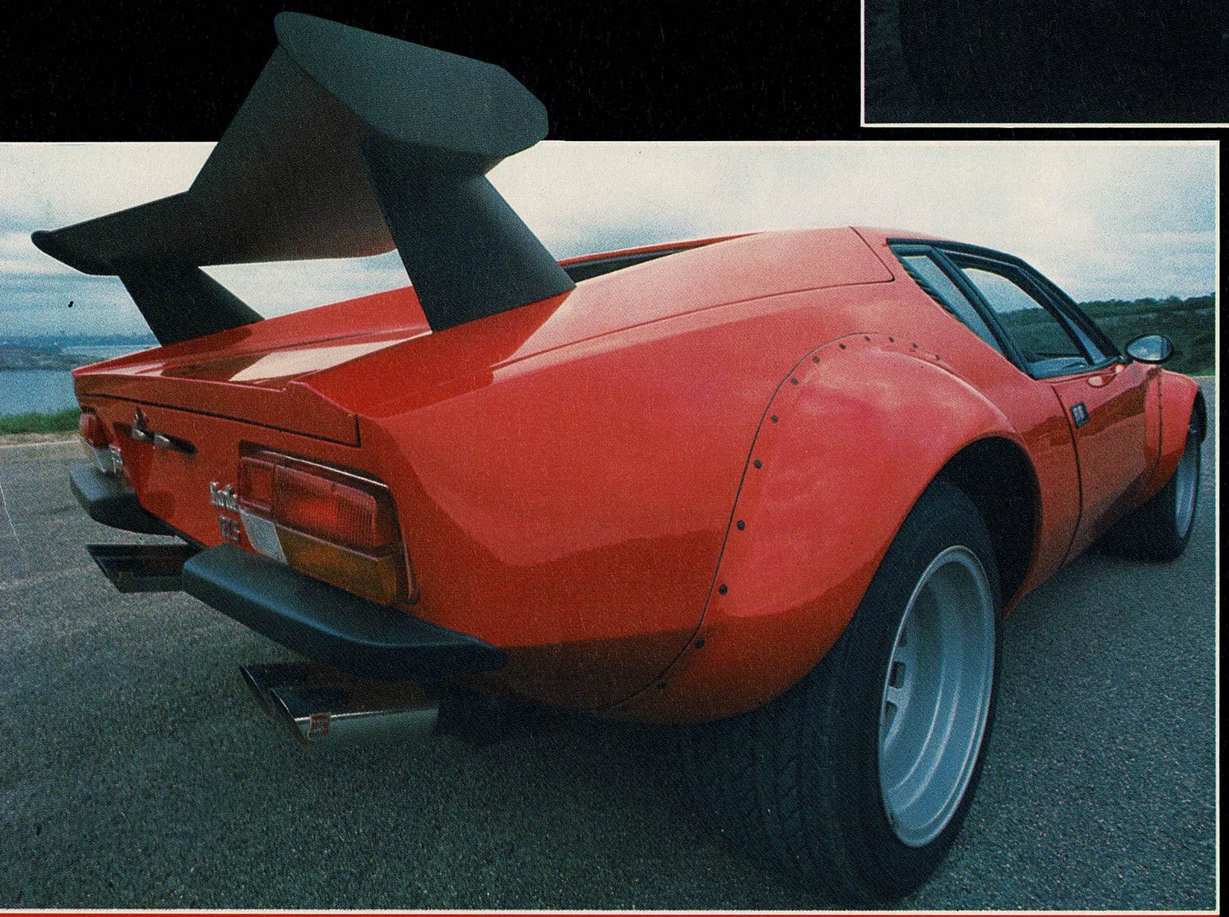
In return, De Tomaso supplies Mathews with fully hand-crafted bodies, assembled minus certain componentry that earns the car legitimate import concessions — something the local Customs authorities have had difficulty in coming to terms with.

Mathews has lifted the local content from pure engine replacements to seats (Recaros from Roman Automotive, locally hand-trimmed in matched Connolly leather hides supplied in the kit from the factory), wheels (Symmons three-piece world-class wheels will go on all models after our prototype test car), some luxury equipment, and of course labor.

It took Mathews three years and a worn-out larynx to convince De Tomaso, the Federal Government and sundry other detractors that this was the way to go. Now he's got there, the Government wants to take it all away under the new restricted manufacturing policy. Apparently they interpret his operation as a threat to GM or Nissan or someone!

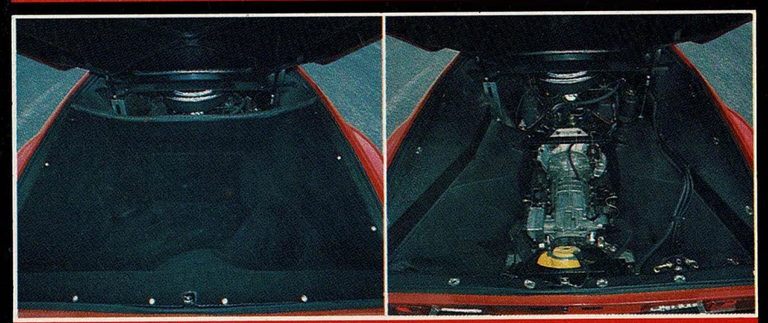
If quality is the criterion, they could be right — for the local Panteras and other De Tomasos are superbly finished inside and out. Some of the

(continued on page 149)



Winged wonder: go and show option escalates the car's sci-fi styling and produces downforce on the rear "fats".

Recaro seats from Roman Automotive are an Oz exclusive.



The rear hatch hides the trimed luggage bay above the "engine room".

COMPUTER GAMES

(continued from page 113)

Our lifestyles change just a little more as the electronic circus comes to town — and stays.

screen. It tells you what section of space the Zylons are in. You have to stop them from surrounding your base before they blast it. Your orders are to destroy all Zylon ships on sight. Show no mercy. Zooming off to your destination, you discover the true joy of Star Raiders. The universe is hurtling at you. It's not the flat, two-dimensional universe of most other space games because you seem to be moving *forward*. Your ship isn't visible on the screen because you're *in* it. And, you discover to your delight, you can steer the craft up, down, sideways or diagonally with your joystick.

The Zylons appear as tiny dots indistinguishable from the myriad stars on your screen. Then they rapidly grow in size as they approach like luminous vultures. All this happens in the blink of an eyelid. You must shoot quickly. . . Your photon torpedoes make a fiery take-off from the base of the screen and roar away into space. Your shields protect you from Zylon fire. If you fail to score a hit, you can press the A key for an aft view and fire your rear guns.

A mini-grid at the bottom right-hand corner of the screen tells you where the aliens have disappeared to, and you steer your ship towards these co-ordinates. There is also a digital display saying how much fuel you've got left, your speed, and distance from the target. But you must be mindful of the fact that the Zylons are a crafty race, master of cat and mouse games. They will try to draw you further and further away from your base while their brothers surround it. So at the end of each mission, you flash the Galactic Chart back on screen and plot your next move like a chess player. Meanwhile, all sorts of hazards can befall your ship, from the loss of shields to the real kiss of death —computer failure.

●

Harry Tester is a small, bald-headed man with thick glasses and a likeable disposition. He got his start in the amusement machine business 40 years ago in Brighton, England, working in the penny arcades of the seaside resorts. Today he runs a thriving coin-game service business, and is chairman of the Amusement Machine Operators' Association of Australia.

I talk to Tester late one Saturday morning at the Sydney Airport Hilton. The hotel has been the venue for the association's 20th anniversary dinner the previous night and morning, and 55-year-old Tester has enjoyed himself. We speak in the bar over hair-of-the-dog beers.

Tester has had to steer the industry through a knee-jerk reaction by conservatives to the shock of the new. As the business grew to something which he in his penny arcade days never would have thought possible, so did the allegations being made about it. Youngsters were becoming addicted to the things, it was announced via screaming newspaper headlines. They were wagging school and stealing milk money to play them. "The latest claim is that some kid killed a pensioner to get some money to play Space Invaders," says Tester with a pained look which doesn't necessarily emanate from the previous night's celebrations.

Other claims made in the past include amusement centres being used for teenage vice and drug-dealing. To compound matters here, some centres in NSW are owned by individuals whose names have been connected with the drug trade and organised crime.

"Those particular people are not members of our association," says Tester. "We can do without them."

Lighting a cigarette, he continues: "I think it goes back to the breakdown of the family unit. People find it more comfortable to blame something besides themselves. If they think amusement parlors are such evil places, they should go and visit a few."

Tester was later to send me a copy of a detailed report on amusement centres by Melbourne sociologist Harry Van Moorst, who concluded that recent claims made about them stemmed from a "moral panic" akin to 1920s alcohol prohibition. "To place amusement centre proprietors and the young people who visit such centres under moral siege is to create the very problems that have so far been avoided," says Van Moorst, a lecturer in the humanities department of Footscray Institute of Technology.

One problem which operators do admit to having with younger patrons is theft. Coin drawers are frequently forced open with screwdrivers and made away with. And when a machine can take up to $600, it's more than just a fistful of dollars.

Then there's the old "let's pinch mum's gas stove lighter and get free games" ploy. This was discovered by some bright little spark soon after Space Invaders appeared. Flicking it beside the coin slot gave free games. So did rubbing your feet on the floor to create static electricity, then touching the coin slot with your finger. The industry has since had all its machines specially earthed to foil such tactics. But Harry Tester expects that, with the ingenuity of youth, new means of tripping the mechanism will be devised.

"The young people of today are not so physically-minded," observes Tester. "They want more of a mental stimulus." *Mental stimulus. . .* that's what certain types of drugs provide. Is there any truth in claims that these machines are actually addictive? Yes, according to psychobiologist Dr Gary Egger: "I know of one person whose marriage broke up as a result of his over-use of video games. He had five different machines in his house. He was spending all his time playing them."

Dr Egger is Co-ordinator of Health Promotions for the NSW Department of Sport and Recreation, and a former research scientist with the NSW Drug and Alcohol Authority. He says moderate use of video games can be beneficial, causing a relaxing change of consciousness something like meditation. "But it's possible to become hooked on just about anything that's consciousness-changing," he says. "It can happen with jogging, mountain-climbing and other sports."

The main symptoms of such a habit, says Dr Egger, is a total involvement with the pastime in question and a lack of interest in other things. "There's also a withdrawal and the person becomes irritable."

Dr Egger believes the recreational use of video games will ultimately affect Australians physically, with a widespread decline in fitness.

The Co-ordinator of Addiction Services in the New England region, Dr Pat O'Neill, agrees that video games can be harmful: "After about three hours, they have a similar effect to a sedative drug. There's a progressive shut-down of neurones and people may experience sleep or personality disorders."

However, Dr O'Neill's colleague Mike Tyrell, a psychologist and President of the New England Foundation for Addiction, is more optimistic. He says: "These games involve a certain amount of skill and awareness and they can involve two people in a competitive situation. When you compare them with poker machines, they're relatively harmless. Getting money 'free' from poker machines doesn't increase the skills or discerning qualities of the people using them, but video games can."

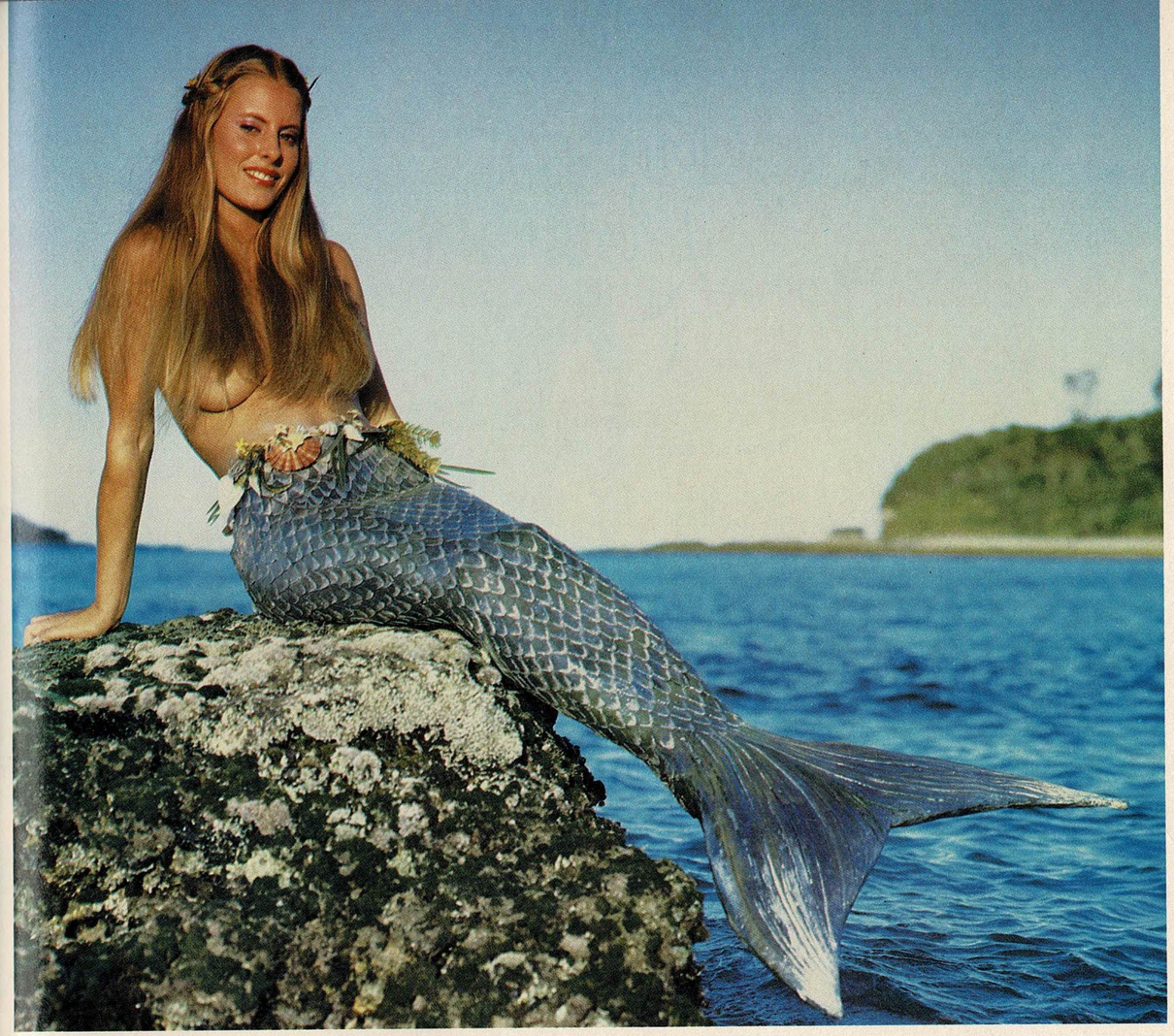
●

And so, another octopus-like arm of technology grips man. Our lifestyles change just a little more as the electronic circus comes to town — and stays. *We* are the performers, the machine the ringmaster.

The machine is also the smiling huckster who invites us to spend some money at a side stall. And here, I think, lies the main attraction of these games. They're simply the modern equivalent of firing an air rifle at a line of shooting-gallery ducks.

Maybe that's why dedicated players call 20-cent pieces "shrapnel".

MEMO TO EDITOR: Could I please be paid for this article in shrap. . . I mean, 20-cent pieces?



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Your next Restaurant Outing

The restaurant

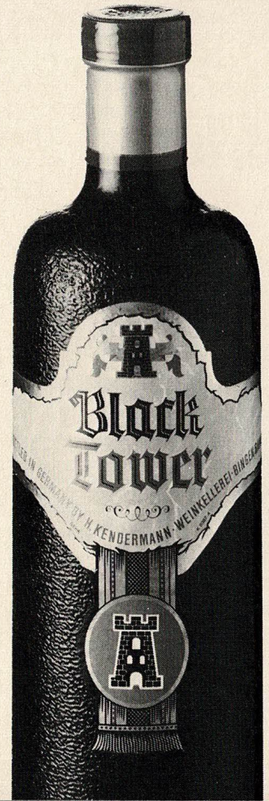
We can't all be wine-and-food writers and know the restaurant scene like the backs of our forks; or have a cosy little Italian place around the corner where we're on middle-name terms with the chef. So if you don't eat out all that often, don't be afraid to take note of what the food-writers say. And listen to friends. At least you can get the feel of what the restaurant's like, what its specials are and what you can expect to pay. A little research like that and you can talk as knowledgeably as anyone about the town's best eating-places.

The outing

There is only one rule: do it soon. In Australia, we don't take nearly enough advantage of our ever-improving supply of restaurants. It doesn't have to be a special occasion. Do it on a whim. Explore the ethnic possibilities. That way you can often eat spectacularly and still stay low on the price scale. For instance a good Chinese meal doesn't have to cost much at all. Add a bottle of good white wine like Black Tower and you're doing yourself very grandly indeed. Above all be adventurous: Chinese isn't all chop-suey and Italian isn't all Spaghetti Bolognese.
One last thing: if you think it's not good enough, tell them so. Nicely. That's the only way we can help fix it.

The wine: to bring or not to bring

Restaurants fall into two categories: they either have wine-lists or they're B.Y.O. Finding Black Tower on a wine-list is not only reassuring; it's helpful. When a number of different people order a number of different dishes, it's helpful to have a white wine this good and this versatile.
Tell the waiter you want Black Tower and you're off to a good start.
If you're bringing your own, Black Tower makes even more sense. It's a good imported wine that doesn't force you to plan your menu around it.



The setting

Dinner Service is from Opus Paddington: called 'Black Magic'. Cutlery by Butler, from Jane Makay Imports. Salt and pepper shakers by Arzberg. "Connoisseurs Collection" glassware, handmade in Poland. Vase is a vodka glass by Holme Gaard. Flowers are Candy Tuff and Nareen from the Loyal Florist in Paddington. All on a white damask cloth. The Bentwood chair was imported especially for Hanna's Restaurant. Georgian grey shutters and leadlight door came from the Glenmore Road Antique Co.

The Black Tower

The wine is Black Tower Liebfraumilch, a fresh, fruity white from Germany. It should be served chilled. Black Tower isn't all that expensive and is absolutely perfect to serve right through your next restaurant outing.

Black Tower Liebfraumilch
White wine from Germany
Distributed by the House of Seppelt.

D692 AB845/80

Black Tower Liebfraumilch
White wine from Germany
Distributed by the House of Seppelt.

U.S. PLAYMATE REVIEW

IN THE 28 years since US PLAYBOY published its first Playmate, the delightful process of finding and photographing the world's most attractive women has been much like that of bottling fine wines. They've had good years, very good years and great years. In their estimation, 1981 was a great one, for beauty and talent.

Miss April

"Appearing in the magazine has opened a lot of doors for me," says Lorraine Michaels (left). "I have had a shot at a good part in a made-for-television movie, and I've auditioned for several commercials."

Miss November

Shannon Tweed (right) from Toronto is moving to California to live. "In the US," she says, "people do things in a big way. I like that, because I'm a big girl." (Shannon is nearly six feet tall.)

Miss July

Heidi Sorenson (left) has just joined the Playmates singing group, and they are now preparing to take the act on the road. "My whole life is now centred on the group," she says.

Miss August

Debbie Boostrom (right) has been getting lots of modelling jobs, including magazine covers. "One nice thing about being a Playmate," she says, "is that I've met a lot of movie stars."

Miss March

"My centrefold showed me standing beside a car," says Kymberly Herrin (below), "and since it came out I've been asked to appear at a lot of car shows." Kym also did a television commercial for exercise equipment.

Miss October

Kelly Tough (above right) joined fellow Playmate Heidi Sorenson (Miss July) as a singing Playmate and, since then, says Kelly, "life's been very hectic. We did a TV special and we rehearse up to eight hours a day."

Miss September

Susan Smith (right) is a lady with a mean pair of feet. When she's not travelling or snapping her toes into her opponents' foreheads, the 5′8″ *karateka* is modelling, acting and studying wrestling.

Miss January

Asked about her chances of becoming US Playmate of the Year, Karen Price (left) didn't want to think about it. "I've had a lot of fun just being Miss January," she said.

Miss February

Vicki Lasseter (below) drives a new Mazda RX-7 with licence plates saying "Ms Feb". "I've been killing myself having fun, she says.

Miss May

Gina Goldberg (left) used her Playmate earnings to treat herself to a tour of Europe. She visited her grandfather in Stockholm, then took a boat to Turku, Finland, her home town.

Miss June

Cathy Larmouth (above) says she isn't interested in becoming an actress, and apparently she means it. "I turned down a part in a horror film," she says, "because I don't like mass-murder movies."

Miss December

"I just did a movie about the making of a centrefold," says Patricia Farinelli (right), " and it ruined my diet!" In one scene, Patricia has dinner at her mother's house. "And that means lots of pasta! Ohhh."

MILLIONAIRE (continued from page 84)

You have a greater chance of dying from tuberculosis this year than you have of winning the lottery.

all with precious furnishings and art. He also built the luxurious Westralia House office tower in London and the Elizabethan-styled London Court shopping arcade in Perth.

During this period, de Bernales' companies continued to show small or, in most cases, non-existent, profits. Finally, even the most starry-eyed speculators began to lose hope. In time, share prices sank to a few cents each. Except for a few minor inconveniences (investigations, legal actions), de Bernales was untroubled by his empire's financial collapse, living luxuriously until his death.

Although Australia has no gambling centre to match Las Vegas' glamor, Monte Carlo's elegance or Macao's decadence, Australians manage to gamble millions each year at race tracks, the TAB, casinos, and in illegal gaming clubs. Perhaps the most common forms of gambling are the many State lotteries and their close relative, Lotto. For anywhere from 50 cents to $20 you can take a chance on winning up to a million dollars. Despite the fact that lottery draws are carefully supervised and guaranteed fair by State governments, they are probably the worst bet anyone can make. The odds against winning big prizes range up to 60,000 to one or higher. This means you have a greater chance of dying from tuberculosis this year than winning the lottery.

Poker, although more difficult than punting at your local TAB, may be the ideal form of gambling. Chance definitely plays a role, but skilful players find little difficulty winning more often than they lose, particularly if they play among the less skilled. Recent evidence suggests that poker's popularity is increasing in Australia.

Amarillo Slim, winner of the World Series of Poker, found some of his stiffest competition here. Slim, writing in his autobiography, describes the poker players of a city he refers to as "Sidney" as having both guts and money. These are two of four ingredients necessary for poker success. The other two are calculating skill and ruthlessness. Calculating skill is necessary to determine things like the chance of completing a flush when you have four diamonds, two are out and you have one card left to draw (seven to one). Ruthlessness is required because poker success depends on taking the other player's money. For every winner there must be a loser. A player who shows mercy does not come out on top.

You will find more success at the races than at the lottery kiosk. Even a blind bet on an average 12-horse field will pick a winner once in 12 trials. But who bets blind? When you consider past performance, weight, post position, track condition, length of race, and a dozen other variables, you can usually narrow the field to four or five horses, thus boosting the odds to five to one or even better. If you then bet to place, and if your handicapping is correct, you can expect to win about half the time. Unforeseen circumstances (your favorite horse falls and breaks a leg, for instance) make these calculations inexact, but you would not be gambling in the first place if you did not enjoy a little excitement.

There is, however, one way to profit from gambling without risk at all, and that is to run the show yourself. Organised crime has known this for years. However, it sometimes takes the rest of us a while to catch on just as it did James John Smith of London.

One of 10 children born to a Cockney gasfitter, Smith changed his name to Joynton-Smith and went off to sea. He wound up in Auckland where he bought and ran a profitable hotel until he was overcome by gambling fever. Joynton-Smith developed a "foolproof" betting system and returned to England to fleece the bookmakers. Within a short time, he found himself in Sydney, wiser and decidedly poorer. He avoided gambling and prospered in one of the strangest businesses in Australian history.

Joynton-Smith dressed in top hat and morning suit and attended every important funeral in the city. Standing beside the grave, he recorded the parson's remarks, which he then had printed on cards. These cards, which also contained the mourners' names, were sold to the mourners at $6 each. At the bottom of every card he had inscribed: "On the lowering of the coffin all were crushed with grief and it was some time before they could drag themselves away." Perhaps it was the sentiment, perhaps the novelty, but for whatever reason, the cards sold well enough to earn some much-needed money for Joynton-Smith. He used this money to buy property in Sydney's old Imperial Arcade until he eventually owned it all.

Other properties followed, but today Joynton-Smith is remembered by punters as the founder of Victoria Park racetrack at Kensington. The gambler who had lost all of his capital to English bookies had finally learned the foolproof way to make money from other people's gambling. Victoria Park cost $2000 to establish and brought a fortune when it was sold. Joynton-Smith went on to be elected Lord Mayor and was eventually knighted. He founded *Smith's Weekly* and other newspapers and died rich and respected at the age of 85.

A sure way to make a million is to be the only person around with a particular skill. Then, provided your skill is a useful one, you can charge whatever you please, leaving your customers no choice but to pay. Not many of us fit this category. Kings and queens are, if not indispensable, at least difficult to replace, and they certainly make out all right. Roadside restaurants on the Eyre Highway also know the value of being indispensable. (Their collective motto should be: "Where else are you going to go?") The problem is that it is difficult to stay indispensable for very long. Someone is bound to find out about the profits you are making and try to move in. For a long time, there were places you could only fly to on Ansett. Now, other airlines have caught on, causing fierce competition. There is one man who has avoided this fate. He has managed to stand alone in a unique and very profitable position for years.

Paul (Red) Adair is a 64-year-old cowboy from Houston, Texas. Like all good cowboys, Red is laconic, self-reliant and individualistic. He is also practically fearless. In World War II, he served on a bomb squad and got to like the work so much that he looked around for something similar when he left the service. The work he chose was putting out oil well fires. Adair's firm Oil Well Fires and Blowout Control Company is without serious competition. Consequently, whenever a blowout occurs anywhere in the world, the call goes out to Adair in Houston.

Adair admits to having been "blown up once or twice" but dismisses his injuries as "nothing permanent". When asked why he follows such a hazardous occupation, Adair usually replies that he has an expensive wife to keep up. She must be living in a grand style. Although he is reluctant to discuss fees, Adair has been rumored to get more than $10,000 a day for his work, and he has put out more than 1000 fires.

The writer, Andrew Tobias, tells the following sharemarket joke: A broker contacts his client four years running and each year recommends some terrible stock that quickly sinks into oblivion. The fifth year, the customer contacts the broker and says: "I am not happy about the shares we have been buying. I think I might do better with bonds." "Okay," says the broker, "but what do I know about bonds?"

Funny? It depends upon your viewpoint. Each day, brokers across the country give worthless advice to clients dumb enough to ask for it. At least this advice is free. Professional advisors are not nearly so generous, charging hefty fees for not particularly useful advice. As an experiment, I entered trial subscriptions to a dozen or so newsletters, market reports and advisory services published both in Australia and overseas. These services dealt with the sharemarket, commodities real estate, collectibles, and small business. Generally, their advice was merely common sense ("buy low sell high", "don't be greedy", "diversify"). Their respective authors were fond of qualifiers such as "barring unforeseen circumstances", "it could well be" and all disclaimed any liability if their advice turned out to be wrong. If you want to make a million, my advice (see, now I'm getting into the act) is not to subscribe to these services but to produce one. For those who feel insecure about producing an investment advisory service, I have compiled a set of guidelines. Follow these and, barring unforeseen circumstances, success could well be yours (no liability accepted should you fail).

1. Choose a catchy title. Try *Scrooge, Moneybags,* or *The Root of All Evil.*
2. Design full-page display ads. The advertisement should feature you leaning against a computer, holding a bar of gold bullion. This ad will suggest that your advice is computer generated. Actually all the calculations you need to do can be done by a seven-year-old child, but computers inspire trust. The gold bar will show how successful you are and will make your readers drool with greed. Place your ad in newspaper financial pages with the headline "Readers Made 1000 percent Last Month" and wait for subscriptions.
3. Set a high but peculiar price for subscriptions. For example, $132.76 is good because it's expensive (nothing worthwhile is ever cheap) and because it looks as if it is related to your costs, which are actually $1.25 plus postage.
4. Prepare your newsletter. The contents should include real estate (should go up with inflation), share market advice (oil companies look good with the continuing energy crises) and commodities predictions (try "look out for gold rises but avoid technical reactions" which means it will go up unless it goes down).
5. Always have a blockbuster scheme in reserve. Make millions raising dung-eating beetles, for example.
6. Put all your receipts in a numbered Swiss bank account. You will need a safe refuge when your subscribers come looking for you.

Following the methods outlined here, you may actually make a million some day. This does not guarantee that the rest of your life will be blissful and carefree. New wealth can be frightening. Formerly level-headed individuals have been driven to wretched excesses by it. You can avoid problems by keeping cool. First don't expect to buy much. This may sound unreal, but a million dollars does not go far these days. A brief look at the accompanying table will prove the point. Prices have sky-rocketed since 1966 and will be even higher by 1990.

Today, for a million you could buy that dream house, car and boat, but how will you keep them up? You would have little income-generating capital left for rates, insurance, yacht club fees, and would have to work like hell to keep everything going. What good is making a million if you still have to kill yourself working? By all means spend some money. Buy a house, but not a mansion, a car too, but not a Rolls. Spend up to 40 percent if you want and enjoy it. The remaining 60 percent should be invested. A judicious balance of shares (in heavyweight companies) and bonds should guarantee a safe return of $70,000 to $80,000 per year at present rates. After taxes, this will amount to about $40,000 to live on. The nice thing about this income is that you never have to work for it.

If you have not already made a million and none of the methods described here appeal to you, don't despair. I know an investment advisory service that has a blockbuster money-making idea that anyone can profit from. You can find out more about it for $132.75.

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING DOLLAR

If you set out to buy each of these:	*In 1966, your budget would have been:*	*In 1980, the same purchases would have cost:*	*What things will look like in 1990:*
Sydney harbor-view mansion	$75,000	$650,000	$1,235,000
Rolls-Royce (Silver Shadow)	$27,000	$75,000	$142,500
Jaguar sedan (second car)	$8000	$29,000	$53,200
Business suit	$116	$325	$618
Petrol (per litre)	$.08	$.32	$.61
Ballet tickets (each)	$3.60	$17.50	$33.00
Cabin cruiser	$12,000	$37,000	$70,000
Mink coat	$3700	$12,500	$23,750
Scotch Whisky (Johnny Walker Black)	$7	$28	$53
Rolex gold watch	$375	$2500	$4750
Passport (to get away from financial worries)	$2	$25	$47.50

Note: Prices for 1966 and 1980 came from advertisements in the *Sydney Morning Herald* and are only averages. Prices for 1990 are based on an inflation rate of about 9 to 10 percent.

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HISTORY OF THE SEXES *(continued from page 67)*

Humans don't advertise or announce when they are fertile: their rear ends don't go red.

"No big deal, you might think. *Very* big deal. Because, to exist, an adaptation as big as this has got to show a reproductive advantage. The enormous anatomical change necessary for this behavior *must* have to do with survival and reproductive success. It's not just early men suddenly deciding to be nice to each other for no reason. Where would be the incentive? Well, there obviously *was* an incentive. And I propose that it was the result of a new deal between males and females and a new way of bringing up offspring — the whole cemented by sex.

"The best way to see what I mean is to look at chimps, our nearest living relative. Chimps mature very slowly, just like humans. They have biggish brains, they use rudimentary tools and weapons and they walk upright once in a while. But the one thing they *don't* do is forage for one another. A mother, carrying and often dropping and damaging her infant, has to fend for herself. This means that a female chimp can only *manage* one infant at a time. Her birth rate is very low. And the result is that chimps are barely able to maintain their population. They're becoming extinct. They've never been able to leave the forest where they evolved."

Lovejoy chomps on his habitual hamburger. "Early man, you see, faced exactly the same problem. And evolutionarily speaking, there's only one way round it. Put up the calorie intake of the female and allow her to spend more time parenting, preferably in a protected spot, so that she can take care of more than one infant at a time. The male, in other words, has *got* to start providing food. How can he do this? He can't carry it in his mouth, as foxes and birds do. He has to walk upright and use his hands. *Why* should he do this? What does he get in return? Reliable sex."

There are two essential differences between human females and the females of all other species. Humans don't advertise or announce when they are fertile; their rear ends don't go red. And they are continuously sexually receptive; a woman can and will take on a man more often than once a month. Lovejoy believes that these, too, were very early adaptations and that they must have appeared as part of one evolutionary package at about the same time as male provisioning and general upright posture.

And that would make good sense. For, if the female could find a way of concealing when she was fertile, she could manage to do two things: she could force her male to stay with her throughout her cycle, if high on his agenda was successfully producing children. And at the same time she could discourage strange males from competing with him and undermining his confidence in his paternity. Being willing all the time can be added to this strategy as a reinforcer. For if the committed male can get it regularly enough from one source, he will give up any catting around he might still be inclined to do and concentrate on bringing home the necessary bacon to where he can get it. This is the beginning of recreational sex. And it has nothing to do, evolutionarily speaking with its later history of philandery and one-night stands. Quite the contrary. It is the gilding of the lily, the final setting of the seal on the bed-centred nuclear family.

And from it, all that we think of as human flows. "This new arrangement," continues Lovejoy, "is extremely democratic. With one on one, most males can now find mates. It enlarges the population, therefore. It's highly socialising, rather than anti-social, because you now have double parents, families, kinship systems: everyone knows who belongs to whom. It allows for an extended infancy, which allows for a gradually developing brain; and it frees the hands, encourages the adoption of devices for carrying both food and babies and prepares the ground for later weapons and tools. It's also more fun, because all those things that make for the *enjoyment* of sex are now selected for — anything that reinforces the long-term pair-bond: the prominent penis; female breasts permanently on display; face-to-face copulation; hairlessness; the pleasure of orgasm. All of these would serve to keep the male and female together and help their children to become smart enough to survive."

We're smart because we're sexy. We're sexy because we're smart. And we're both because, three-and-a-half million years ago, we divided up our labors and started down the road of monogamy together.

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Virgin birth to parasites to sex to male to competition to different reproductive strategies to polygamy to division of labor to monogamy: this will have to do for our intergalactic female's first report.

But it isn't quite the end of the story, as we'll be seeing later in this series. For human males and females are today less constant and human societies less monogamous than this scenario might suggest. There is more competition for sexual and other resources than there seems to have been at the dawn of the Pleistocene era. On the ground, in practice, we seem as various as those other monogamists, the birds: we have rapists, bigamists, adulterers, "sneaky fuckers" of both sexes, polygamists and even in a few cases the keepers of several husbands. For all this, though, we are basically monogamous; as most birds are. And it is from this that most of the sexual attitudes in human beings derive.

Women are concerned with the extent to which a man can provide (a recent study asked working-class working women what they found sexually attractive in their husbands, and the dominant themes in their answers were money and food). And they almost always marry an older man. Men, by contrast, want youth, for reproduction's sake, and fidelity; the prime cause of *both* African and American homicides is suspected or actual female infidelity. This may seem like an imbalance, but these qualities have been selected for by both males and females for hundreds of thousands of generations — size, strength and ambition in men, and constancy, mothering abilities and nurturance in women.

It is, in fact, a very delicate balance. How delicate can be seen in two species of birds, Wilson's phalarope and the jacana. In both, the males have been bred by the females to do more than their fair share of parental care and they are kept in male harems.

The females are the winners, you might think. But they are also the losers. For they are forced into competition with one another now there aren't enough *males* to go around. The females have become larger, taking over the job of protection, and they've become more brightly decorated than the males.

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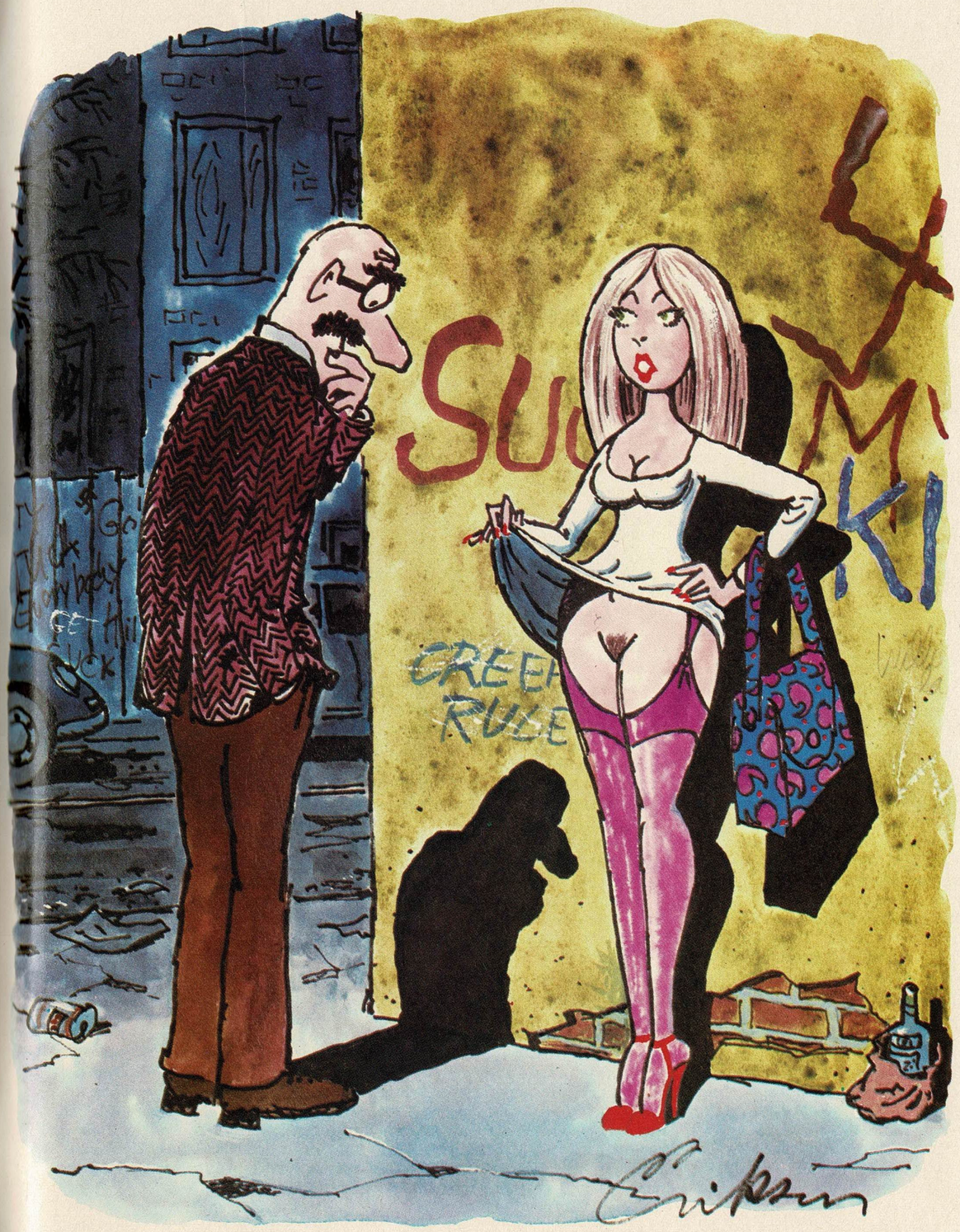
Later in the series we'll be looking at how all this may affect current relationships between the sexes. "If you want to examine a *really* primitive society, look at the West," says Owen Lovejoy. But for the moment we want to leave you with this: if you think human, think old; if human life is a day, then the invention of the condom, let alone the pill, was less than a second ago. And if you think human, think rather of two sorts of human, bred over a succession of generations to express different skills and different abilities. Men and women are specialists. And in their differences lie the roots of their co-operation. In their co-operation lie the roots of our civilisations. We are necessary and complementary to one another — as necessary and complementary as the first egg and the first sperm.

But what are these differences? Some of them can be found in our bodies: we are specialists for different reproductive functions, and for each other's pleasure. But some of them can be found much deeper, at the heart of our behavior, in the organ that is fundamental to the biological inheritance that makes us who we are. In next month's Australian PLAYBOY we'll be looking at the most important sex organ of all: the brain. Are our brains as different as our bodies?



"One more look, sir, and I must insist on a yes or no."

THE MEN'S CLUB (continued from page 47)

I'd been looking at Kramer almost continually, but now I noticed that his eyes didn't focus steadily.

thought. I thought — forgive me, man — you had a withered hand."

Harold raised his hands for everyone to see.

Kramer said: "Don't listen to that jackass, Harold. Nothing wrong with your hands. I'm getting more beer."

As he walked towards the kitchen, Cavanaugh followed, saying: "I don't know what this life-story business is about."

"I'll show you," said Kramer. "You get the beers."

Cavanaugh returned with the beers and Kramer with a metal footlocker, dragging it into our circle. A padlock knocked against the front. Kramer, squatting, tried to fit a key into the lock. His hands began shaking. Cavanaugh bent beside him. "You need a little help?" Kramer handed him the key, saying: "Do it." Cavanaugh inserted the key. The lock snapped open as if shocked by love.

Kramer heaved back the lid of the footlocker and withdrew to his pillow, lighting a cigarette, hands still shaking. "This is it, my life story." His voice labored against emotion. "You guys can see my junk, my trinkets. Photos, diaries, papers of every kind."

Had Kramer left the room it would have been easier to look, but he remained on his pillow staring at the open footlocker, his life. Paul suddenly scrambled toward it on hands and knees, looked, plucked out a handful of snapshots, and fanned them across the rug. Each of them bore an inscription. Paul read aloud: "Coney Island, 1953, Tina. Party at Josephine's, New Year's, 1965. Holiday Inn, New Orleans, 1975, Gwen." He looked from the photos to Kramer, smiling. "All these pictures in your box are women?"

Kramer, in the difficult voice, answered: "I have many photos. I have my navy discharge papers, my high-school diploma, my first driver's licence. I have all my elementary-school notebooks, even spelling exams from the third grade. I have maybe 25 fountain pens. All my old passports. Everything is in that box."

Paul nodded, still smiling. "But these photos, Kramer. Are all these photos women?"

"I have had 622 women."

"Right on," shouted Berliner, his soul projecting toward Kramer through big green eyes, doglike, waiting for a signal. Paul took out more photos and dropped them among the others. Over a hundred now, women in bathing suits, in winter coats, in Fifties styles, Sixties styles, Seventies styles. Spirits of the decades. If men make history, women wear its look in their faces and figures. Fat during the Depression era; slender when times are good. But to me Kramer's women looked fundamentally the same. One poor sweetie between 20 and 30 years old forever. On a beach, leaning against a railing, a tree, a brick wall, with sun in her eyes, squinting at the camera. A hundred fragments, each complete if you cared to scrutinise. A whole person who could say her name. Maybe love Kramer. That she squinted touched me.

Kramer, with his meticulously sculpted hair, cigarette trembling in his fingers, waited. Nobody spoke, not even Berliner. Looking at the pictures, I was reminded of flashers. See this. It is my entire crotch.

Then Berliner blurted: "Great. Great. Let's do it. Let's all talk about our sexual experience." His face jerked in every direction, seeking encouragement.

As if he'd heard nothing, Kramer said: "I was born in Trenton, New Jersay. My father was a union organiser. In those days it was dangerous work. He was a communist, he lived for an idea. My mother believed in everything he said, but she was always depressed. She sat in the bedroom, in her robe, smoking cigarettes. She never cleaned the house. When I was six years old I was shopping and cooking, like my mother's mother. I cannot remember one minute which I can call my childhood. I was my mother's mother. I had a life with no beginning, no childhood."

"Right," said Berliner. "You had your childhood later. Six-hundred-and-twenty-two mothers. Right?"

"The women are women. Eventually, I will have another 600. I don't know where my father is, but when I hear the word 'workers' or the word 'struggle', I think of him. If I see a hardhat carrying a lunch pail, I think he is struggling. My mother now lives in New York. Twice a year I phone New York and get migraine headaches. Blindness. Nausea. Just say the area code 212 and I feel pain in my eyes."

I'd been looking at Kramer almost continuously, but now I noticed that his eyes didn't focus steadily. His right eye was slightly askew. He blinked and brought it into line with the other eye. After a while it drifted away again. He'd let it go for a moment, then blink, bringing it back. His voice was trancelike, compulsive, as if trying to tell us something before he was overwhelmed by doubt and confusion.

Cavanaugh said: "What about Nancy?"

"What about her?" Kramer sounded unsure who Nancy might be.

"Nancy Kramer. She lives here, doesn't she? These are her plants, aren't they?" Cavanaugh was looking at the photos on the rug, not the plants.

"You mean the women? What does Nancy think about my women?"

"That's right."

"We have a good understanding. Nancy goes out, too. It's cool. The plants are mine."

"Yours?" I said.

"Yes. I love them. I've got them on my tape recorder. I could play you the fig tree in the corner." Kramer said this with a sly, dopey look, trying to change the mood, trying to make a joke.

"Too much. Too much, Kramer," said Berliner. "My wife and me are exactly the same. I mean we also have an understanding."

I said: "Let Kramer talk."

Kramer shook his head and bent toward Berliner. "That's all right. Do you want to say more, Solly?"

Berliner looked at his knees like a guilty kid. "You go on. I'm sorry I interrupted."

Cavanaugh, imitating Kramer, bent toward Berliner. "Solly, aren't you jealous when your wife is making it with another guy?"

"Jealous?"

"Yeah, jealous."

"No, man. I'm liberated."

"What the hell does that mean?" I said.

Berliner said, as if it were obvious: "I don't feel anything."

"Liberated means you don't feel anything?"

"Yeah. I'm liberated."

Canterbury, with a huge stare of delight, began repeating: "You don't feel anything. You don't feel anything." Blond and lean, light blue eyes. He strained forward again to speak, then straightened quickly, as if he'd gone too far.

Berliner shrugged. "Once, I felt something."

Crossing and uncrossing his legs, seeming to writhe in his creamy slacks, Canterbury said: "Tell us about that, please. Tell us about the time you felt something."

"Does everyone want to hear?" said Berliner, looking at me.

I said: "Yes."

His voice flooded with accommodation. "We had a weekend in the mountains with another couple. A ski cabin near Lake Tahoe. The first night we got a little drunk after dinner and somebody — maybe me — yeah, yeah, me — I said let's trade partners. It was my own idea, right? So we traded. It was okay. It wasn't the first time we did it. But then I heard my wife moaning. It was a small cabin. And that was okay, but she was not just moaning. You know what I mean? She was moaning with love."

"Love?" said Kramer.

"Yeah. Moaning with love. She was overdoing it, you know what I mean. She was doing love. I wanted to kill her."

Cavanaugh reached over and squeezed Berliner's arm. Berliner was still smiling,

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the green eyes searching our faces for the meaning of what he'd said. "Is that what you wanted to hear, Harold?"

"Did it ruin your weekend?"

"It was horrible, man. I lost my erection."

Berliner began screeing again and I heard myself doing it, too, like him, making that creepy sound.

"It was horrible, horrible. I was ashamed. I ran out of the cabin and sat on a rock. My wife started calling through the door, 'Solly, Solly, Solly Berliner'. Then she came outside, laughing, and found me. I showed her what she had done to me. She said it wasn't her fault. She said it was my idea. I hit her and said that was my idea, too. She started crying. Soon as she started crying, my erection came back."

Kramer said: "What happened next?"

"But you were talking, Kramer," I said. "You know what happened next. Next she hit him and they made it together. It's a cliche. You should finish telling your story. You should have a full turn."

Berliner, incoherent with excitement, shouted: "How the hell do you know? I'm telling what happened to me, me, me."

"All right, all right. What happened next?"

"She hit me and we made it together."

Cavanaugh, with two fists, hammered the rug until everyone quieted. Then he said: "Look at Kramer." Kramer was slumped forward, dark face hanging, glancing vaguely back at Cavanaugh.

"Let's let him alone," said Cavanaugh. Kramer grinned and sat up, but he didn't protest. Cavanaugh continued: "Maybe Kramer will want to say more later. I'd like to hear about the childhood he didn't have, but I think we're talking about love tonight. I'll tell you guys a love story. Okay?"

I said: "Kramer tells us he made it with 600 women. Berliner says he traded his wife, then beat her up and had an erection. You call that love?"

Cavanaugh gave me a flat look, as if I'd become strange to him.

"Why not?"

"Oh, God."

"Hey, man, what do you want to hear about? Toothpaste and deodorants?"

"You're right, Cavanaugh. I give up. I bet your story is about how you make it with 10,000 high-school cheerleaders."

Cavanaugh stared at the place in the rug he had just hammered. The big body was immobilised, the whole man getting things in order, remembering.

●

"About three months after we got married, my second wife and I started having arguments. Bad scenes. We would go to bed hating each other. There were months with no sex. I didn't know who was more miserable. I was making a lot of money playing ball and I was playing good. It should have been good for us altogether. The marriage should have been fine. In the middle of a game with the crowd screaming, I'd think this was no fantastic deal, because I had no love at home. Soon there was nothing in my body but anger. I got into fights with my own teammates. I couldn't shave without slicing my face. I was smoking cigarettes. I had something against my body and wanted to hurt it. When I told Sarah I was moving out, she said, 'Great'. She wanted to live alone. I moved out and stayed with a friend until I found an apartment. One day in the grocery store, I was throwing every kind of thing into my shopping cart. I was making sure nothing I needed would show up later as not being there. And this woman, I notice, is pushing her cart behind me, up and down the aisles, giggling. I knew she was giggling at me. When I got to the cashier she is behind me in line, still giggling, and then she says, very sweet and tickled, 'You must have a station wagon out there in the parking lot.' I said, 'I have a pickup truck. Do you want a ride?' A man buying so much food, she figured, has a family. Safe to ask for a ride. She didn't have a car. I gave her a ride and carried her groceries upstairs to her apartment. A little boy was sitting on the floor watching TV. She introduced us and offered me a drink and we want in another room talking. The boy took care of himself. Like in Kramer's story. He cooked dinner for himself. He gave himself a bath. Then went to bed.

"But his mother wasn't depressed like Kramer's. She laughed and teased me and asked a lot of questions. I talked about myself for five or six hours. We ate dinner around midnight, and then, at four in the morning, I woke up in her bed, thinking about my ton of groceries rotting in the pickup. But that wasn't what woke me. What woke me was the feeling I wanted to go back to my place. I hadn't left one woman to sleep with another. I mean I hadn't left my wife to do that. I wanted to go back to my own apartment, my own bed. I didn't know what I was doing in this woman's bed. I got up and dressed and left. As I was about to drive away she comes running to the window of my pickup, naked. 'Where are you going at this hour?' I said I wanted to go home. She says, 'Okay, I'll come with you.' I told her no and said I would phone her. She said okay and smiled and said good night. She was like that little boy. Or he was like her. Easy. Okay, okay, good night. I didn't think I would phone her. Now this is my story. I woke up the next afternoon. I liked it, waking alone, but I felt something strange. I wanted something. Then I remembered the woman and I knew what I wanted. I wanted to phone her. So I went to the phone and I realised I didn't know her number. I didn't even know her name. Well, I showered, got dressed, and stopped thinking about her. I went out for something. I didn't know what. I had everything I needed in the apartment. But I started driving and right away I was driving back to the grocery store, as if the pickup had a mind of its own. I was just holding the wheel. I didn't get farther than the grocery store, because I

"I've heard he's not really a plain clothes cop at all!"

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didn't remember where she lived. I remembered leaving the store with her, driving toward the bay, and that's all. She said, 'Turn right, turn left, go straight,' but I never noticed street names or anything. Now I wanted to see that woman more and more. The next day I went back to the grocery and hung around the parking lot. I did that every day for a week, at different times. I thought I remembered how she looked talking to me through the window of my pickup, how she smiled and said okay. I wanted to see her again badly. But I wasn't sure I could recognise her in the street. She was wearing gold loop earrings, jeans, sandals. What if she came along in a skirt and heels? Anyhow, I never saw her again."

●

Cavanaugh stopped. It was obvious he had no more to say, but Kramer said: "Is that your story?"

"Yes." Cavanaugh leaned back, watching us.

"That's your love story?" I asked.

"Right. I fell in love with a woman I couldn't find the next day. She might live around the corner."

"You still love her?" asked Paul, tremendous delicacy in his voice, the slight small body poised, full of tenderness.

Cavanaugh smiled at him with melancholy eyes. The whole expression of his great face and body suggested that he'd been humbled by fate.

"That can't be it," said Paul. "That can't be the end."

"The end."

"Cavanaugh," said Paul, "I've known you for years. How come you never told me that story?"

"Maybe I'm not sure it happened."

"You did go back to the grocery?"

"So what?"

I said: "Paul means, if you looked for her, it happened."

"I still look. When Sarah sends me out to do the shopping, she doesn't know the risk she's taking."

"Cavanaugh," I said, "do you think you ever passed her in the street and she recognised you but you didn't recognise her? That happened to me once. A woman stopped me and said, 'Hello', and when I stood there staring like a fool, she turned and walked away. She'd recognised me."

"Anybody would recognise Cavanaugh," said Kramer, "from his pictures in the papers."

"Hey," said Berliner, "I have an idea. We can all look for her. What do you say?"

Paul said: "Shut up, man."

"Why is everyone telling me to shut up? I drove here from San Jose and everyone tells me to shut up." Berliner sighed in a philosophical way. He'd seen into the nature of life. "Looking for Cavanaugh's woman. To me it's a good idea. Hey, man, I have a better idea. Cavanaugh, take a quick look through Kramer's snapshots."

"She wasn't one of them. She was a queen."

"Queen what?" shouted Kramer. "My women have names. What did you call her? You call her Queen?"

"I'm sorry, Kramer. Take it easy. He thinks I crapped on his harem."

I said: "Let me talk. I want to tell a love story."

"Great," said Berliner. "Everybody shut up. Go, man. Sing the blues."

"You don't want to hear my story? I listened to yours, Berliner."

"Yes he does," said Kramer. "Let him talk, Solly."

"I didn't try to stop him."

Cavanaugh said: "Just begin."

"Yeah," said Berliner, grinning, brilliant and stiff with teeth.

"So far," I said, "I've heard three stories about one thing. Cavanaugh calls it love. I call it stories about the other women. By which I mean the one who is not the wife. To you guys, only the other woman is interesting. If there weren't first a wife, there couldn't be the other woman. Especially you, Berliner. Moaning with love, she's the other woman. And Kramer with his snapshots. Look at them. He spent his life trying to photograph the other woman, but every time he snapped a picture it was like getting married. Like eliminating another woman from the possibility of being the other woman. And Cavanaugh, why can't he find his woman? Because if he finds her she won't be the other woman anymore. This way he protects his marriage. Every time he goes to the grocery store and doesn't see the other woman, which is every single time, his marriage is stronger."

Kramer spent his life trying to photograph the other woman, but everytime he snapped a picture it was like getting married.

Cavanaugh, frowning at me, said: "What are you trying to tell us? What's all this about the other woman? Why don't you say it, man?"

"I am saying it."

Kramer then said: "You're trying to tell us you love your wife. You think I don't love mine? You think Solly doesn't love his wife?"

Berliner cried: "If that's all you think, you're right, I hate my wife."

"Tell your story," said Cavanaugh. "Enough philosophy."

●

"I don't know if I can tell it, I never told it before. It's about a woman who was my friend in high school and college. Her name is Marilyn. We practically grew up together. She lives in Chicago now. She's a violinist in a symphony orchestra. I spent more time with her than any other woman except maybe my mother. She wasn't like a sister. She was like a friend, a very close friend. I couldn't have had such a friendship with a man. We'd go out together and if I brought her home late I'd stay over at her place, in the same bed. Nothing sexual. Between us it would have been a crime. We would fight plenty, say terrible things to each other, but we were close. She phoned me every day and we stayed on the phone for an hour. We went to parties together when neither of us had a date. Showing up with her increased my chances of meeting some girl. It gave me a kind of power, walking in with Marilyn, free to pick up somebody else. She had the same power. We never analysed our relationship, but we joked about what other people thought. My mother would answer the phone and if she heard Marilyn's voice she'd say, 'It's your future wife.' But she worried about us. She warned me that any woman I was serious about would object to Marilyn. Or she'd say it wasn't nice, me and Marilyn so thick with each other, because I was ruining her chances of meeting a man. That wasn't true. Marilyn had plenty of affairs. All of them ended badly, but I had nothing to do with that. One of her men scissored her dresses into rags. Another flung her Siamese cat out of the window. She always found some guy who was well educated, had pleasant manners, and turned out to be a brute. She suffered, but nothing destroyed her. She had her violin. She also had me. Once, when I was out of a job and no longer living at home with my mother, she loaned me money and let me stay at her place for weeks. I was trying to decide what to do — get another job, go back to school — and Marilyn didn't urge me to hurry. I didn't even have to ask her if I could stay at her place. I just appeared with my bags. One night she came home with a friend, a girl who looked something like her. Curly brown hair, blue eyes, and beautiful skin, faintly olive-colored. They were also the same size. Before dinner was over, Marilyn remembered something important she had to do. She excused herself and went to a movie. Her friend and I were alone in the apartment. It was glorious. A few days later, talking to Marilyn about this and that, I mentioned her friend. Marilyn said she didn't want to hear about her. That friendship was over and it was something she couldn't discuss. Furthermore, she said, I had acted badly that night at dinner, driving her out of her own apartment. I said: 'I thought you left as a favor to me. I thought you did it deliberately.' She said she did do it deliberately, but only because I made it extremely obvious that I wanted her to get out. Now I began to feel angry. I told her she didn't have to leave her own apartment for my sake and it was rotten of her to make me feel guilty about it after I'd started

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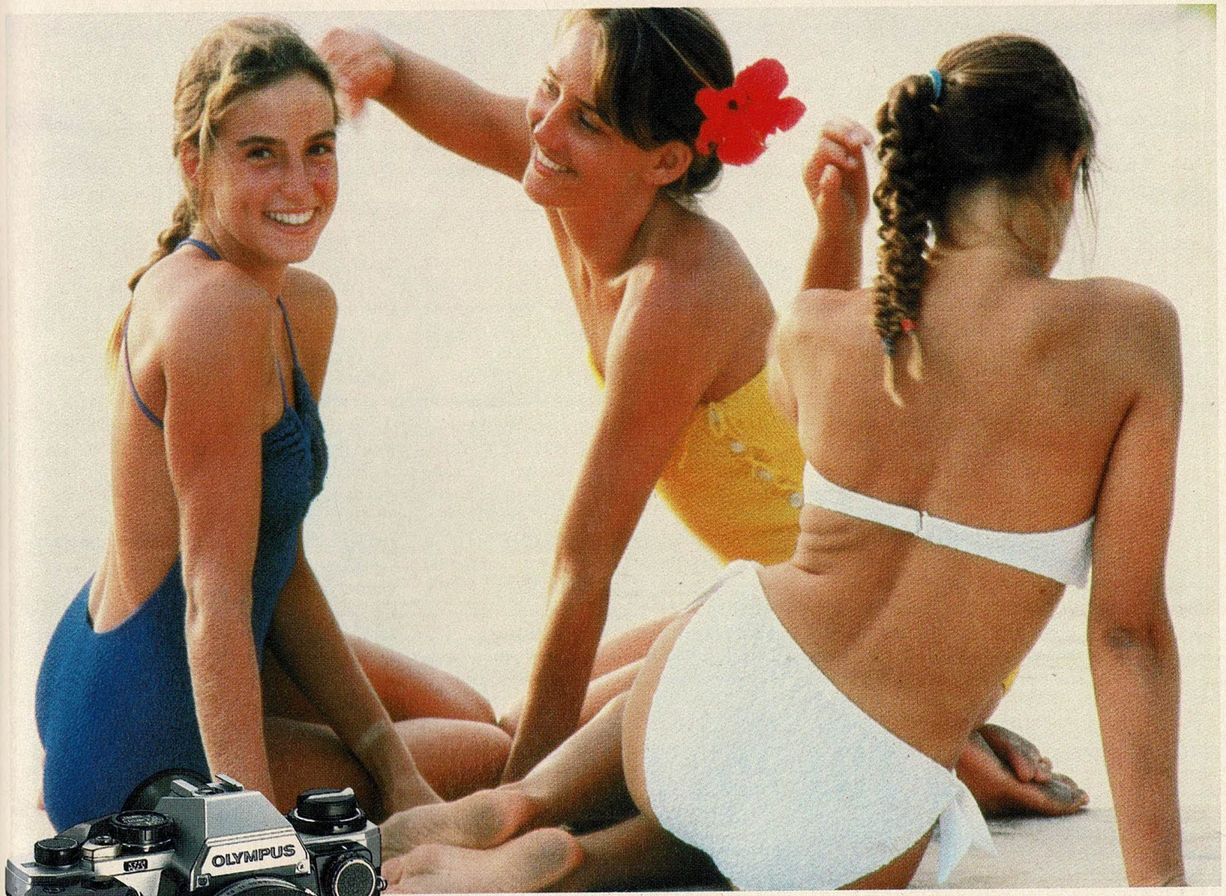

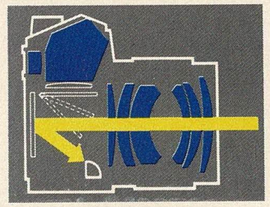

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having very good feelings about her friend. I said this thinking it would prevent an argument; change everything. Marilyn would laugh; give me a hug. Instead, she lights a cigarette and begins smoking with quick half-drags, flicking ashes all over her couch. Then she says: 'Why don't you say that you consider me physically disgusting and you always have.' This was my old friend Marilyn speaking, but it seemed like science fiction. It looked like her. It sounded like her. It was her, but it wasn't. Some weird mongoose had seized her soul. Then she started telling me about what is inside my head, things she has always known though I tried to hide them from her. Her voice is bitter and nasty. She says she knows I can't stand her breasts and the birthmark on her neck sickens me. I said: 'What birthmark?' She says: 'Who are you trying to kid? I've seen you looking at it a thousand times when you thought I didn't notice.' I sat down beside her on the couch. She says: 'Get away from me, you pig.' I felt confused. Ashamed and frightened at the same time. Then she jumps off the couch and strides out of the room. I hear her slamming around in the toilet, bottles toppling out of her medicine cabinet into the sink. Smashing. I said: 'Marilyn, are you all right?' No answer. Finally, she comes out wearing a bathrobe with nothing underneath and the robe is open. But she is standing there as if nothing has changed since she left the room, and she talks to me again in the same nasty voice. She sneers and accuses me of things I couldn't have imagined, let alone thought about her, as she says I did, every day, all the time, pretending I was her friend. Suddenly I'm full of a new feeling. Not what a normal person would call sexual feeling, but what does a penis know. It isn't a connoisseur of normal sex. Besides I was a lot younger, still mystified by my own chemicals. I leap off the couch and grab her. No, I find myself leaping, grabbing her, and she's twisting, trying to hit me, really fighting. She's seriously trying to hurt me, but there's no screaming or cursing, there's only the two of us breathing and sweating, and then she begins to collapse, to slide towards the floor. Next thing I'm on top of her. I'm wearing my clothes, she's lying on her open robe. It's supernaturally exciting. Both of us are shivering and wild. We fell asleep like that and we slept at least an hour. I woke when I felt her moving. The lights were on. We were looking at each other. She says: 'This is very discouraging.' Then she went to her bedroom and shut the door. I got up and followed her and knocked at the door. She opens it and lets me kiss her. Then she shut the door again. I went to sleep in the living-room, and left early the next morning. Six months later she wrote me a letter at my mother's address, telling me about her new job in Chicago and giving me her phone number. I phoned. After we talked for a while, she asked about her friend. I told her it was finished between her friend and me. I was seeing somebody else. She changed the subject. Every few months I get a letter from her. I write to her also. Someday, if I happen to be in Chicago, I'll visit her."

●

In the silence following my story, I began to regret having told it. Then a man who had said nothing all evening said: "Did you make it with Marilyn that night?"

"No. Nothing changed. I don't think it ever could."

The man started to say something, then stopped.

I said: "Do you have a question?"

It seemed he was a shy man. He said: "Was it a true story?"

"Yes."

He smiled. "I liked Marilyn."

"I like her, too. Maybe I can fix you up with her. What's your name?"

"I'm Terry."

"Terry?" shrieked Berliner. "Terry, you're supposed to phone your wife."

Grinning at Berliner, Terry seemed less a shy man than a man surprised. "It's not my wife," he said, intimating complexities. Old confusions. As if to forbid himself another word, he shook his head. Round and bald. Sandy tufts of hair beside the ears, like baby feathers. His eyes were hazel. His nose was a thick pull. "I mustn't bore you fellows with my situation." He nodded at me as if we had a special understanding. "We're enjoying ourselves, telling stories about love." He continued nodding.

Cavanaugh said: "Talk about anything you like, Terry. You say the woman who phoned isn't your wife?"

He grinned. "I'm a haunted house. For me, yesterday is today. The woman who phoned is my former wife. A strange expression, but what else can I call her? Ex-wife?"

"Call her by her name," I said.

"Her name is Nicki."

"How long have your been divorced?" asked Cavanaugh.

"Usually one asks how long you've been married. Nicki and I have been divorced 10 years. Nicki —"

"It's better," said Berliner, "if you say former wife. Nicki, Nicki — you sound like a ping-pong game."

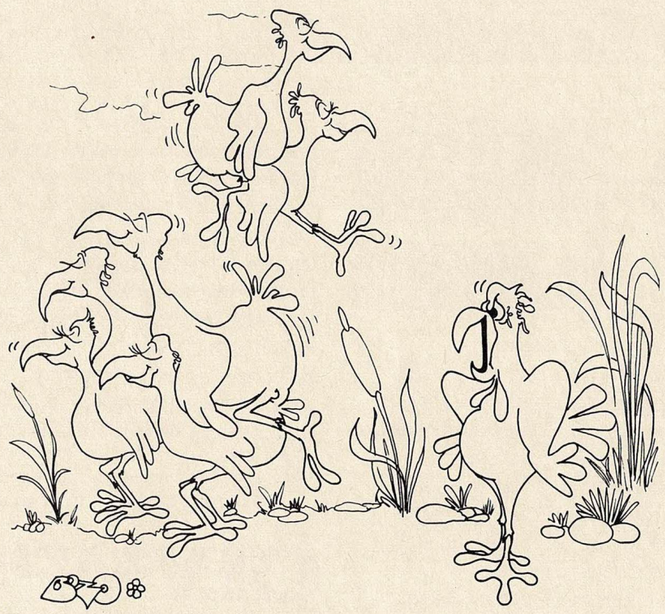
"All right. After 10 years of divorce we're closer than during our marriage. If you don't remarry, this is natural. She phones me two or three times a week. Listen to how personal I'm becoming. Why is everything personal so funny?"

"Who's laughing?" said Berliner. "Do you sleep together? To sleep with your former wife, I think — I mean just to me — I couldn't do it."

"You couldn't do it," I said. "Who asked you to?"

"He's right. I'm sorry, Terry."

"It doesn't happen often. Nicki has a boy friend. His name is Harrison. But they don't live together. Nicki can't get along with kids. She doesn't like kids. More complicated yet, Harrison's daughter, 11



"I said. . . birds of a feather flock *together. . .* flock!"

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years old, is a very sad fat girl. His boy, six years old, has learning problems. Harrison phones me, too. I meet him now and then to talk about his kids."

"He wants to talk to you?" I said.

"I'm a doctor. Even at parties people come up to me for an opinion. 'Terry, I shouldn't discuss professional matters in these circumstances, but my aged aunt Sophie has a wart on her buttock. She wants you to know.' "

"So what about Nicki? She was crying on the phone," Kramer says.

"She always does. Your Marilyn story reminded me of a fight we had when I was in medical school in Montreal. We lived in a two-room flat above a grocery store. It was a Saturday morning. I was studying at the kitchen table. Can I tell this story?"

Berliner said: "Only if it's miserable."

●

"A blizzard had been building for days. I watched it through the kitchen window as it attacked the city. The sky disappeared. The streets were dead. Nothing moved but wind and snow. In this deadly blizzard, Nicki decided to go out. She had been saving money for a particular pair of boots. Fine soft leather. Tight. Knee-high. They had a red-brown tone, like dried blood. Totally impractical and too elegant. The wind would tear them off her legs. Nobody in our crowd owned such boots. Our friends were like us — students. Poor. Always worried about money. Nicki had worked as a secretary all year. She never bought presents for herself. I had a tiny scholarship. It covered books and incidental tuition fees. We were badly in debt, but she wanted these boots. I don't know how she saved a penny for them. I pleaded with her not to go out in the blizzard. Something in my voice, maybe, suggested more anxiety about the price of the boots than her safety. The more I pleaded, the more determined she became."

"Why didn't you go with her?" I asked.

"I wanted to. But the idea of the boots — so trivial, such a luxury — and her wanting to go get them that morning — made me furious. I could sympathise with her desire for beautiful boots. She deserved a reward. But why that minute? I was trying to study. My papers and books were on the kitchen table. Also a box of slides and a microscope I carried home from the laboratory. Today, though I own a house with 10 rooms, I still use the kitchen table when I read medical journals or write an article. Anyhow, I was trying to study. I needed the time. It's difficult for me to memorise things, but I can do it if there is peace and quiet and no bad feelings in the air. You don't have to be a genius to be a doctor. But now I was furious. I yelled: 'Do what you like. Buy the stupid boots. Just leave me alone.' She slammed the door.

"For a while I sat with my papers and books. Outside the blizzard was hysterical. Inside it was warm and quiet. I worried about her, but my fury cancelled the worry. Soon I began to study. I forgot about Nicki. Maybe three hours passed and, suddenly, she's home. Pale and burning and happy. I didn't say hello. My fury returned. She had a big shoe box under her arm. She had returned with her boots. While she put them on, I continued trying to study. I didn't watch her, but I could tell she needed help. The boots were tight. After a while she managed to get them on by herself, then she walked up to my table and stood there, waiting for me to notice. I could feel her excitement. She was trembling with pleasure. I knew what expression was in her face. Every muscle working not to smile. She waited for me to look up and admit she was magnificent in those boots. But the blizzard was in my heart. I refused to look. Suddenly my papers, books, slides, microscope — everything on the table was all over the kitchen floor. Nicki is strong. She plays tennis like a man. I felt I had been killed, wiped out of the world.

"She claims I hit her. I don't remember. I remember rushing out into the blizzard with no coat or hat. Why? To buy a gun. I didn't really know what I wanted until I passed a pawnshop with guns in the window. I had a pocket watch that my father gave me when I left for medical school. Gold case. Gothic numerals. A classic watch. Also a heavy gold chain. In exchange for that watch I got a rifle. I asked the man for a bullet. I couldn't pay for it, but I told him the deal was off unless he gave me a bullet. He said: 'One bullet?' I screamed: 'Give me a bullet.' He gave it to me. If I'd asked for a ton of bullets, he would have thought nothing. Ask for one bullet and there's trouble."

The preparations for the women's group would feed our club. The idea of delicious food, taken this way, was thrilling.

"The police were waiting for you," said Berliner.

"The police car was in front of the house, its light blinking through the storm. I went around behind the house and climbed a stairway to the roof, and loaded the rifle. I intended to go to the flat and blow my brains out in front of Nicki."

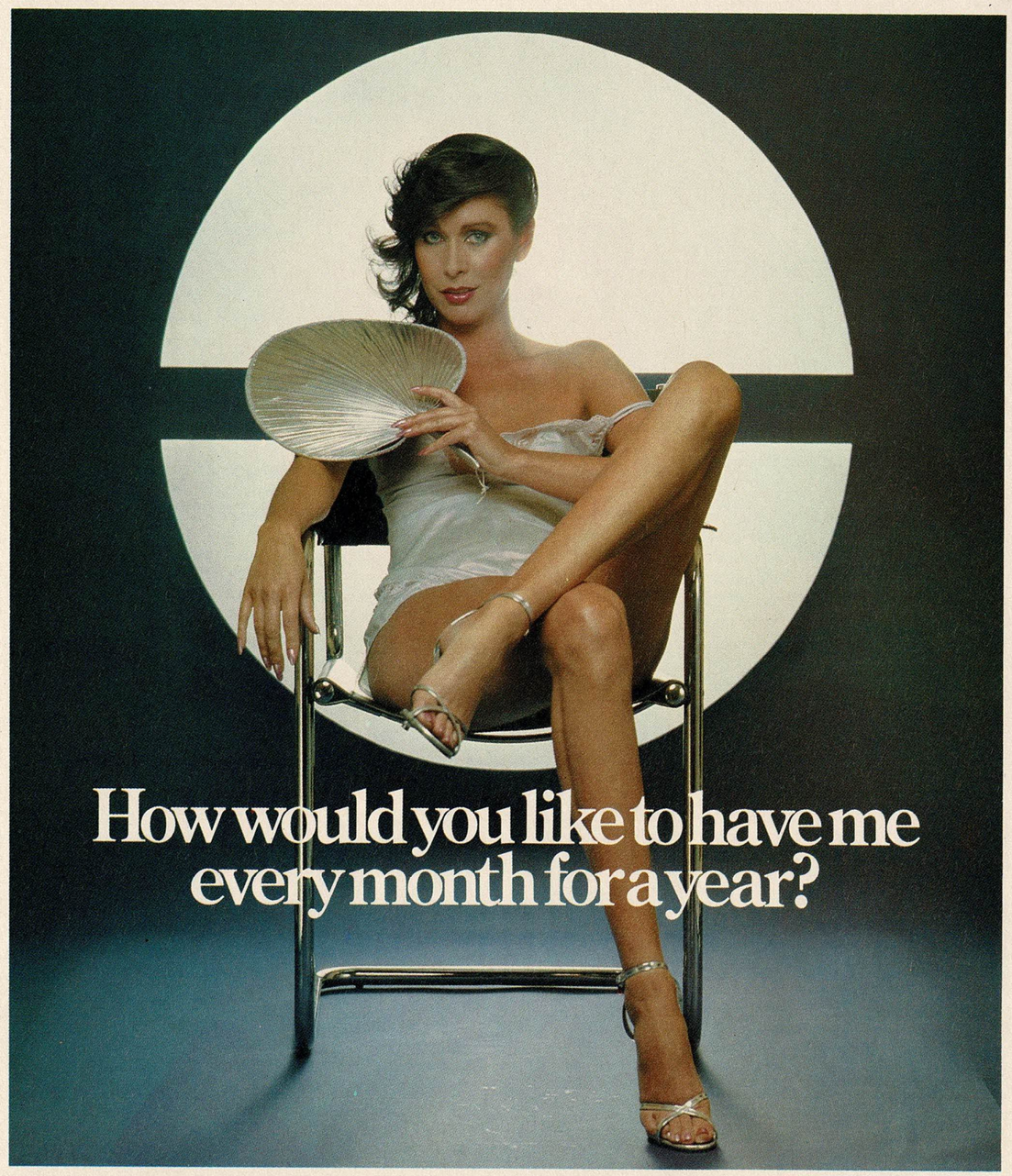
"I thought you were going to shoot her," I said.

"Her? I'd never shoot her. I'm her slave. I wanted to make a point about our relationship. But the police were in the flat. I was on the roof with a loaded rifle, freezing in the storm. I aimed into the storm, towards the medical school, and fired. How could I shoot myself? I'd have been on that roof with a bullet in my head, covered by snow, and nobody would have found me until spring. What comes to mind when you commit suicide is amazing. Listen, I have a question. My story made me hungry. Is there anything to eat?"

Kramer rose from his pillow with a brooding face. "Men," he said, "Terry is hungry. I suppose all of us could use a little bite. I would suggest we sent out for pizza. Or I myself would make us an omelet. But not tonight. You are lucky tonight. Very lucky. Tomorrow, in this room, Nancy is having a meeting of her women's group. So the refrigerator happens to be packed with good things. Let me itemise. In the refrigerator there is three different kinds of salad. There is big plates of chicken, turkey and salmon. There is also a pecan pie. I love pecan pie. There is two pecan pies and there is two lemon pies. There is a chocolate cake which, even as I speak of it, sucks at me. I am offering all this to you, men. Wait, Berliner. In the alcove, behind the kitchen, rests a case of zinfandel. It is good, good California. Men, I offer to you this zinfandel."

Berliner was already in the kitchen. The rest of us stayed to cheer Kramer. Even I cheered. Despite his tattooed arms, which reminded me of snakes, I cheered. His magnanimity was unqualified. No smallest doubt or reluctance troubled his voice. Every face in the room became like his, an animal touched by glee. We were "lucky," said Kramer. Lucky, maybe, to be men. Life is an unfair business. Whoever said otherwise? It is a billion bad shows, low blows, and number one has more fun. The preparations for the women's group would feed our club. The idea of delicious food, taken this way, was thrilling. Had it been there for us, it would have been pleasant. But this was evil, like eating the other woman. We discovered Berliner on his knees before the refrigerator, door open, his head inside. We cheered again, crowding up behind him as he passed things out to us, first a long plate of salmon, the whole pink fish intact, then the chicken, then a salad bowl sealed with a plastic sheet through which we saw dazzling green life. It would be a major feast, a huge eating. To Cavanaugh, standing beside me, I said: "I thought you had to leave early." He didn't reply. He pulled his watch off, slipped it into his pocket, and shouted: "I see pate in there. I want that, too." The cheers came again. Some of the men had already started on the salmon, snatching pieces of it with their fingers. Kramer, who had gone to the alcove, reappeared with black bottles of zinfandel, two under his arms, two in his hands. He stopped, contemplated the scene in his kitchen, and his dark eyes glowed. His voice was all pleasure. "This is a wonderful club. This is a wonderful club."

From *The Men's Club*© 1981 by Leonard Michaels, published by Jonathan Cape, $17.75.



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DARTS

you don't have to put a foot outside your favorite pub to take part in this sport

MORE Australians play darts than you could poke a tungsten tip at. Those who say fishing is the country's biggest participant sport don't know what they're talking about. It would be pretty hard to measure it, but I'd bet Ayers Rock to a marble that more people throw a dart every week than lay hands on an Alvey sidecast or a Jarvis Walker Mudgee.

It's the convenience of it all; you don't have to put a foot outside your favorite pub (you don't even have to stop drinking for more than a minute at a time), and you're not faced with a huge bill for even the best equipment — you can get yourself started for as little as $80 and a complete competition outfit, darts and board, shouldn't set you back more than $200.

If you're just going to play at the local, all you'll need is a set of darts. These can cost up to $80 a set but you won't need to pay anywhere near that much unless you plan on turning professional (yes, there is a professional darts circuit of sorts). Alan Jones of the Dart Den, in the outer Sydney suburb of Parramatta, recommends that beginners start with something simple until they get the hang of it and are in a position to decide just what they want. A modest $8 to $8.50 will get you a standard brass-bodied set with either feather or slip-on plastic flights. (Feathers, like most things organic in sport, are rapidly dying out in favor of the more durable and easily replaceable plastics.)

If you're after something a little more fancy, you can lash out $16.75 for a set in nickel-silver. They look a lot more flash but their mass is about the same as the brass set. Mass is important in darts because the ideal is to have them as thin as possible so you can slot three of them into a tight little treble or bullseye. That's where tungsten comes in. Tungsten has a high density, so you can make a dart out of it that is slim yet heavy enough to give a good throwing weight. It's also expensive, so to keep the cost down some darts are made of part brass, part tungsten. These composites sell for around $30. Then there's a copper and tungsten mixture starting at $35 and the top-of-the-line nickel-tungstens whose price starts at around $40 and rises according to the percentage of tungsten in them. Most expensive of all are 95 percent tungsten at $80. However, most top line players are happy with a set costing $55 to $60.

Strangely enough, says Mr Jones, women tend to favor heavier darts than men, which is quite the opposite from most sports.

So you've got your arrows; now you want to play at home. What sort of board you buy will depend on how often you use it and how seriously you take the game. The simplest and cheapest are made of tightly-wound paper. These will cost you $7 for a single-sided board and $13.50 for one which can be reversed (almost, but not quite, doubling the board's life). But the trouble with wound paper is that it doesn't stand up well to heavy usage.

Have a look in your local and you'll see their board is a much tougher affair, made of bristle (in fact synthetic bristle). This can take a pounding and still come up smiling. The bargain model here, says Mr Jones, is the $40 Unicorn which, for some reason, comes from Botswana. Because Botswana is a developing country it gets a good tariff rate, which keeps the price down. Other good bristle boards are the Puma from New Zealand at $42.50, the English Trulon and Milbro at $51.50 and the Nodor at $55. There is also a special board called the Champion's Choice. This is a practice board with narrow doubles and trebles, the idea being that if you practice on these tiny targets you'll piss it in on the full-size ones.

Dart Den used to stock cabinets with blackboards on the inside of the folding doors, but they don't now because Mr Jones became dissatisfied with the quality of manufacture. If you really want one, there are some packages on the market for around $80-$100 which include the board and cabinet (but check that the board is a good bristle one). Or you could have a box made.

Frankly, unless you really want to cover the whole thing up and leave it there when its not in use, you're better off without a cabinet. The trouble with these built-in blackboards is that when someone is marking them, no one else can throw for fear of hitting them and it slows down the whole game. All you need, once you've settled on your playing area, is some sort of backing surround so that if you miss the board (and you will, Oscar, you will) you won't damage the wall, or the darts. A blackboard of some sort is handy too, but you can keep the score on a sheet of paper if necessary.

Okay, now you're ready to roll, what do you play? The old favorite 301 (or 501 for doubles) is still the most popular game around. It's also just about the simplest. Each player starts with a total of 301 and he/she has to whittle it down by scoring as much as possible with each dart. But there's a snag. You must start and finish with a double. In theory the whole thing can be done with six darts, just two throws, but if you can do that you'd better turn professional right away — and write to the Guinness Book of Records.

In one pub where I sometimes play they have a rule that if you haven't got started by the time your opponent has finished, you have to drop your daks. They're all pretty keen players there though, and I've never seen it enforced.

As for how you play. Well, you hold the dart in your hand and throw it at the board. The rest is up to you. — LAURIE STRACHAN

THE DOS AND DON'TS OF HI-FI (continued from page 102)

Records you'd decided were too worn and noisy to be playable any more come back to life.

(and you probably will because most of the better-sounding cartridges are moving-coil types) you'll need either a preamp with the extra sensitivity these units demand or a step-up device in the form of a special transformer or so-called pre-preamp to feed a preamp of normal sensitivity. The value of a good dealer is that this sort of problem will be taken care of as a matter of course.

Each component you choose should be checked with the rest of your system, as you envisage it, and if possible with other combinations. Cross-checking like this can become tedious but ultimately it's worthwhile.

Speakers can be a real problem, because the listening room has an enormous effect on their sound. Following the general instructions of manufacturer and your dealer, experiment with speaker positioning relative to room boundaries and listening area. Some speakers are designed to go on stands, some on the floor, some in corners, some with backs against a wall, some well away from walls. The room you use for listening will naturally narrow your range of choice so take into account the practical restrictions of that room before making a final decision. If possible, arrange with your dealer to audition more than one pair of speakers in your home. You'll probably find one type works considerably better than another, so your choice will be obvious.

With an amplifier, important consideration is that it should be able to drive your speakers to an adequately high level without distortion. Of course the capabilities of the speakers themselves will partly determine this but as long as you remember that very small speakers often need a great deal of power yet will not go very loud, and that a low-power amp is more likely to damage speakers (and itself) when worked hard than a high-power model, you won't go far wrong. Use speaker power ratings as a guide rather than as absolute requirements. A 50 watt speaker should be partnered with a 50 watt amp, but if you can't find a suitable 50 watt model, you'd be better off choosing a 70 watt amp, rather than a 30 watt.

DO take care with installation.

Turntables, in particular, have become a real pain to set up and a good dealer will attend to this very critical operation for you. In an attempt to deter you from attempting the job yourself, I'll describe the procedure for setting up a Linn-Sondek.

First you need a perfectly level surface, strong enough to remain stable in the face of enormous human forces. To provide those forces you need a large, strong man.

First step is to take all the ingredients, arm, cartridge and turntable and attach them to each other as per the instructions that come with them. The geometrical relationship of this uneasy trio is very critical indeed so, if possible, use a low-error protractor for the job. Since it involves exposing a naked stylus, this task requires great care to avoid damage.

When you're satisfied with your pickup alignment, mark the arm base position on its mounting board, remove arm, take the large gentleman and have him proceed, using the largest screwdriver that fits, to tighten the cartridge mounting screws. The cartridge position must not be altered. The screws should be tight; if they are broken, stripped or otherwise damaged you'll have to start again.

Reassemble the arm, using the mark you made as a guide. Recheck geometry, moving the arm base as required. Once you're satisfied with the position, take your strong gentleman and, equipping him with the largest spanner which fits, have him screw the arm securing nut as tight as it will go.

The arm mounting board can be fixed to the sub-chassis, again checking geometry and taking care not to strip the screw-hole threads.

Next the arm wiring must be "dressed" to prevent physical interference with the suspension system while allowing freedom of movement. This wiring must be firmly clamped at both arm base and point of exit from the fixed outer base — to prevent vibration transmission.

Finally the suspension springs must be adjusted for height and lateral position so that the sub-chassis sits correctly, and the drive motor spindle must be adjusted to give correct operation of the drive belt.

Many of the best turntables need to be set up by a similar procedure, and the whole point about them is that they won't work properly unless this is done. The main reason these turntables do sound better is because they are strong enough to be set up this way, the object being to reject as much vibration, self or externally generated, as possible.

Pickup connections to the preamp are best kept short and in fact these cables can be a source of degraded performance if they're not a suitable match for the cartridge. Keep mains cables and mains-operated appliances well away from these signal leads. If you use a separate preamp/power amp combination, keep the power amp well out of the way. If possible put the power amp close to the speakers, using long cables from the preamp. This way, you can use short speaker cables, reducing the losses of longer speaker cables.

Finally, you'll need a gadget to keep your stylus clean (Discwasher do a good one) and a brush for your records. Used *strictly* according to directions, (most people don't, unfortunately) the Decca brush is excellent but if your records are really dirty you'll need to take them to a Keith Monks record-cleaning machine which will bring them up like new. (Several firms offer this cleaning service.)

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In a general way, the most important single characteristic of top quality hi-fi systems is their spaciousness, allied to their ability to project a three-dimensional image, a sound-stage, with a tangible impression of depth *and* height from good recordings. Further, the individual sounds become at once more completely individual — isolated, if you like — yet better integrated musically with the other individual elements.

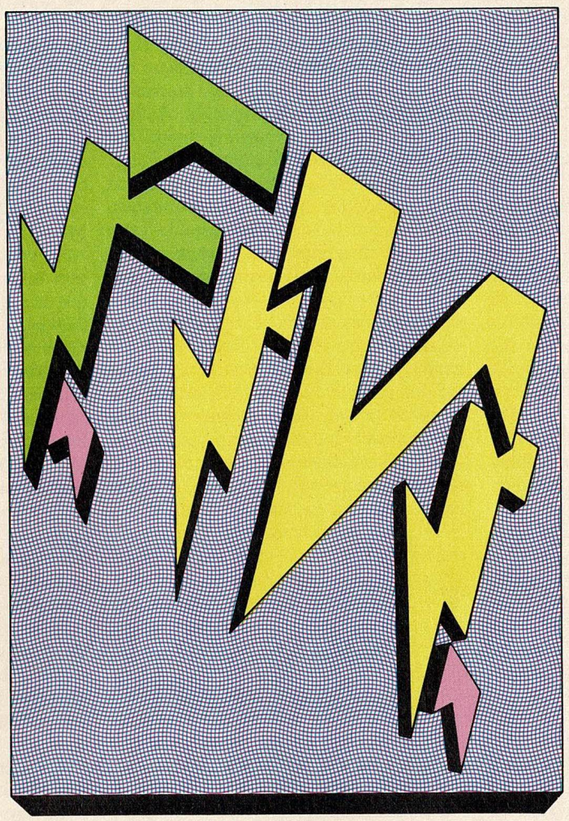
That's the immediate impression, at least, and sometimes it takes a little getting used to. Often it sounds somewhat less spectacular. It doesn't always grab your instant attention, yet it will almost invariably hold your concentration.

The main reason for this spaciousness and unfatiguing effortlessness is an ability of these systems to resolve the finer details in a recording and place them correctly in the total waveform. An interesting by-product of this level of performance is that record surface noise and the various other sonic debris picked up by the signal as it travels through the processing chain becomes less intrusive. This may seem contradictory, because if the signal emerges more completely defined, then surely so must the rubbish? Yes, this is absolutely true, but the extra clarity allows your ears to become more easily able to recognise sounds you don't want to hear — and your brain to ignore them, just as you can follow and make sense of a single voice against the noisy background of a crowded room. In fact you'll often find that records you'd decided were too worn and noisy to be playable any more come back to life, and are not only listenable but more enjoyable.

When you start to hear things like three ladies singing when before it was a chorus, a bass synthesiser line lurking below the electric bass when before it was just rumble, a triangle hidden deep in the last crescendo of the final movement — then you have music, made by hard-working people putting all their effort and expression and energy to generate mood, atmosphere and communication with you, the listener. You're no longer listening to a record, you're in a time-machine travelling back into a magical history catalogued as twenty-minute segments of sound. The record itself, the equipment and your listening room no longer dominate — they're irrelevant. Because you're in communication with the music, wherever, whenever it took place.

FM: QUALITY RADIO

how to get the best out of these new-fangled wireless stations



THERE was a time when AM meant in the morning; now it means steam radio — with the emphasis on steam. Since the day in December 1975 when Sydney's 2MBS-FM, run by a handful of amateurs, sent out its first feeble signals, the writing has been on the wall. FM is here to stay.

Yes, but what is FM?

Without getting into technicalities, the initials FM stand for frequency modulation. This is a description of the way in which the radio wave is modulated or altered in order to convey the message, which is the program. By using the FM technique, the engineers can convey more information on the airwaves. This means a broader frequency range in the music (deeper lows, higher highs), a greater dynamic range (a wider difference between the soft and loud passages), and stereo. An added bonus is freedom from many kinds of interference. The result is a sound that is more like the original, in other words a hi-fi sound.

That's why so many hi-fi outfits incorporate FM tuners — the sound you can get from them can be as good as the best records. However, you don't need a hi-fi to listen to FM. Have a look at your tranny; unless it's ancient or el cheapo extraordinaire, it will probably have an FM band on it. Pull out the stick-up antenna, tune in to one of the your local stations and you're in business.

To get good FM reception on your hi-fi, you'll need to fit an antenna of some sort. How good it needs to be will depend on where you are in relation to the transmitter (ask your dealer about that). FM operates in the same general waveband as television and is subject to the same limitations. It is affected (badly) by hills and even tall buildings.

So, if you are in a built-up area or a valley, you'll need a good antenna to get any sort of reception. A city like Adelaide is fortunate in this respect; a transmitter in the hills has an unimpeded path all over the city and reception is unlikely to be a worry. Sydney, on the other hand, is a real problem area, and for once it's the rich who suffer. In the cliffs and gorges of the trendy eastern suburbs and the rolling valleys of the stockbroker belt North Shore, reception is a matter of being lucky enough to be in the right position or wealthy enough to put up a tall antenna. The fibro set in the flatlands of the west have it much better. Reception is a piece of cake.

Another reason for reception problems is the fact that none of the FM stations is really happy with the amount of power it is allowed to use in its transmission. Pressure from the TV stations, worried that their own signals might run into interference, has kept the power allocated to FM down to a minimum.

This is a particular problem when listening to FM in a car, according to Mark Porter of Woollahra Electronics, a hi-fi dealership in Sydney's eastern suburbs. The most common complaint he receives from customers is that the signal is distorting and breaking up. This, he has to tell them, is not the fault of the equipment, but of the weakness of the signal and the hilly and heavily built-up terrain in the area. Better quality equipment will minimise this problem but cannot completely cure it. Some more expensive car FM tuners (and they can cost up to $300 for the tuner alone, without amplifier speakers or installation), have cut-outs that will automatically switch the tuner to mono when a weak signal is encountered and thus keep distortion down to a minimum (stereo needs a higher-powered signal than mono).

However, none of this means you should steer clear of FM in cars. Far from it. They can and usually do, produce beautiful sounds.

And the message appears to be getting through; Porter says demand for AM-only car radios has dropped off to just about zero.

Okay, you've got your FM receiver and it's ready to go; what can you expect to hear? The answer is just about anything you feel like. Most cities have a wide spread of stations ranging from community services through classics to rock. Policy has generally been to follow the example of the heavily-competitive American market where each station specialises in entertaining one general age group.

For instance, Sydney's 2DAY-FM, whose big shareholders are Mike Willesee, Graham Kennedy and John Laws, has gone hard for the 25 to 45 age group and they're wooing their audience with the sort of music they think we want to hear — what they describe as "soft contemporary".

The reasons for picking this particular age group are not hard to find. They're the people who spend more than others — on cars, holidays and other luxuries — and go on business trips, wielding their credit cards. That means a rich market.

On the other hand, Melbourne's 3EON has stuck successfully to a policy of hard rock.

The ABC's FM station, and the two independents 2MBS in Sydney and 3MBS in Melbourne, carry a heavy proportion of classics with a smattering of folk, jazz and middle-of-the-road.

Whatever you want to listen to however, you'll find that FM brings it to you with a sound quality that will surprise you if you've only been listening to AM. It also shares one advantage with the old steam radio — it's free. — ROBERT BRUCE

THE MONEY-GO-ROUND

(continued from page 43)

Because all banks have shares in Bankcard, there is no competition, which is why the interest rate has been so high.

million practising Bankcard addicts, and by Christmas the next year, they were into hock for a billion bucks.

Bankcard, of course, is ideal for the banks, because it allows them to intrude where previously they were unnecessary — between retailer and customer, taking a slice of the action of both. Some retailers, like David Jones, tried to fight the banks' muscling in on their business, but eventually all resistance collapsed.

What the retailers don't like is that the banks take a percentage of the value of all Bankcard transactions from them, as well as from the customer. But whereas the customer can avoid this impost by quick repayment, the retailer forks out regardless, something between 1½ and 5 percent of the value of the transaction. It's as though every time you went to the shop to buy something a representative of the banks was standing by the cash register taking his cut.

So they have done very nicely for themselves. From an initial investment of $8 million, the banks are now collecting around one million bucks a week from shopkeepers and $18 million a month from blokes who have difficulty paying back the 50 or 60 million bucks we flash on the card each week.

Because all banks, except the tiny new Australian Bank, have shares in the Bankcard company, there's no competition, which is why the interest rate has been so high. Banks have some magic power (it's called money) that makes them immune to laws normal companies suffer, such as Restrictive Trade Practices or even the Companies Act.

To further fasten their grip on your pocket, some bankers have come up with the marvellous idea of forcing you, via Bankcard, to borrow back your own money. In one documented case, the CBC administration suggested Bankcard to a customer whose cheque had been dishonored because it was a couple of bucks over his balance — which had just been reduced by a hidden bank charge anyway. This is okay if he pays it back quick smart; but if he uses the card to get his own cash out of the bank, he starts paying extra for that money immediately. Whatever, the bank will get its cut.

This is symptomatic of the direction of modern banking: away from the old-fashioned service into high-interest computerised plastic-land. Now they're talking about electronic money where every cash register in the land is connected by computer to your account. Presumably you could be hooked into parking meters, turnstiles and public lavatories, so every time your girl went to spend a penny at the football the banks would be in for their chop. One columnist has summed up the new banking technology by describing automatic telling machines as devices whereby, instead of queuing inside the bank, you queue outside in the pouring rain.

Business, too, suffers from the banks' changing policies. In order to stabilise their books — and get a bit more cream — the banks are reverting to the old promissory notes system, away from the quaint, and handy, Scottish overdaft system. While overdrafts may or may not be fully used up — giving borrowers extra flexibility — the note is fixed, and interest must be paid on the full amount. The banks reckon the overdraft makes Government monetary policy messy, and also some smarties use their undrawn advances to play the financial markets themselves in times of high interest, such as the last couple of years.

The poor old Government, trying to do the right thing by the small businessman, sets maximum interest rates on overdrafts below a hundred grand — rates lower than the banks can get elsewhere such as by personal loans or from bills. So the banks prefer to use bills. Bills have the added advantage of being negotiable, because they are just like IOUs, and can be bought and sold. They, too, attract market interest. Another refinement of the bill market is that anyone with a lot of spare cash can issue a bill, but the best bills are bank guaranteed, so without actually putting up the money, the bank can still collect a piece of the pie via its fees for the guarantee (this is called an endorsement or acceptance). Until recently, such endorsements, although they are liabilities, did not need to be included in the banks' books — and banks seem to be as parsimonious with information as they are about money.

It was only in 1978 that the reporting requirements of the Companies Act were brought to bear on the banks, and they were forced to reveal their hitherto "concealed reserves". And what a bonanza that turned up.

The ANZ, for example, has been the best performer in the past decade, and its 1980 balance sheet shows that the careful salting away of earnings has boosted the $185 million the shareholders have put into the company by another $640 million, giving the shareholders claim to four times what they originally put in. Living proof that money makes money.

Banks just can't help making money. Just by being boring they actually create it.

Supposing I stick a hundred bucks in cash in the bank. Now, I don't need that money for some time so the bank need keep only a proportion of that handy (about a tenth of it they reckon) and lend the rest out to say Bob, who buys some fishing rods with it from Jones, who then puts it ($90) in the bank. He won't need it for a while either so the bank lends out 90 percent of it ($81) to say Harry, who spends it in Smith's pub. Smith banks it, and again the bank can lend out $73 (that is, 90 percent of $81), and so on. So out of that one bundle of notes, face value $100, Smith, Jones and I have turned it into a total of $271 in our savings accounts — $100 plus $90 plus $81). That's a bit of a simplification but the principle works. And of course the banks are collecting a toll everytime this money merry-go-round goes by.

As we all (unfortunately) know, banks are very fussy about whom they lend to; but they are not always so fussy about whom they borrow from.

"A bank manager does not have the role of checking up on his customers to see whether the money they've got is legal," explains Ron Cameron, of the Bankers' Research Directorate.

"There's nothing to stop you opening an account in a false name. If the money is taken in good faith, the manager can't be the conscience of that. You can't have bankers pimping on people — there are legal prohibitions against bankers informing on third parties."

A bank employees union official reluctantly agreed that this attitude, and the constant desire of the banks to get more and more business, sometimes leads managers into turning a blind eye to various goings on.

"It's no secret in the industry that a very large volume of business is carried out under assumed names," says Dawson Petrie, secretary of the NSW division of the ABEU.

"The pressures on branch managers to increase deposits are always there, and while we don't agree, we do admit it is good business.

"Money movements to avoid tax would be fairly obvious to head office, but when everything is rosy, who's complaining? The banks argue that there are different shades of grey. We have the same ethical problems in banking as apply to accountants in tax, and the accountants say that if it's legal, it's okay.

"The banks say that halting tax evasion is up to the tax department. We advise our members not to touch it, but some do. The administration often condones it until something happens, and what happens then can depend on the degree of publicity involved. It is not unknown for some managers to suffer the consequences — the sack.

"The bank says they have breached the regulations, and out they go. But regulations are breached every day.

"Take foreign exchange. I understand there's a high volume of this business which isn't fully approved by the Reserve Bank — it'd be in double percentage terms."

A recent example of the bind bankers are put in by their not-so-up-and-up customers surfaced in the Royal Commission into the Painters and Dockers, when what looked like a slightly mammoth "bottom of the harbor" scheme, using P&Ds as dummy directors, was run through a suburban branch of the Commercial Bank of Australia. Evidence was given that in May 1978 the CBA head office had circulated warnings to staff to avoid having to deal with tax scams, and indeed a city branch of the bank had declined to take this particular business.

So a fairly odious sort of businessman, now doing time for selling a real estate development he really didn't own, introduced the clients — a "merchant bank" called Ward Knight and Dunn — to his old mate, the CBA manager at Blacktown. Throughout 1979 and early 1980, some $250 million went through this branch in what the manager admitted was a series of "round robins", although he denied he knew these transactions were aimed at tax minimisation until this was suggested to him in court. The Commissioner made clear he could not believe this, and the manager then amended his statement somewhat.

Evidence was also given that the branch staff had kept all the Ward Knight and Dunn cheques aside from normal cheques, and even returned them to the firm.

When questioned as to his apparent ignorance of the tax scheme, the manager replied thus: "Look, I do not involve myself. We are there to do a service. I am not going to inquire on each individual transaction. If there are bank cheques coming and bank cheques going out, it is clear funds."

The manager told the Commissioner that Ward Knight and Dunn had brought their business all the way out to Blacktown, about an hour and a half's travelling from their city offices, because "they wanted services". He said that at the initial meeting between the manager and his prospective customers at a restaurant in Parramatta, the manager's regional manager had been present.

There are 5000 bank managers in Australia, and no doubt most of them would not countenance the activities outlined above. Indeed, I think we all know just how conservative bank managers really are. We hear of far fewer naughty bank managers than we hear of solicitors running off with the trust funds, even though bank managers are paid a lot less than solicitors. This is largely because of the calibre of the people recruited to become bank managers — and the bank rules which protect depositors from thieving bank employees.

The same rules, of course, do not protect us from the banks themselves, who take our money quite legally.

The recent Campbell inquiry into banking and the financial system concluded not only that the banks should be allowed to continue their control of our savings, but that they should be allowed a freer hand to do with it as they will, rather than as the government wills.

I suppose a bloke might have guessed it. You need only look in the shop windows of the couturiers with their rag-bag punk clothes bearing huge price tags, to realise Machiavelli was right when he said the only way a prince benefits from revolt is by subverting it. The latest to join the revolution bandwagon are the banks, with the Campbell Report as their *Das Kapital*.

Campbell wants the motor of capitalism, the financial system, thoroughly repaired: new rings, points, plugs and maybe even a super-charger added by way of new and foreign banks. Some critics reckon the old girl has just about had it, what with transmission wobbles and cracks in the block, but the banks themselves, and Campbell, reckon she'll see out the millenium. The resources boom, which is beginning to look more like a pick and shovel job than a big explosion, will give the system a long and heavy haul, and experts doubt the old girl can make it without a lot of repairs.

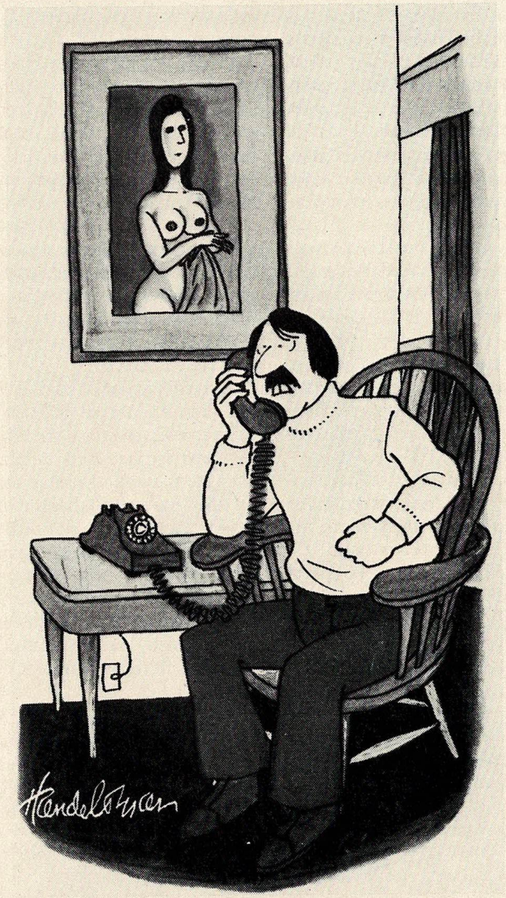
Yet the very nature of the banks — the conservative maintainers of the status quo — militates against any real revolution. All this talk of free and unfettered enterprise is only so much talk. The Campbell Report is not so much a revolutionary document as — well, to change from our mechanical metaphor — an opening of the windows to let in a bit of fresh air.

Still, the report is informed with a fairly consistent logic, and should its recommendations be implemented, greater efficiency in the financial system would certainly result and more competition should bring benefits to the community as a whole.

Obviously, the people who will benefit will be those who are already more efficient: the bigger firms will be better off than the smaller firms, the normally efficient business sector will be better off than the comparatively inefficient household sector, the smart aleck poor better off than the dumb poor, and so on.

And the banks, at the top of the pile, will still be collecting their rake offs.

NOTE: The banks are responsible for a little less than half the financial system. Finance companies are a lot worse. Happy borrowing.



"Please, operator! Either get off the line or stop agreeing with my mother."

Home For Christmas

(continued from page 53)

"The biggest guys in the prison usually do the whipping. They actually train for it."

I still believed it was crap. I walked into that courtroom and said, 'I plead guilty' and he said 'You can't do that'. I said, 'Why not, can't I just pay the fine and go?'

"I really thought they'd let me go. Then David came in and he read the charge. It was trafficking. David didn't say anything. I was stunned. A week later I appeared in the sessions court before a president and he set bail at $10,000 Malay. I went back to the prison and sent a telegram to my brother to send the money immediately. I waited all week but it never came.

"The following week I appeared again, the charge was read out then dismissed. The president said: 'I dismiss the charge against you, not amounting to an acquittal. You're a free man until you walk outside the courtroom.' I knew what was going to happen because an American had explained it to me. A customs officer arrested me outside. They took me around the back and typed up a new charge of trafficking and bail was cancelled.

"If I'd received the $10,000 I would have been all right, provided they didn't arrest me under an emergency order. I probably could have got out. Mum had the money and she arranged for a Sydney bank to send it. They said they would telex it straight away. Mum had to go out of town and when she got back there was my letter saying 'no money'.

"Mum went back to the bank, kicked up a big stink and refused to leave until they told her what had happened. They told her the money was on its way. . . it had never left Australia.

"It wasn't just the frustration of trying to get things moving back home. The prison conditions, particularly at Alor Star, made it that much harder. Some of the warders were really brutal.

"I only saw one whipping with the rotan. That was enough. What happens is this: the guy due to be whipped might be in the workshop when his number is called. He will be sent up to the hospital, told to take his clothes off and wrap a towel around him. Then they take him to a short A-frame structure. There are always prison officials, a magistrate and a doctor present. They call out his number again, he goes in, steps up on the frame, then they tie his hands and legs so that he is extended on the frame. They place a cushion at the base of his spine and one at the base of his bum. Then, a guy forces his head into a pillow at the top so that he can't move any part of the body. They call out the strokes — 'Satu' — then, Pow, down it comes. It just rips the skin off the backside. Just tears it off, and the blood runs out.

"The biggest guys in the prison usually do the whipping. They actually train for it. I suppose that's better because there is a certain technique. If it is done the wrong way it can damage a hip. We were not supposed to see them training but sometimes we did. They hit pillows and make a terrible sound as they hit. It's a barbaric thing but I'm afraid to say the British taught them. It's not a Malay thing nor part of their religion. It was left over from the British system and hasn't been kicked out yet.

"Not counting the rotan, there were some guys who were just plain brutal. There was one guy who would sit there on a chair and the prisoner would come in and be made to sit down. I saw it a couple of times and it turned me off. The warder would start whacking the guy with a stick. Bang. . . bang. . . bang. Slowly. The guy would hold his head and plead, no. . . no. . . no. But the warder would call him back and start again. He'd hit him about three or four hundred times.

"There was never any blood. The skull wouldn't break open, he didn't hit them that hard. But after that, he hit one guy who died two days later. Brain damage, I think. For a week after that the stick disappeared but then he just went back to it. He was crazy. Mental."

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It was not until Barrett was sentenced that the campaign to secure his release really got under way. A Sydney journalist, Kim Robbins, met Peggy Barrett and, horrified by the apparent injustice, set about having the case publicised.

In the following six months Robbins and Mrs Barrett lobbied MPs and senators, wrote to everyone from the Prime Minister to Bob Hawke and organised letter campaigns and fund-raising parties. It was not until April, 1980 that Robbins was able to secure a full transcript of Barrett's trial and the judgement made against him. She handed it to Norman Reaburn, a senior lecturer in law at the University of NSW. It was his 12-page report on the conduct of the trial which authenticated Barrett's innocence in the eyes of many Australians and really set the legal cat among the pigeons.

In key points from the report, Reaburn said the judge had:

- Failed to consider adequately the evidence and made errors in summing up evidence.
- Failed to direct himself properly as to the law of possession, and the operation of presumptions.
- Misdirected himself as to the law of the burden of proof.
- Reached a verdict that was unreasonable and not supported by the evidence.

Reaburn concluded that since the case exhibited so many errors, Barrett had not been granted a fair trial. Robbins, with Reaburn's report and background research, approached *The Australian* and the national daily gave the story front page coverage. It also ran an editorial, headed A Case of Rough Justice, in which it called on the Federal Government to intervene to have Barrett's appeal heard as soon as possible.

The story was seized on by other media outlets and Peggy Barrett, the shy, Irish-born Ramsgate mother, took to handling radio and television interviews with the skill of a veteran. However, with no immediate official follow-up, the story ran out of steam.

Anxious to kick things along, Robbins and a journalist from *The Australian* decided to go to Malaysia. They visited Barrett and two other Australians in Taiping, conferred with Barrett's lawyer, High Commission officials, Malaysian drug enforcement officers, more lawyers and local journalists. They returned with a series of articles plus the news that the High Commission was putting pressure on Malaysian officials to have Barrett's appeal heard as soon as possible. *The Australian's* subsequent editorial reflected the progress made on the case and congratulated the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Tony Street, on his apparent change of heart.

On June 19, 1981, The Australian Deputy High Commissioner in Kuala Lumpur, Tonia Shand, and first secretary Laurie Baxter met Malaysian officials and called for Barrett's appeal to be heard as soon as possible. Baxter had been in touch with the case almost from the outset and had been working hard, within the limitations of his office, to instigate some action.

The appeal was heard in September but the decision was deferred to the following month during which time Barrett was returned to Taiping. The finding took about 20 minutes to deliver.

"It's hard to pinpoint just what was going through my head at the time," recalls Barrett. "There were so many possibilities. When the magistrate started his address, my lawyer turned and smiled at me because it looked like it was going our way. Then the judge said a few things which went against me and I thought 'Oh, no'. But he went on and finished by finding me innocent. I was shaking and when I sat down I think I passed out for a few seconds."

Four days later, Michael Barrett left Malaysia. He touched down in Sydney on October 27, calmly fielded the media onslaught for a few weeks and then headed for the rural isolation of a Queensland retreat.

He returned to Sydney late in December in time to spend his first Christmas in four years with his family.

PANTERAFYING

(continued from page 117)

What is impressive is the way this schizoid sporty comes together when the tar starts to get all blurry.

trim aspects are a bit flash in concept, with pleated and gathered leather door facings and dash inserts, but the quality is 11/10ths.

The cockpit is laid out for full-size people. Unlike the trad-exotics (particularly Ferrari) where you hunker down in a slump-seat at fingertip distance from the wheel, getting re-acquainted with your kneecaps and guessing at the passing scenery through the dashboard, the De Tomaso provides a high, commanding driving position, where you sit straight-armed and straight-legged in front of a 180deg panascope of the world outside.

There are some demerits — the worst-placed instruments in the business, and a rear three-quarter blind panel that would hide an 18-wheeler pantechnicon. But you can come to terms with these. That horror of lane changing to the left can be overcome by first pressing down sharply on the little right-hand pedal — you know there's nothing in the next lane that can do the same, so there *must* be a new hole there.

The good things though, are excellent. The car is smooth, and quiet. There's no jolting, even from the race-car riding gear. The shift is a race perv's delight — open steel gate, five slots, race-placed first gear over and to the left all on its own, the top four in the H-grid. When you move it, the lever click-clicks purposefully, and you better put it in right because it doesn't lie, it's in or out.

The shifter is hooked to the Zahnradfabrik Friedrichshafen (ZF) transmission/transaxle unit that so many other manufacturers have trouble patching into their exoticars. Despite turning it upside down so the drive-shaft is over the diff, De Tomaso gets the linkages to push and pull in all the right ways. The ZF takes the power from the Oz-Ford just behind your shoulder blades and distributes it to Mother Earth via a limited-slip differential and half-shafts to the enormous 14in wide 15in diameter wheels and Pirelli tyres.

Sticking the wheels down is achieved at the rear with unequal-length A-arms (ladder-frame lower) joined by fabricated uprights and inclined coil-over shocker units, all controlled by a massive anti-roll-bar. A simpler front A-arm coil-over shock system at front with similar roll-bar features advanced geometry for positive tracking, anti-dive and minimisation of camber-change.

Steering is by a dead-direct rack-and-pinion with track-style 3.5 turns lock-to-lock. It's fast and accurate, not too heavy standing at the kerb, and instantly light when idled away. The lack of servo means its heavier than milady would prefer, and there's a risk of wheel-tug when the big front rubbers get into unwanted groove, but seasoned drivers adjust early.

What is impressive is the way this schizoid sporty comes together when the tar starts to get all blurry. It's too fast for the average mind to comprehend quickly —and it's not much help to talk of 14-second standing quarter figures or achieving 100mph from rest in 17 seconds. Perhaps you can relate to the concept of reaching the legal city limit from rest by the time you've crossed the average multi-lane intersection. Carried on (and carried away), the car will reach about 2/3 of its top speed in a longish city block. Would you settle for say 180km/h with time to stop for the next red?

Some cynics would expect all that. They could be surprised by the car's alter ego. The same third gear that carries the Pantera to 190km/h is good enough to get it off the mark on a flat road without engine protest. Second is better of course (probably better than first in 90 percent of road cars) and once you have the machine up to 20-30km/h third gear will do the rest of your motoring. It's like an automatic with four more positions.

Besides being very pleasant to drive at this speed it is light on fuel. Five dollars at boulevarde cruising speeds can get you up to 100km if you drive with pixie feet.

There are some side-benefits which Ferrari/Lambo owners might find hard to understand — no surge, no lumpiness, no stalling, no plug-fouling; the car will amble about all day. This tends to silence armchair esoterics who want to label it as a "hot rod" because of De Tomaso's "indiscretion" of shoe-horning a yank mill under the hood.

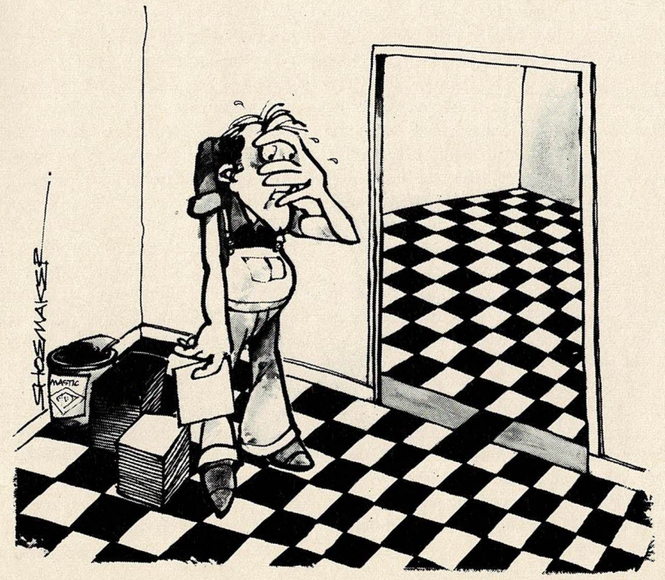
On a winding road, almost anywhere you like, the Pantera GTS will point-in faster, turn easier, and come out quicker than almost anything. With two-up and a fuel load in the centre-tank, the 45/55 front/rear weight displacement almost completely evens out to the ideal balance. Understeer problems due to the monocoque chassis twisting in curves and sending the nose straight ahead, have been virtually overcome by the re-aligned suspension, giant rubber, and some body stiffening.

Now the car sets-up cleanly, noses-out a little at first to warn the barely-competent of impending danger, and tucks into the corner in the knowing hands and hefty right foot of the accomplished steerer.

It is less heavily compromised than most GT exotics. The cockpit space is limited, but it is not built for gnomes. The suspension is laid out and tuned for performance, but it is merciful on the bumps as well as skating along on the piste. There is a spare wheel of sorts (a BF Goodrich with inflation canister to get you to the next garage), and a reasonable boot in a huge fibreglass dish over the engine/gearbox under the rear hood. You can reach the petrol filler (side vents) and dipstick (extension provided) without a calisthenics course or a fork-lift truck. And it doesn't make so much noise that you come home festooned with defect notices after a quick trot to the corner for fags.

All this in a car that claims only to be built to run fast and hard. A multi-dimensional performance package that came into the world by one of the world's most notable automotive errors. Thanks heaps, Henry.

Test car from De Tomaso Australia Pty Ltd, Haberfield, Sydney.



ALBY MANGELS

(continued from page 39)

We'd thrown the anchor out to try to winch ourselves off the reef, but that ripped the cleats out of the deck.

we want a couple of girls along for the sailing leg from Australia through the Barrier Reef and the islands and over to Africa. Then they can go on from there or we can make arrangements to fly them back. They'll have to be photogenic, they'll have to do their part of the work, cooking, getting supplies for the boat, doing their share at the helm and generally helping out.

PLAYBOY: Will they have to have sailing experience?

MANGELS: Not necessarily. We'll offer on-job training.

PLAYBOY: Where will you be going?

MANGELS: We're going to leave Sydney, head up through the reef, up to the Northern Territory. I want to take part in a big cattle muster in the Kimberleys. This particular station has 30 Aborigines, one white guy, 50 pack mules and 100 horses and they go away for a six-week muster. I'll be taking a quarter horse which we'll be floating up there and I'll be riding him in the muster. He's called Doc's Sweet Trouble and belongs to a friend. He's a brilliant cutting horse and a lot of people in the quarter horse business will know him. From there we'll be going to Indonesia, the Christmas and Cocos Islands, the Seychelles and then down the east coast of Africa.

We want to spend some time in Zaire and sit with a few of the old guerillas and some of the Pygmies and later spend some time with the Kalahari bushmen. We'll take the film with us and run that as a means of making some cash. That will help pay for food, fuel and repairs. We'll go around the Cape across to St Helena and then to South America. We plan to go up the Piranha River as far as possible.

PLAYBOY: What's the attraction there?

MANGELS: Well, the Amazon has been well documented but not too many people know about the Piranha. Then we'll do the South American interior. After that I want to take the boat up north to Alaska and the Arctic. From there we'll come home via the Pacific.

PLAYBOY: How long will that take?

MANGELS: I'm leaving it open. Maybe three or four years. We leave early this year.

PLAYBOY: You took some amazing risks in making the film, what will happen when you're faced with similar risks?

MANGELS: Well, I don't think I'd go through a war zone again. We'll automatically get caught up in many situations, but if you're a travelling salesman on the road every working day of your life, you're taking more risks than us. And I really mean that.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the *Gretta Marie*, the boat on which you'll be doing much of

MANGELS: She's a 60 foot, square-rigged topsail ketch, 43 foot on the deck, 14 foot beam, 6 foot draft, built out of two-inch spotted gum.

PLAYBOY: You bought her in Queensland?

MANGELS: Well, just the hull actually. There was a Scot who had been a boatbuilder-cum-shipwright all his life. He was 55 when we met him and his dream was to build a Scottish-style fishing vessel. That wasn't feasible back in Scotland, so he came out to Australia. The hull is the most important part of a boat and he spent 12 years building it in Maryborough. It was his dream to sail around the world with his two sons when they grew up. They were very young when he started but by the time the hull was finished one was married and the other didn't want to know about it.

The old Scot virtually didn't want to sign the paper but he had to because he needed the money. We just about had to put the pen in his hand. He cried when he signed it over.

PLAYBOY: How did you sail it from Queensland to Adelaide?

MANGELS: We worked on it in Mooloolaba for about a year. We got on to a boat builder but he made such a mess of things that after a year's work, we decided to take the boat down to South Australia and get it properly refitted. We had to rip it all out and throw it away. We bought a house due for demolition, salvaged all the good timber and stored it on deck with four drums full of fuel. The mast and spars would have cost $8000, but one day a pearling lugger sailed in and we asked jokingly if he was interested in selling his mast and spars. He wanted to turn the lugger into a fishing boat and we got what we wanted for $100. You can imagine what we looked like when we left port; we had masts on the deck, 44-gallon drums of fuel and a house frame. It looked like we'd run into a cyclone. We put a mizzen mast up where the main should have been and we got a 20-foot piece of water pipe for a yardarm and hung a piece of canvas off it.

PLAYBOY: So, under this jury rig you sailed from Queensland to Adelaide?

MANGELS: We ran aground near Wilson's Promontory. We were trying to make headway against 60 knot winds and huge seas. We had no ballast. We were out there for a couple of days making no headway so we decided to get in a bit closer. It was about midnight when we ran on to a reef. The boat was lifting up and belting down on to the reef, leaning right over all the time. That went on for about two hours and how it didn't disintergrate I'll never know. We had lost all sense of direction but the moon eventually came out and we found that by running the engine when the boat lifted, we had a chance of moving it off. It worked but we hadn't gone far when we hit another reef. We were ready to jump off and swim ashore. We'd thrown the anchor out to try to winch ourselves off but that just ripped the cleats out of the deck. Eventually we got off the reef and ended up crawling into Refuge Cove.

PLAYBOY: How experienced were you then at seamanship?

MANGELS: Not very experienced at all. We didn't have a radio and we were nearly run over by a big ship. We were really quiet foolish.

PLAYBOY: How did you become involved in helping the handicapped?

MANGELS: After the refit in Adelaide, we decided to head for Melbourne. One of the guys who had seen the film came down and asked us if he could join us on the trip to Melbourne. We had a full crew but we were letting someone off at Portland, about 200 miles away. So, this guy, who was a bit of a fitness fanatic, jumped on a push bike and rode down to Portland to meet us.

Just before he was due to return to Adelaide, he had an accident which left him a quadriplegic. I ended up staying behind with him while John took the boat on up north. I used to spend up to 10 hours a day with this guy in hospital and I got to know just about everybody in the ward and saw the new ones coming in. I discovered I had a feeling for helping these people and I really enjoyed it. It was then that I got the idea to form a charity called Friends of the Handicapped.

PLAYBOY: When exactly did this happen?

MANGELS: That was about four or five years ago. We'd virtually written off the idea of continuing with the film. It was because I had time on my hands and needed to earn a bit of money that I decided to give the film another go. When I started to spend less time with my friend it gave me the chance to go off and flog the film. At that stage I was taking the film around schools. I would walk into a headmaster's office, sneak past the clerks and secretaries, tell him I had a film shot in 56 countries and talk him into showing it to the kids for 50 cents each. So, after doing that for about six months, I had about $11,000. My injured mate went back to his own town and I decided to go back with him to set him up in some sort of business.

PLAYBOY: Why did you find you could relate to these handicapped people?

MANGELS: Most of the guys being admitted to this particular ward were young, active people who'd been injured in hang glider accidents, bike crashes or something like that. At first they'd get a lot of visits from friends and relatives but after a while it would wind down to just a few. Because I was in there with my mate I got to know some of these people. One incredible experience I went through was with a 17-year-old lad who was a quadriplegic. He ended up getting bed sores so bad that they had to cut him off at the waist. He knew a couple of weeks before what was going to happen and to go through it with him and see him after the operation was an unforgettable experience.

PLAYBOY: When did you make the decision to form a charity?

MANGELS: When we went back to Adelaide I realised that my mate still had to exist somehow. He was living in a home for incurables in Adelaide. My sister and I started helping and we formed Friends of the Handicapped which is now a registered charity.

My sister is now more deeply involved than me. We've recently made up an international cookbook which we sell at screenings with the profits going to the charity. We're putting a short film about the disabled in front of the feature to generate a bit of publicity.

PLAYBOY: Do you see your whole life being absorbed by charitable work?

MANGELS: I'd also like to get involved in animal conservation. I'd like to go back to Africa. Next year I'm going to inquire about the chance of putting some money into a property adjoining a game reserve in East Africa purely for the purpose of stopping poachers. I could really get into that. I know those governments won't be interested unless I can show I have something to contribute. I'd like to have a couple of planes and maybe a chopper to help with the work.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a pilot's licence?

MANGELS: Yes. With what I know and with a few good guys, I could stop a lot of poaching of elephants and other animals. It's got excitement and aventure and it's something I believe in. If you could save 40 or 50 elephants a year in this day and age it would be worthwhile.

PLAYBOY: How long do you plan to live this life of adventure?

MANGELS: I've been wanting to do this next trip for so long that it is a bit hard to see too much past that. After that, I'd like to give a lot of energy to the charity and maybe the animal conservation project.

PLAYBOY: You've achieved a lot in a short time, you've worked very hard and despite little formal education you are amazingly qualified. Do you think the Australian lifestyle has robbed many of us of the ability to accept a challenge?

MANGELS: I don't know whether it's just Australia. You have to be able to see a goal that you want and you have to really want it. I don't know what makes people tick. I just know how I work.

PLAYBOY: Have you set yourself goals all the way?

MANGELS: Yes. And I wouldn't let anything come between me and them. It's like having a pair of blinkers on and seeing only one thing: that goal. I really don't know what it's like to sit around on a beach and do nothing. I've never had the time to do that sort of thing. It's always been in my mind that you don't get it by sitting around on your bum. I feel that everybody has a certain character and I'm lucky in the way of having a water-off-a-duck's-back nature. I might have a disaster one day, but I can sit down and put it behind me. I change my mind with the wind and it upsets some people. My basic goals are there but how I get there might vary from day to day.

PLAYBOY: The biographies of the great adventures like Slocum, Cook, Livingstone and so on have been seen as inspirations. Who inspires you?

MANGELS: There is one guy, Dr David Lewis, who is currently leading another Antarctic expedition. He's a humble guy. He doesn't make a big noise, he just quietly goes away and does it.

PLAYBOY: What stops Joe Average from getting out of his rut?

MANGELS: It could have happened to me, so easily. When I was going with a girl when I was 18 or 19, if I had put her up the duff I would have married her and taken on all those commitments. There's hundreds of guys around who have got it all in them but they can't bring it out. It's like an animal, if you beat it enough it will give in. In some people's lives, they fight the situation for a while and then they eventually give in to it. The whole venture has been so close to busting so many times but somehow I've just managed to hang in.

PLAYBOY: What was the lowest point?

MANGELS: It happened when we were in

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T.S.T. 3 star
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An excellent brandy.
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Australia's national wine magazine, Winestate, recently asked leading wine-makers to taste and review a range of brandies. Tolleys T.S.T. Three Star scored impressively and not merely by a nose.

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Japan after leaving the *Klaraborg*. We'd just spent a year in the Pacific Islands and we'd landed in Japan flat broke and freezing cold when John and I had a terrible hassle. He was incredibly pissed off and at one stage he just literally walked away. I knew if I had let him walk around the corner, we would never have finished the trip or the film. So, I went after him and said: "C'mon let's work it out." I'll never forget that. There were times when I got so low that if I'd had any money I would have been on the first plane back to Australia. But because we had nothing we had to stick it out.

PLAYBOY: Is there a message there somewhere?

MANGELS: I guess so. I know that if anybody is ever feeling down and out and think they've hit bottom; they should visit a home for incurables. There are so many thousands there, anxious to meet outside people. It's a great remedy for depression. I lived for eight months in a ward full of these people and after that I can never get down or depressed. I just think of those guys sitting in hospitals with virtually nothing. It brought me down that low when I was in that hospital that I know I can never get down and out again. When people start feeling depressed, or sorry for themselves, I say: "Snap out of it." A lot of people start feeling sorry for them but what they really need is a kick in the arse and someone to say: "Hey, get your head into gear." I might be seen to be hard on the people who work with me because I don't take any shit, but I get fantastic results.

PLAYBOY: Have you proved that there is still high adventure in this world and it can be achieved on low budgets irrespective of academic achievement or background?

MANGELS: The best way to answer that is to contemplate how I would bring my kids up. I know how I was brought up. I was on my own early in life and got into a lot of trouble. Now that experience is not necessarily bad because it made me aware of what it's like to be frightened. You have this thing where a doctor's three sons become doctors and you ask whether it might have been better to let the kids go and find it for themselves. It's hard to know what's right.

PLAYBOY: Do you think many parents have made the mistake of trying to do too much for their children?

MANGELS: The guys I've seen who have had everything handed to them get to 30 and wonder what they've done with their lives. I've got to be thankful for the way my life has gone. You take a bloke like Jack Thompson, for whom I have the greatest admiration, because he has worked his guts out.

He did it himself, it just didn't happen.

PLAYBOY: How did you get to know him?

MANGELS: He was on the *Klaraborg* shooting *Spyforce* when we were leaving in 1971?

PLAYBOY: He has helped you promote the film. Does he have a stake in it?

MANGELS: He helped us kick it off and I'd like to put a bit his way.

PLAYBOY: How do you describe yourself professionally?

MANGELS: That's interesting because I don't really know what I am. Sometimes I think of myself as a filmmaker, producer or promoter. Then at times I still see myself as a bricklayer.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever kept a diary?

MANGELS: We did when we left on the *Klaraborg* and we put everything in it. You can imagine what happened day by day — eight girls and eight guys. When we sent gear back from Hong Kong the diary was amongst it. It stayed at John's place for a while and it must have been tempting for his mum to have a browse. Hair-raising stuff.

PLAYBOY: You must have learned a lot about human nature?

MANGELS: I learned a lot about myself. It knocked the shit out of me. Nature has a way of doing that. It puts you to the test.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the day of the great adventurers is long gone?

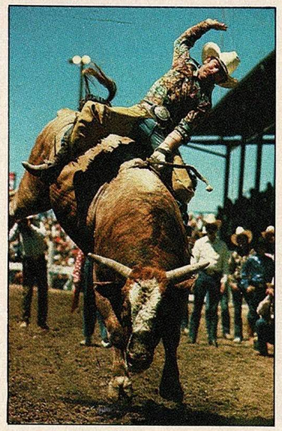
MANGELS: How can you compare what I do with what people like Cook achieved? Sailing unchartered waters, not knowing what was ahead.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you were born out of your time?

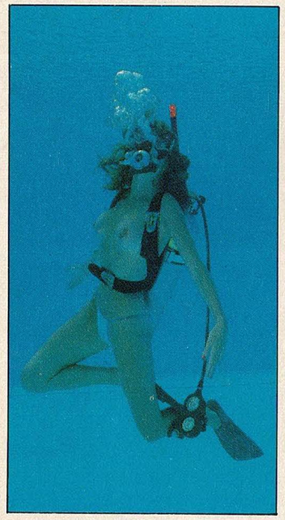
MANGELS: (*Laughs*). I think I might have been.

Playmate of the Year

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR — YES FOLKS, IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN. WHO WILL BE OUR THIRD LOVELY PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR? FIND OUT NEXT MONTH IN A SUPERB BONUS PICTORIAL.



COWBOYS — PHOTOGRAPHER JIM SHELDON POINTS HIS LENS AT THE ROUGH AND TUMBLE WORLD OF RODEO — THE GROANS, THE GRIT AND THE GROUPIES.



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